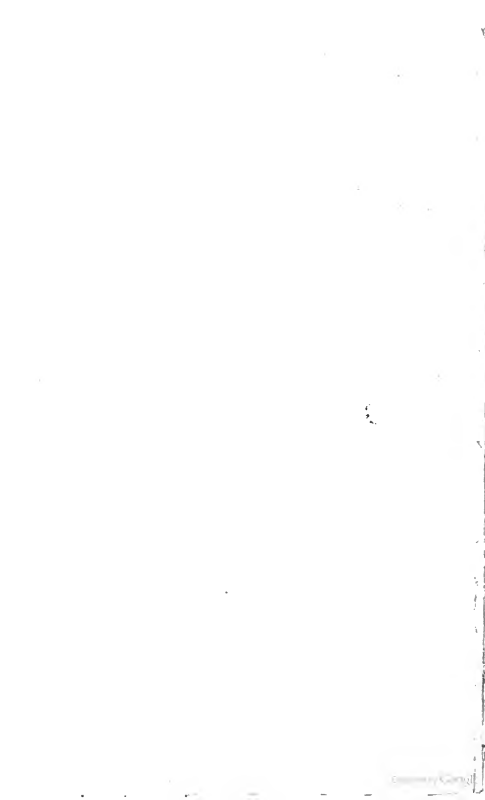




VIII. 176



12-1845











Portrait of Emma

original and first

The Picture

by the artist



LONDON

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY J. W. BARNES, 10, BROADWAY, N.Y.



THE
K E E P S A K E

FOR

MDCCCXXXII.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC MANSEL REYNOLDS.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

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NARRATIVE

OF AN ASCENT OF MONT BLANC IN AUGUST, 1830,

BY THE HONORABLE EDWARD BOOTLE WILBRAHAM.

As I was ascending the Mont Anvert on the 1st August, 1830, with Captain Pringle and the Comte de Hobenthal, the beauty of the weather and clearness of the sky put the idea of ascending Mont Blanc into my head. I made a few inquiries of our guide (Dépland), who said there was every probability of the fine weather continuing, and that it would be an excellent opportunity for doing so. He offered willingly to accompany me, but referred me to another guide (Favret), who was ascending the Mont Anvert with a party at the time, and who had been at the top of Mont Blanc already two or three times. I remained in a state of indecision till I reached the Mer de Glace, the first sight of which fixed me in my resolution. I spoke to Favret, who tried to dissuade me from the attempt, but said he would accompany me if I was resolved on making it, and that I should find plenty of guides willing to go with us.

On our way down, we met Joseph Marie Coutet, the most experienced of the guides, who had already been at the top of Mont Blanc eight times. He said very bluntly that I had much better not attempt it, and would not even promise his assistance.

On my return to Chamouni, I went to old Coutet, the "Chef des Guides," who undertook to procure me six guides for that purpose: he also begged permission that his son might accompany us "en amateur," which I of course allowed. However, the son never made his appearance.

I ordered the necessary provisions at my inn, and remained quietly at Chamouni for the rest of the day, in order to be as fresh as possible for the morrow.

Six guides at length offered themselves, with whom I was about to close, when the landlord of my inn, the Hôtel de Londres or d'Angleterre, called me aside, and told me that I should run a great risk with these men, if indeed they succeeded at all in bringing me to the summit,—which I have now no doubt they could not have done,—as they had, with the exception of one, never ascended, and that one never by the new road.

After infinite difficulty, however, and long consultations, I engaged six other men—Joseph Marie Coutet, who had reached the summit in the last eight expeditions; Michel Favret, three times up; Mathieu Desalloud, never up; Alexis Devouassoud, two or three times up (these four were regular guides); Auguste and Pierre Coutet, cousins; the first a porter, who had been once up; the latter, never, and who was to accompany us to the Grands Mulets, and go on with us if it was found necessary to have his assistance.

I found a great reluctance to accompany me on the part of those who had already made the ascent. Coutet indeed warned me that I must not rely on the married men making their appearance, and the event proved he was right, as more than one who had promised faithfully the evening before, never appeared on the morrow. I afterwards asked one of them (Julien) if he did not regret not having been with me during so prosperous an ascent; but he told me that he considered his duty towards his wife and family forbid his ever again risking his life for so uncertain a gain. Indeed he had reason to think so, for he was swept with Coutet into a crevasse by the slip of snow, which destroyed three of the guides in the unfortunate expedition of 1820, and was saved by almost a miracle. Out of the forty regularly established guides at

Chamouni, I could only procure four, with Auguste, a candidate for the situation of guide, and Pierre, the lad, as they called him, though a year older than myself. Having agreed on the sums to be paid them, a further agreement was made (as is always done), that in case we were prevented going any further than the Grand Plateau only two-thirds were to be paid; and if we only reached the Grands Mulets, half price was all that they expected.

I amused myself that evening with reading Captain Sherwill's account, but found so many horrors in his recital, that I soon closed the book. I gave my purse and some papers to my landlord, with instructions what to do with them in case any accident should occur to us, and went to bed early.

Favret woke me early next morning in high spirits, for the weather was lovely, and after breakfast I set off on a mule at about half past six for Coutet's cottage, which is at the foot of the mountain. A great number of travellers were setting off at the same time on different excursions, who all most cordially wished me success. Pringle and Hohenthal took the road to Martigny and the Grand St. Bernard.

When I arrived at Coutet's cottage I put on a broad-brimmed straw hat and blue cloth jacket, and we proceeded on our way. I saw nothing but grave faces around me, and I fear that I must have been the cause of great anxiety to many a friend and relation of those who accompanied me. At the moment, however, I thought little of this, as the only ideas that entered my head were those of success or failure.

Not a cloud was to be seen, and every thing seemed in my favour. At the foot of the mountain I found the rest of my guides, with some of their friends, who had volunteered carrying their burdens during the first part of the ascent.

I left Coutet's cottage at about a quarter past seven, and for two hours I ascended on my mule through a pine forest by a steep and, in some places, a difficult path. I then quitted

my mule and proceeded on foot for about half an hour, when we reached the edge of the Glacier des Bossons. Here our friends left us, and each of the guides shouldered his knapsack. Our baggage consisted of the provisions, a linen cloth to serve for our tent, a couple of blankets, some straw, and a hatchet with some fire-wood. We had each a spiked pole about six feet long; some of the guides had crampons for their feet, but I did not take any, though I afterwards found that they would have assisted me, and should recommend to every one to be provided with them.

We were three hours crossing the glacier, which we did without much difficulty; the surface was rough, and we had to descend into many of the crevasses, which, however, are never there of any great size, in order to pass them. We scrambled about from crag to crag (of ice), and I found myself highly amused at the novelty of the scene. The ice, which at first was almost blackened by the "moraine," or rubbish, became purer and more dazzling, and I put on a pair of green spectacles with gauze goggles, which were of the greatest use, as my eyes scarcely suffered at all. The thermometer in the shade was at 13° above freezing point (Reaumur). We were now on the upper part of the Glacier de Tacconai, which employed us about an hour more, when we at last reached the region of deep and perpetual snow. Here we found ourselves close to the Grands Mulets, our resting-place for the night; though, owing to some crevasses, we were forced to make half an hour's *détour*, and finally arrived there at a quarter past two, having performed our first day's journey in seven hours from Coutet's cottage, an unusually short time.

The Grands Mulets are a row of pointed rocks, so steep that the snow cannot lie in any depth on them. On the western side is a ledge, which we cleared for our resting-place, of about four feet in breadth, and about a hundred

feet above the snow. We placed our poles leaning against the rock, and threw the linen over them as a defence against the night air, though it would not have protected us in the least in any hard weather. There is never any rain at this height.

We changed our clothes, which were wetted through by the snow, and hung them on the rock to dry. We then sat down to our cold dinner with our legs hanging over the edge of the rock, in high spirits at our hitherto successful journey. We enlivened ourselves afterwards with smoking and singing. Groups of people were assembled on the opposite point of the Breven to watch our arrival, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that many persons were, at that moment, thinking of, and perhaps envying us.

On the Grands Mulets we found the remains of some fire-wood—two empty bottles—and half a bottle of excellent brandy, which had been left by Mr. Auldjo in 1827. Afterwards, on our return to the Grands Mulets, I ordered the guides to leave a bottle or two of wine for my successor, whoever he may be. The sun was exceedingly hot, and I scrambled into the shade of an opposite point of rock, where I amused myself by taking sketches of the wonderful scenery around me. On the left, as I faced the summit, were the precipitous crags of the Pic du Midi, on the very highest peaks of which, I could distinctly see a large chamois bounding from crag to crag in the most extraordinary manner, as he was alarmed by the shouts which we raised to greet him. From the steep sides of the Pic du Midi, the greatest number of avalanches fall, which they did almost every minute, as the powerful rays of the afternoon sun had loosened the snow. They alighted chiefly in a valley to our left, where we could distinctly trace them, without a shadow of danger to ourselves. They were the first I had seen or heard, and those only who have witnessed them can imagine the effect they produced on my mind.

We saw hundreds of them, though I believe that none were considered as particularly fine; but during the night we heard some tremendous ones. There is something very awful in the dead silence that follows the fall of one of these monsters.

On our return from the summit we found that a large avalanche had fallen on the path by which we had passed a few hours before.

We fired a pistol here repeatedly, but failed in producing any remarkably fine echo, owing, I think, chiefly to the badness of our weapon.

The view from the Grands Mulets is very beautiful. At our feet lay the valley of Chamouni in miniature. Above us rose the majestic summit, the object of all our hopes and desires, while to the right the Dôme du Gouter looked like an enormous mountain of itself. A small part of the lake of Geneva is visible. Between us and the Dôme du Gouter lay a vast expanse of snow, with nothing to break the uniformity of its surface, except the dark blue edges of some of the larger crevasses, which stretched across it, as if to forbid our further progress. Except the solitary chamois, no living thing was to be seen, though a few species of birds are sometimes found at this height.

We now lighted a fire to prepare some lemonade for the next day's march. At the foot of the Grands Mulets is a small spring of water; the last supply that we were able to obtain, though this indeed could only have proceeded from the melting of the snow.

It would be useless attempting to describe the beauty of the scene when evening drew near, and the rays of the setting sun rose by degrees to the very tops of the surrounding peaks, dying them with the most beautiful tints of purple, which faded by degrees into a most delicate pink, till the grey hue of night crept over the whole. The moon rose in great splen-

dour, and I never shall forget the silent impressiveness of the scene, uninterrupted except by the thunder of the avalanches that fell during the night from the sides of the great Pic du Midi into the valley below. I now turned into the tent, if it may so be called, and lay down with a knapsack for my pillow; and soon afterwards the guides crept in, and we packed together as well as we could, there being only room for two abreast. A small ledge of rough stones which we had raised was our security against rolling over the precipice, and I should have slept most comfortably, had we not been so cramped for room that it was impossible for me to move my legs without kicking the head of the unfortunate man beyond me. As it was, the excitement of the undertaking, the anxiety for the result, and the novelty of the scene, combined to keep me awake for some time, and a strange variety of ideas crowded on my mind. It frequently occurred to me, how little my friends in England could imagine the sort of resting-place I had chosen for myself that night, and I could not quite banish from my mind the possibility that I might never return to them again, though I did not suffer myself to dwell long on such thoughts as these. The night was not particularly cold, and at last I fell asleep.

At two o'clock the next morning, we were roused, and made hasty preparations for our departure. A few grey clouds were floating about, which the guides considered as rather a good sign. The thermometer was at five above freezing point (Reaumur). I was dressed as on the preceding day, with the addition of a second shirt, cloth trousers instead of the light ones I had worn, a cotton nightcap under my straw hat, which was tied tightly under my chin, thick fur gloves, and cloth gaiters bound close round my feet with packthread. The temperature was exceedingly variable, as the wind blew along some of the valleys which we entered, with great force and coldness, while in others we were sheltered from every

thing (later in the day) except the powerful rays of the sun, reflected as they were on all sides from the surrounding walls of snow. We left most of our baggage at the Mulets, taking only two knapsacks, which the guides carried by turns, containing some provisions, a telescope, and a thermometer. Our provisions consisted of chickens, bread, wine, some very acid lemonade, vinegar, chocolate, and dried plums, which are of great use in allaying thirst when kept in the mouth, as snow is not able to produce that effect. Water would have congealed at this height. We also took some eau de Cologne to relieve the acute headache which generally attacks persons at a great height, and from which I suffered afterwards considerably during the ascent.

We scrambled down the Grands Mulets, and reached the snow, where we fastened ourselves together by twos and threes with ropes round our waists. The four most experienced guides took it by turns to lead, which is the most fatiguing post, as the snow yields more or less to the foot, while we followed in the hardened footsteps of our leader.

We set off at half past two in silence, for we knew that all our powers and strength would be required before the day was over. The moment I had put my foot on the snow, I felt that my respiration was, to a certain degree, impeded; a sensation which afterwards increased most painfully. We walked, however, slowly, with the intention of reserving our strength as much as possible for the latter part of our ascent. The snow was hard and good, and the "Ponts de Neige" over the crevasses were firm. For above an hour, we were working our way under an impending cliff of snow, that looked every moment as if about to detach itself from the great mass and to fall on our heads. The crevasses here are numerous, but not so large as those above the Grand Plateau, which we reached after four hours' hard work.

Generally speaking, only a small portion of the crevasses,

that are not of great width, is visible; they are crusted over with frozen snow, and it is here that the utmost experience and skill are required in the guides. In crossing these, we always carried our poles at a right angle with the supposed direction of the crevasses, and placed our feet softly on the snow, before we leant forward the weight of our bodies. Some we crossed on our hands and knees, making ourselves as *long* as we possibly could. Over others we sent a guide, well secured by ropes, who, when he had got over, sat down with his heels and pole well planted in the snow, while we followed very *delicately* in his footsteps, holding the rope in one hand. I twice sank above my waist, and several times above my knees, in crossing these places during the descent, when the snow was much softer. One of the men (Alexis, I think), sank rather deeper once, and fairly screamed with fright, but scrambled out again, before we could even tighten the rope which was fastened round his waist.

The Grand Plateau is a vast amphitheatre of snow, apparently surrounded on three sides by almost perpendicular heights, the fourth side being that by which we ascended. Facing us, was a line of small bare rocks, called "Les Rochers Rouges," near the foot of which lie, deeply entombed in some crevasse, the bodies of the three unfortunate men who perished in 1820. Here we halted for breakfast, but I had most completely lost my appetite, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I forced myself to eat the wing of a chicken and drink a little wine, as I was assured that if I took nothing I should not have strength to carry me to the summit. I already felt very much fatigued.

Having gladly finished my breakfast, in a few minutes we resumed our route, turning towards the left, and traversing the broad plain of the Grand Plateau till we entered a valley, which soon shut it from our view. This road had been discovered by Coutet at the last ascent but one, being a longer

but less dangerous route than the old one, which ascended on the right of the "Rochers Rouges."

As we passed near the foot of these rocks, Coutet pointed significantly, and said to me in a low tone, "*Ils sont là.*" It was a melancholy recollection, and all the guides seemed to feel deeply the loss of their ill-fated comrades; who will in all probability remain imbedded beneath the Grand Plateau till the day of judgment.

The most painful part of our journey had now commenced. The heights we had to climb were generally steep, and it was necessary for the leader to cut steps in the snow with a small hatchet made for the purpose. The valleys were filled with enormous crevasses, which generally crossed them from side to side.

The scenery was of that sublime nature of which a man can have no idea till he has seen it. I never conceived any thing so splendid as the interior of some of the crevasses we passed. There were enormous grottoes of brilliant ice, with vaults extending further than the eye could trace, containing enormous icicles of every possible shape. Some of the edges of the crevasses were worked, as if by the hand of man, in the most beautiful fretwork, with wonderful regularity. Their flooring, if I may so call it, seemed generally firm. As far as I could judge, the depth of many seemed to be between two and three hundred feet. I would have given any thing to have descended into one, but it was utterly out of the question, as we had then no time to spare, and on our return the edges of the crevasses would have been too soft to bear our weight; in addition to which, I doubted exceedingly whether the guides would have had strength enough left to pull me up again: indeed, we had not a sufficient length of rope for such an attempt.

The "*Ponts de Neige*" were generally secure, with the exception of one, which we had some difficulty in passing,

and which did not give us very pleasing anticipations for our return, when the little snow that was there would be half melted by the mid-day sun.

We passed it, however, and in about two hours after leaving the Grand Plateau, we arrived at a wall of snow, about two hundred feet in height, which we were obliged to climb, and which was very nearly perpendicular. My difficulty of breathing had greatly increased; I had violent shooting pains through my head; and my guides already felt the same symptoms, though in a less degree.

We ascended in a zig-zag direction, resting every ten minutes for two or three, and turning our faces downwards to breathe more freely, whilst the leader was cutting steps in advance. In these short intervals I frequently fell asleep, while the steepness of the place was so great that I was forced to lean my head against the snow in order to preserve my balance. When I moved, I did so almost mechanically. Both the asthmatic and headachy feelings were much relieved when I remained quiet, but instantly recommenced when in action again. Often did I wish that Mont Blanc had never existed; but the thought of abandoning my attempt never occurred to me, and I kept my wishes to myself. My guides frequently offered to assist me by pulling at the rope round my waist, but I was anxious to do without help if possible; and, thanks to the strength of my constitution, I was enabled to succeed. I considered myself most fortunate in escaping the spitting of blood, giddiness, and sickness, which persons of weaker lungs often experience when at this height.

In about an hour and a half we reached the "Petits Mulets," almost the last points of bare rock which are visible on the mountain, where we rested for five or six minutes. Another hour and a half of steep ascent brought us at last to the summit, on which I stepped without the slightest emotion of pleasure. My ideas were confused from my thorough exhaustion, and after stupidly gazing on the vast scene around

me, I sat down on a knapsack and fell asleep with my head on my knees.

After nearly ten minutes they woke me, and I found myself much refreshed. At the same time I woke to a more perfect enjoyment of my new situation; that extreme exhaustion which had overpowered my mind as well as my body, had passed away, and I was myself again! It is perfectly useless for me to attempt to describe what I saw: I can only say that it amply repaid me for all the dangers and fatigue I had undergone. France, Italy, Savoy, and Switzerland, lay at my feet. The Lake of Geneva and Pays de Vaud seemed quite close to me. Mont Rosa, Milan, and the neighbourhood of Genoa, the town itself being hidden by the heights beyond which it is built. On the north, far beyond the Jura, I saw what may have been Dijon, as it has been before seen, and the weather was perfectly clear. The Valley of Chamouni was under our feet, with the Arve running through it like a thread of silver, and the innumerable peaks of the Alps, all looking like pigmies compared with the giant on which I was standing.

My excessive fatigue caused me to forget two or three things I wished to have done, such as looking for the stars with a telescope, some of which, I believe, may be seen: I could not certainly distinguish them with the naked eye. I forgot, too, to fire a pistol, to hear (if I may say so) it make no noise: I did fire it high up for an echo, and it produced a much weaker report. The sky was an extraordinarily dark blue, almost black.

I did not feel that lightness in treading that is often experienced at that height. I lost all appetite and thirst in ascending, but the latter was very great afterwards. The thermometer was at zero.

The summit appeared to me to be about 120 feet long by 50 broad, of an oval shape, with the corner towards the n. w. considerably raised. The shape of the surface consisting entirely

of snow, and subject to great vicissitudes of weather, must be perpetually liable to change.

I may here remark, that the upper layers of the snow on the mountain are unlike those which fall on the lower regions, being composed of separate globules, unconnected with each other, except by the cohesion of frost.

We remained on the summit only twenty-five minutes, the longest halt during the day, as we were anxious to avoid passing a second night on the mountain.

My feelings were very different when we began to descend from the perfect apathy and indifference with which I had arrived at the top. The triumph of having succeeded in our attempt, the excitement of the guides as well as of myself, and the ease in descending compared with the fatigue we had previously felt, raised our spirits to the highest pitch, and we set off with shouts of joy.

At a very short distance from the summit a butterfly flew past us: we had neither the power nor the inclination to catch it*.

In ascending, the snow was hard and good, but by mid-day the sun had softened it, and in most places we trod knee-deep, which was fatiguing and dangerous, as the "Ponts de Neige" over the crevasses were insecure.

The glissades were very amusing. Down an angle of 45 degrees, for instance, we slid on our heels, with the pole behind us in the snow, like a third leg. This requires great practice, and at first I never went more than a few yards without falling, which is an excellent joke in soft snow. At the steeper places we fairly sat down, and, with our poles in the snow behind to guide us, lifted up our heels, and away we went like lightning. We had some excellent races in this manner, and I enjoyed them much. Small crevasses are passed

* Near the top of the Faldo, a high mountain by the pass of St. Gothard, I found part of a swarm of bees lying on the snow, most of them frozen, but some still alive.

in this way without danger, as the rapidity with which we went prevented our sinking.

The excitement of our enterprise was so great, that I can affirm, without any idea of boasting, that I did not during the whole time feel the least degree of fear or even nervousness, though I have frequently since shuddered at the remembrance of some of the places we passed. Once, in the beginning, as I looked down on a steep place from a narrow path, I fancied that I saw the rocks and valley below slowly moving along, but I immediately stood still and looked steadily at them, and never felt giddy afterwards.

Our greatest difficulties at this period of the journey were at that exceedingly steep place I noticed in the ascent, which required the greatest caution, and took us more time in descending than we had been in ascending it. No one, however, made even a false step here. The crevasse which I have before particularly alluded to, was crossed after many precautions and without accident. In all probability another week would have melted away the little "pont" that remained and left the valley perfectly impassable. Had we been unable to cross this on our return, we must either have remained on the mountain and, it is needless to add, have perished, or retraced our steps to near the summit, and descended by the dangerous pass of the "Rochers Rouges." I do not think, however, that we should have had strength to reascend, especially as the snow was so soft, and we should have been soon overtaken by night and (as the next day proved) a storm. I was not aware of the extent of our danger till we had passed it, when I need not say how grateful we all felt for our safe deliverance. The coolness and intrepidity of my guides are beyond all praise. In descending, I did not feel the slightest difficulty in breathing, and the pains in my head gradually decreased. In some places the wind was high, and the light snow drifted along in sheets when disturbed by our footsteps.

On our return to the Grands Mulets, in three hours and a

half, we packed up the baggage we had left there, which, like Æsop's load, had been considerably lightened, and arrived on the glacier, where we halted a few minutes to rest. It was exceedingly hot, and I never suffered so much from thirst as then, which nothing would quench, and which I did not get rid of till I put myself into a hot bath on my return to Chamouni.

At the foot of the mountain, I found a mule waiting for me; and we returned to Chamouni about half past eight, having been half the time descending that was occupied by the ascent. Though at so late an hour, I found crowds of people waiting to receive me in triumph, as, from Chamouni, they could with telescopes distinctly trace our progress. I did not feel much tired, and was too feverish to sleep well, but the next morning I was exceedingly stiff, and not sorry to remain quiet during most of the day. My face was much swelled and the skin turned black and wrinkled, but after a few days peeled off. My eyes scarcely suffered, and that only for a day or two. Had I not worn green spectacles, I firmly believe I should have been blinded; for nothing can give an idea of the dazzling brilliancy of the snow above, when I now and then for a moment took them off. Two of my guides who had only worn green veils over their faces could scarcely see for a day or two after their descent.

It was amusing to see what a lion I became at Chamouni during the two days I remained there afterwards. The place was crowded with visitors, and some asked me the most absurd questions imaginable.

I cannot pass over in silence the exceedingly liberal conduct of my host, who, though I was a perfect stranger to him, offered to lend me all the money requisite to pay my guides and other expenses, without even asking for any security, as, having had no previous intention of ascending Mont Blanc, I had not brought enough with me for that purpose. I how-

ever preferred taking one of the guides with me on my return to Geneva. The reasonable charges and great attentions of my host induce me to recommend him most strongly to those who visit Chamouni.

With regard to this expedition, I cannot do better than repeat Coutet's own words when I first applied to him for his assistance. "If you succeed, you will think nothing of the fatigue and expense; but if you are compelled by weather or any other circumstance to abandon it, you will be exceedingly sorry that the idea ever entered your head."

In conclusion: I should most earnestly advise no one to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc; for though I found myself amply repaid by my success for all my fatigue and troubles, the chances are very great indeed against any one having again a journey so prosperous in weather and every other respect as mine was. But to any one who does not care for a rough lodging, I strongly recommend to go to the Grands Mulets, which he may easily do with two or three guides at a trifling expense, pass the night there, and return the following day. I should hardly think it possible to return from the Grands Mulets the same day, but, at all events, the night is the most interesting time of the whole. He will there see enough to give him an idea, though an imperfect one, of the awful scenery which is only to be found above. He will have a splendid view during daylight, and (if he times his visit well) a glorious sunset and moonlight afterwards, and plenty of avalanches during the whole of his stay there. He will experience little danger or fatigue, and, moreover, he will have the distinction of being the first man who ever *willingly* halted at the Grands Mulets, or half-way-house, without the intention of proceeding further.

LINES

WRITTEN AT GRANADA IN THE YEAR 1830.

BY THE HONORABLE HOBART CRADOCK.

O sacer et magnus Vatum labor, omnia fato
 Eripis, et populis donas mortalibus ævum !

LUCAN.

YEs ! nations have their little span
 To boast awhile, and sink like man :
 Pelides struts his hour and dies,
 And Troy without a tomb-stone lies ;
 ROME—*Roman* ROME—unacceptred lay,
 A living corpse to feed decay,
 Ere empire's pageant pass'd away.
 If the hue of life was on her lip,
 'Twas but the ruddy drops that drip
 From the Ghoul's when his hated feast is o'er,
 And his tooth still red with another's gore.
 More harmless now, the outworn dame
 In robes of sackcloth wraps her frame,
 Fasts once a week, and tells her beads,
 And mumbles a curse upon jangling creeds.
 E'en Pallas saw her daughter droop,
 And under her weight of laurels stoop,
 And like a vulgar city lie,
 Obedient to her destiny.
 If still a loveliness was there,
 If still her cheek seem'd young and fair,

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'Twas but a hectic, which is oft,
In bright deceit, Death's dearest hue ;
Those evening tints, so sweetly soft,
Which sunset only brings to view.
Freedom, that sun of life, is gone,
And all is dark on Marathon.

Oh, GREECE ! how oft I've sigh'd to see
The deepness of thy misery ;
How oft, when circled by the rude
Bent sons of thy decrepitude,
I've doubted all the storied page
That makes thee great, and wise, and free,
The Albion of thy studded sea !
Who, gazing on thy helpless age,
Recalls thee, as thou stood'st of old,
With greave of steel, and crown of gold !
Say, are those glowing legends truth,
That tell us of thy lovely youth,
(Like odours of some flower, whose birth
Was heavenly, though it died on earth,
And left its name and scent behind)

Or, but when fancy's gorgeous wings
Shake o'er our sleep a perfumed wind,
Dream we these fabled things ?

What is that fire, that spreading bright
Its burning tresses to the night,
Shakes o'er heaven, and earth, and sea,
The light of a dread solemnity ?
Sea and shore were dark and dun
Beneath that rocky hill ;
All sound of human voice was still
When the dreadful task begun ;

But now the flame is flickering far,
 And it tinges the night with red,
 And it rises in pomp, for 'tis FREEDOM'S star,
 Over PARGA's tower-crown'd head.
 Yes! from the ashes of that fire
 A better dawn shall rise,
 Which soon shall mantle high and higher
 O'er Grecia's kindling skies;
 And wakening at the morning light,
 She shall find her dark days flown,
 And shall rouse her like the Nazarite,
 When his locks of strength were grown!
 But, men of Greece, remember ever,
 He, who a tyrant's chain would sever,
 He, who would free his land of birth,
 Must live for her alone,
 And six feet of his native earth
 Be welcome as her throne;
 And never him a patriot call
 Who puts his trust in battled wall,
 And does not hold the fortress best
 That rises in a freed man's breast,
 When Hellas calls for aid;
 Or any bed can deem more sweet
 Than 'neath the sod below his feet,
 Where, when a child, he play'd.

There's a music upon the tongue that tells
 How the sons of GRANADA loved and sigh'd;
 There's a feverish thrill in the verse that swells
 O'er the rapture with which they fought and died!
 Oppress'd, insulted, scorn'd, betray'd
 By treaties broke as soon as made,

(Those cheap bright baits which sceptred knaves
Throw to their own and their neighbours' slaves)
The lordly conquerors of Spain
Were outlaws in their own domain.
They came upon the storm that hurl'd
The Arab's faith o'er half the world,
When borne upon its sweeping wing
A new-born zeal sat conquering.
The whirlwind of their own drear plains
Outdoes them not in speed and wrath,
And the same deep desolate track remains
Of the whirlwind's foot, and the Arab's path,
When Allah tells him to smite the Giaour,
And cut a way to the Houri's bower.
Full little had the Spaniard done,
Had all within these walls been sound,
But faction, ere his arms, begun
To pull their greatness to the ground.
Granada! thine was a redder flood
Of Moslem than Castilian blood,
Nor could the foe inflict the harms
Were dealt on thee by thine own right arms!
Assail'd without, and torn within,
And scath'd by Christian, and by kin,
At least it was not dull Decay
That eat a canker'd heart away;
It was not Luxury's lazy hand
That sign'd thy doom, and scoop'd thy grave,
But a soldier's arm with an iron brand,
Dug the last dwelling of the brave.

SONNET

ON THE PIC DU MIDI D'OSSAU, IN THE PYRENEES.

BY SIR ARCHIBALD EDMONSTONE, BART.

PEAK of the South! who from thy mountain-bed
 Aspiring heavenward still, with proud disdain,
 Scorn'st to be number'd 'mid th' associate train
 Of heights albeit magnificent: with dread
 Mysterious, veiling now thy forky head
 In mantling clouds, or 'neath the burning main,
 When the last sunbeam quits the dusky plain,
 High o'er the shrouded earth with gorgeous red
 Gleaming a beacon! Yet no wild-bird strays
 Upward to thee; no ringdove woos his mate
 Beneath thy shade—Such to man's wondering gaze
 Proud grandeur holds aloft her towering state:
 No social amity around her plays,
 Dazzling but cold, sublime but desolate.—



EPIGRAM.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

BY LORD HOLLAND.

IN a mirror, too faithful, alas!
 As Lyce her form was surveying,
 She exclaim'd, as she saw in the glass,
 How the bloom of her cheeks was decaying,
 "Since all things that live are to die,
 And destiny won't be controll'd;
 Let Beauty too perish—but why,
 Oh, why must we live to be old?"

THE DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Chi dice mal d'amore
Dice una falsità !

ITALIAN SONG.

THE time of the occurrence of the little legend about to be narrated, was that of the commencement of the reign of Henry IV. of France, whose accession and conversion, while they brought peace to the kingdom whose throne he ascended, were inadequate to heal the deep wounds mutually inflicted by the inimical parties. Private feuds, and the memory of mortal injuries, existed between those now apparently united ; and often did the hands that had clasped each other in seeming friendly greeting, involuntarily, as the grasp was released, clasp the dagger's hilt, as fitter spokesman to their passions than the words of courtesy that had just fallen from their lips. Many of the fiercer catholics retreated to their distant provinces ; and while they concealed in solitude their rankling discontent, not less keenly did they long for the day when they might show it openly.

In a large and fortified chateau built on a rugged steep overlooking the Loire, not far from the town of Nantes, dwelt the last of her race and the heiress of their fortunes, the young and beautiful Countess de Villeneuve. She had spent the preceding year in complete solitude in her secluded abode ; and the mourning she wore for a father and two brothers, the victims of the civil wars, was a graceful and

good reason why she did not appear at court, and mingle with its festivities. But the orphan countess inherited a high name and broad lands; and it was soon signified to her that the king, her guardian, desired that she should bestow them, together with her hand, upon some noble whose birth and accomplishments should entitle him to the gift. Constance, in reply, expressed her intention of taking vows, and retiring to a convent. The king earnestly and resolutely forbade this act, believing such an idea to be the result of sensibility overwrought by sorrow, and relying on the hope that, after a time, the genial spirit of youth would break through this cloud.

A year passed, and still the countess persisted; and at last Henry, unwilling to exercise compulsion—desirous, too, of judging for himself of the motives that led one so beautiful, young, and gifted with fortune's favours, to desire to bury herself in a cloister—announced his intention, now that the period of her mourning was expired, of visiting her chateau; and if he brought not with him, the monarch said, inducement sufficient to change her design, he would yield his consent to its fulfilment.

Many a sad hour had Constance passed—many a day of tears, and many a night of restless misery. She had closed her gates against every visitant; and, like the Lady Olivia in "*Twelfth Night*," vowed herself to loneliness and weeping. Mistress of herself, she easily silenced the entreaties and remonstrances of underlings, and nursed her grief as it had been the thing she loved. Yet it was too keen, too bitter, too burning, to be a favoured guest. In fact, Constance, young, ardent, and vivacious, battled with it, struggled, and longed to cast it off; but all that was joyful in itself, or fair in outward show, only served to renew it; and she could best support the burthen of her sorrow with patience, when, yielding to it, it oppressed but did not torture her.

Constance had left the castle to wander in the neighbouring

grounds. Lofty and extensive as were the apartments of her abode, she felt pent up within their walls, beneath their fretted roofs. The clear sky, the spreading uplands, the antique wood, associated to her with every dear recollection of her past life, enticed her to spend hours and days beneath their leafy coverts. The motion and change eternally working, as the wind stirred among the boughs, or the journeying sun rained its beams through them, soothed and called her out of that dull sorrow which clutched her heart with so unrelenting a pang beneath her castle roof.

There was one spot on the verge of the well-wooded park, one nook of ground, whence she could discern the country extended beyond, yet which was in itself thick set with tall umbrageous trees—a spot which she had forsworn, yet whither unconsciously her steps for ever tended, and where now again, for the twentieth time that day, she had unaware found herself. She sat upon a grassy mound, and looked wistfully on the flowers she had herself planted to adorn the verdurous recess—to her the temple of memory and love. She held the letter from the king which was the parent to her of so much despair. Dejection sat upon her features, and her gentle heart asked fate why, so young, unprotected, and forsaken, she should have to struggle with this new form of wretchedness.

"I but ask," she thought, "to live in my father's halls—in the spot familiar to my infancy—to water with my frequent tears the graves of those I loved; and here in these woods, where such a mad dream of happiness was mine, to celebrate for ever the obsequies of Hope!"

A rustling among the boughs now met her ear—her heart beat quick—all again was still. "Foolish girl!" she half muttered: "dupe of thine own passionate fancy: because here we met; because seated here I have expected, and sounds like these have announced, his dear approach; so now every coney as it stirs, and every bird as it awakens silence, speaks of him.





Painted by John G. Jones

Engraved by George Smith



O Gaspar!—mine once—never again will this beloved spot be made glad by thee—never more!”

Again the bushes were stirred, and footsteps were heard in the brake. She rose; her heart beat high: it must be that silly Manon, with her impertinent entreaties for her to return. But the steps were firmer and slower than would be those of her waiting-woman; and now emerging from the shade, she too plainly discerned the intruder. Her first impulse was to fly:—but once again to see him—to hear his voice:—once again before she placed eternal vows between them, to stand together, and find the wide chasm filled which absence had made, could not injure the dead, and would soften the fatal sorrow that made her cheek so pale.

And now he was before her the same beloved one with whom she had exchanged vows of constancy. He, like her, seemed sad, nor could she resist the imploring glance that entreated her for one moment to remain.

“I come, lady,” said the young knight, “without a hope to bend your inflexible will. I come but once again to see you, and to bid you farewell before I depart for the Holy Land. I come to beseech you not to immure yourself in the dark cloister to avoid one as hateful as myself:—one you will never see more. Whether I die or live in Palestine, France and I are parted for ever!”

“Palestine!” said Constance; “that were fearful, were it true; but King Henry will never so lose his favourite cavalier. The throne you helped to build, you still will guard. Nay, as I ever had power over thought of thine, go not to Palestine.”

“One word of yours could detain me—one smile—Constance——” and the youthful lover knelt before her; but her harsher purpose was recalled by the image once so dear and familiar, now so strange and so forbidden.

“Linger no longer here!” she cried. “No smile, no word

of mine will ever again be yours. Why are you here—here, where the spirits of the dead wander, and, claiming these shades as their own, curse the false girl who permits their murderer to disturb their sacred repose?"

"When love was young and you were kind," replied the knight, "you taught me to thread the intricacies of these woods—you welcomed me to this dear spot, where once you vowed to be my own—even beneath these ancient trees."

"A wicked sin it was," said Constance, "to unbar my father's doors to the son of his enemy, and dearly is it punished!"

The young knight gained courage as she spoke; yet he dared not move, lest she, who, every instant, appeared ready to take flight, should be startled from her momentary tranquillity; but he slowly replied:—"Those were happy days, Constance, full of terror and deep joy, when evening brought me to your feet; and while hate and vengeance were as its atmosphere to yonder frowning castle, this leafy, star-lit bower was the shrine of love."

"*Happy?*—miserable days!" echoed Constance; "when I imagined good could arise from failing in my duty, and that disobedience would be rewarded of God. Speak not of love, Gaspar!—a sea of blood divides us for ever! Approach me not! The dead and the beloved stand even now between us: their pale shadows warn me of my fault, and menace me for listening to their murderer."

"That am not I!" exclaimed the youth. "Behold, Constance, we are each the last of our race. Death has dealt cruelly with us, and we are alone. It was not so when first we loved—when parent, kinsman, brother, nay, my own mother breathed curses on the house of Villeneuve; and in spite of all I bless'd it. I saw thee, my lovely one, and bless'd it. The God of peace planted love in our hearts, and with mystery and secrecy we met during many a summer night in

the moon-lit dells ; and when daylight was abroad, in this sweet recess we fled to avoid its scrutiny, and here, even here, where now I kneel in supplication, we both knelt and made our vows.—Shall they be broken ?”

Constance wept as her lover recalled the images of happy hours. “Never,” she exclaimed, “O never ! Thou knowest, or wilt soon know, Gaspar, the faith and resolves of one who dare not be yours. Was it for us to talk of love and happiness, when war, and hate, and blood were raging around ? The fleeting flowers our young hands strewed were trampled by the deadly encounter of mortal foes. By your father’s hand mine died ; and little boots it to know whether, as my brother swore, and you deny, your hand did or did not deal the blow that destroyed him. You fought among those by whom he died. Say no more—no other word : it is impiety towards the unreposing dead to hear you. Go, Gaspar ; forget me. Under the chivalrous and gallant Henry your career may be glorious ; and many a fair girl will listen, as once I did, to your vows, and be made happy by them. Farewell ! May the Virgin bless you ! In my cell and cloister-home I will not forget the best christian lesson—to pray for our enemies. Gaspar, farewell !”

She glided hastily from the bower : with swift steps she threaded the glade and sought the castle. Once within the seclusion of her own apartment she gave way to the burst of grief that tore her gentle bosom like a tempest ; for hers was that worst sorrow which taints past joys, making remorse wait upon the memory of bliss, and linking love and fancied guilt in such fearful society as that of the tyrant when he bound a living body to a corpse. Suddenly a thought darted into her mind. At first she rejected it as puerile and superstitious ; but it would not be driven away. She called hastily for her attendant. “Manon,” she said, “didst thou ever sleep on St. Catherine’s couch ?”

Manon crossed herself. "Heaven forefend! None ever did, since I was born, but two: one fell into the Loire and was drowned; the other only looked upon the narrow bed, and returned to her own home without a word. It is an awful place; and if the votary have not led a pious and good life, wo betide the hour when she rests her head on the holy stone!"

Constance crossed herself also. "As for our lives, it is only through our Lord and the blessed saints that we can any of us hope for righteousness. I will sleep on that couch to-morrow night!"

"Dear, my lady! and the king arrives to-morrow."

"The more need that I resolve. It cannot be that misery so intense should dwell in any heart, and no cure be found. I had hoped to be the bringer of peace to our houses; and is the good work to be for me a crown of thorns? Heaven shall direct me. I will rest to-morrow night on St. Catherine's bed: and if, as I have heard, the saint deigns to direct her votaries in dreams, I will be guided by her; and believing that I act according to the dictates of Heaven, I shall feel resigned even to the worst."

The king was on his way to Nantes from Paris, and he slept on this night at a castle but a few miles distant. Before dawn a young cavalier was introduced into his chamber. The knight had a serious, nay, a sad aspect; and all beautiful as he was in feature and limb, looked way-worn and haggard. He stood silent in Henry's presence, who, alert and gay, turned his lively blue eyes upon his guest, saying gently, "So thou foundest her obdurate, Gaspar?"

"I found her resolved on our mutual misery. Alas! my liege, it is not, credit me, the least of my grief, that Constance sacrifices her own happiness when she destroys mine."

"And thou believest that she will say nay to the gaillard chevalier whom we ourselves present to her?"

"Oh! my liege, think not that thought! it cannot be. My

heart deeply, most deeply, thanks you for your generous condescension. But she whom her lover's voice in solitude—whose entreaties, when memory and seclusion aided the spell—could not persuade, will resist even your majesty's commands. She is bent upon entering a cloister; and I, so please you, will now take my leave:—I am henceforth a soldier of the cross, and will die in Palestine."

"Gaspar," said the monarch, "I know woman better than thou. It is not by submission nor tearful complaints she is to be won. The death of her relatives naturally sits heavy at the young countess's heart; and nourishing in solitude her regret and her repentance, she fancies that Heaven itself forbids your union. Let the voice of the world reach her—the voice of earthly power and earthly kindness—the one commanding, the other pleading, and both finding response in her own heart—and by my fay and the Holy Cross, she will be yours. Let our plan still hold. And now to horse: the morning wears, and the sun is risen."

The king arrived at the bishop's palace, and proceeded forthwith to mass in the cathedral. A sumptuous dinner succeeded, and it was afternoon before the monarch proceeded through the town beside the Loire to where, a little above Nantes, the Chateau Villeneuve was situated. The young countess received him at the gate. Henry looked in vain for the cheek blanched by misery, the aspect of downcast despair which he had been taught to expect. Her cheek was flushed, her manner animated, her voice scarce tremulous. "She loves him not," thought Henry, "or already her heart has consented."

A collation was prepared for the monarch; and after some little hesitation, arising even from the cheerfulness of her mien, he mentioned the name of Gaspar. Constance blushed instead of turning pale, and replied very quickly, "To-morrow, good my liege; I ask for a respite but until to-morrow;

—all will then be decided ;—to-morrow I am vowed to God—or—

She looked confused, and the king, at once surprised and pleased, said, “Then you hate not young De Vaudemont ;—you forgive him for the inimical blood that warms his veins.”

“We are taught that we should forgive, that we should love our enemies,” the countess replied with some trepidation.

“Now by Saint Denis that is a right welcome answer for the novice,” said the king, laughing. “What ho! my faithful serving-man, Dan Apollo in disguise! come forward, and thank your lady for her love.”

In such disguise as had concealed him from all, the cavalier had hung behind, and viewed with infinite surprise the demeanour and calm countenance of the lady. He could not hear her words: but was this even she whom he had seen trembling and weeping the evening before?—this she whose very heart was torn by conflicting passion?—who saw the pale ghosts of parent and kinsman stand between her and the lover whom more than her life she adored? It was a riddle hard to solve. The king’s call was in unison with his impatience, and he sprang forward. He was at her feet; while she, still passion-driven, overwrought by the very calmness she had assumed, uttered one cry as she recognised him, and sank senseless on the floor.

All this was very unintelligible. Even when her attendants had brought her to life, another fit succeeded, and then passionate floods of tears; while the monarch, waiting in the hall, eyeing the half-eaten collation, and humming some romance in commemoration of woman’s waywardness, knew not how to reply to Vaudemont’s look of bitter disappointment and anxiety. At length the countess’ chief attendant came with an apology: “her lady was ill, very ill. The next day she would throw herself at the king’s feet, at once to solicit his excuse, and to disclose her purpose.”

"To-morrow—again to-morrow!—Does to-morrow bear some charm, maiden?" said the king. "Can you read us the riddle, pretty one? What strange tale belongs to to-morrow, that all rests on its advent?"

Manon coloured, looked down, and hesitated. But Henry was no tyro in the art of enticing ladies' attendants to disclose their ladies' counsel. Manon was besides frightened by the countess' scheme, on which she was still obstinately bent, so she was the more readily induced to betray it. To sleep in St. Catherine's bed, to rest on a narrow ledge overhanging the deep rapid Loire, and if, as was most probable, the luckless dreamer escaped from falling into it, to take the disturbed visions that such uneasy slumber might produce for the dictate of Heaven, was a madness of which even Henry himself could scarcely deem any woman capable. But could Constance, her whose beauty was so highly intellectual, and whom he had heard perpetually praised for her strength of mind and talents, could *she* be so strangely infatuated! And can passion play such freaks with us?—like death, levelling even the aristocracy of the soul, and bringing noble and peasant, the wise and foolish, under one thralldom? It was strange—yet she must have her way. That she hesitated in her decision was much; and it was to be hoped that St. Catherine would play no ill-natured part. Should it be otherwise, a purpose to be swayed by a dream might be influenced by other waking thoughts. To the more material kind of danger some safeguard should be brought.

There is no feeling more awful than that which invades a weak human heart bent upon gratifying its ungovernable impulses in contradiction to the dictates of conscience. Forbidden pleasures are said to be the most agreeable:—it may be so to rude natures, to those who love to struggle, combat, and contend; who find happiness in a fray, and joy in the conflict of passion. But softer and sweeter was the gentle spirit of Constance; and love and duty contending crushed and tor-

tured her poor heart. To commit her conduct to the inspirations of religion, or, if it was so to be named, of superstition, was a blessed relief. The very perils that threatened her undertaking gave a zest to it;—to dare for his sake was happiness;—the very difficulty of the way that led to the completion of her wishes, at once gratified her love and distracted her thoughts from her despair. Or if it was decreed that she must sacrifice all, the risk of danger and of death were of trifling import in comparison with the anguish which would then be her portion for ever.

The night threatened to be stormy—the raging wind shook the casements—and the trees waved their huge shadowy arms, as giants might in fantastic dance and mortal broil. Constance and Manon, unattended, quitted the chateau by a postern, and began to descend the hill side. The moon had not yet risen; and though the way was familiar to both, Manon tottered and trembled; while the countess, drawing her silken cloak round her, walked with a firm step down the steep. They came to the river's side, where a small boat was moored, and one man was in waiting. Constance stepped lightly in, and then aided her fearful companion. In a few moments they were in the middle of the stream. The warm, tempestuous, animating, equinoctial wind swept over them. For the first time since her mourning, a thrill of pleasure swelled the bosom of Constance. She hailed the emotion with double joy. It cannot be, she thought, that Heaven will forbid me to love one so brave, so generous, and so good as the noble Gaspar. Another I can never love; I shall die if divided from him: and this heart, these limbs, so alive with glowing sensation, are they already predestined to an early grave? Oh, no! life speaks aloud within them. I shall live to love. Do not all things love?—the winds as they whisper to the rushing waters? the waters as they kiss the flowery banks, and speed to mingle with the sea? Heaven and earth are sustained by, live through, love; and shall Constance alone, whose

heart has ever been a deep, gushing, overflowing well of true affection, be compelled to set a stone upon the fount to lock it up for ever?

These thoughts hid fair for pleasant dreams; and perhaps the countess, an adept in the blind god's lore, therefore indulged them the more readily. But as thus she was engrossed by soft emotions, Manon caught her arm:—"Lady, look," she cried; "it comes—yet the oars have no sound. Now the Virgin shield us! Would we were at home!"

A dark boat glided by them. Four rowers, habited in black cloaks, pulled at oars which, as Manon said, gave no sound; another sat at the helm: like the rest, his person was veiled in a dark mantle, but he wore no cap; and though his face was turned from them, Constance recognised her lover. "Gaspar," she cried aloud, "dost thou live?"—but the figure in the boat neither turned its head nor replied, and quickly it was lost in the shadowy waters.

How changed now was the fair countess' reverie! Already Heaven had begun its spell, and unearthly forms were around, as she strained her eyes through the gloom. Now she saw and now she lost view of the bark that occasioned her terror; and now it seemed that another was there, which held the spirits of the dead; and her father waved to her from shore, and her brothers frowned on her.

Meanwhile they neared the landing. Her bark was moored in a little cove, and Constance stood upon the bank. Now she trembled, and half yielded to Manon's entreaty to return; till the unwise *suivante* mentioned the king's and De Vaudemont's name, and spoke of the answer to be given to-morrow. What answer, if she turned back from her intent?

She now hurried forward up the broken ground of the bank, and then along its edge, till they came to a hill which abruptly hung over the tide. A small chapel stood near. With trembling fingers the countess drew forth the key and

unlocked its door. They entered. It was dark—save that a little lamp, flickering in the wind, showed an uncertain light from before the figure of Saint Catherine. The two women knelt; they prayed; and then rising, with a cheerful accent the countess bade her attendant good night. She unlocked a little low iron door. It opened on a narrow cavern. The roar of waters was heard beyond. “Thou mayest not follow, my poor Manon,” said Constance,—“nor dost thou much desire:—this adventure is for me alone.”

It was hardly fair to leave the trembling servant in the chapel alone, who had neither hope nor fear, nor love nor grief, to beguile her; but, in those days, esquires and waiting-women often played the part of subalterns in the army, gaining knocks and no fame. Besides, Manon was safe in holy ground. The countess meanwhile pursued her way groping in the dark through the narrow tortuous passage. At length what seemed light to her long-darkened sense gleamed on her. She reached an open cavern in the overhanging hill's side, looking over the rushing tide beneath. She looked out upon the night. The waters of the Loire were speeding, as since that day have they ever sped—changeful, yet the same; the heavens were thickly veiled with clouds, and the wind in the trees was as mournful and ill-omened as if it rushed round a murderer's tomb. Constance shuddered a little, and looked upon her bed—a narrow ledge of earth and a moss-grown stone bordering on the very verge of the precipice. She doffed her mantle—such was one of the conditions of the spell;—she bowed her head, and loosened the tresses of her dark hair—she bared her feet—and thus, fully prepared for suffering to the utmost the chill influence of the cold night, she stretched herself on the narrow couch that scarce afforded room for her repose, and whence, if she moved in sleep, she must be precipitated into the cold waters below.

At first it seemed to her as if she never should sleep again.

No great wonder that exposure to the blast and her perilous position should forbid her eyelids to close. At length she fell into a reverie so soft and soothing that she wished even to watch—and then by degrees her senses became confused—and now she was on St. Catherine's bed—the Loire rushing beneath, and the wild wind sweeping by—and now—O whither?—and what dreams did the saint send, to drive her to despair, or to bid her be blest for ever?

Beneath the rugged hill, upon the dark tide, another watched, who feared a thousand things, and scarce dared hope. He had meant to precede the lady on her way, but when he found that he had outstaid his time, with muffled oars and breathless haste he had shot by the bark that contained his Constance, nor even turned at her voice, fearful to incur her blame, and her commands to return. He had seen her emerge from the passage, and shuddered as she leant over the cliff. He saw her step forth, clad as she was in white, and could mark her as she lay on the ledge beetling above. What a vigil did the lovers keep!—she given up to visionary thoughts, he knowing—and the consciousness thrilled his bosom with strange emotion—that love, and love for him, had led her to that perilous couch; and that while dangers surrounded her in every shape, she was alive only to the small still voice that whispered to her heart the dream which was to decide their destinies. She slept perhaps—but he waked and watched; and night wore away, as, now praying, now entranced by alternating hope and fear, he sat in his boat, his eyes fixed on the white garb of the slumberer above.

Morning—was it morning that struggled in the clouds? Would morning ever come to waken her? And had she slept? and what dreams of weal or woe had peopled her sleep? Gaspar grew impatient. He commanded his boatmen still to wait, and he sprang forward, intent on clambering the precipice. In vain they urged the danger, nay, the impossibility

of the attempt ; he clung to the rugged face of the hill, and found footing where it would seem no footing was. The acclivity, indeed, was not high ; the dangers of St. Catherine's bed arising from the likelihood that any one who slept on so narrow a couch would be precipitated into the waters beneath. Up the steep ascent Gaspar continued to toil, and at last reached the roots of a tree that grew near the summit. Aided by its branches, he made good his stand at the very extremity of the ledge, near the pillow on which lay the uncovered head of his beloved. Her hands were folded on her bosom ; her dark hair fell round her throat and pillowed her cheek ; her face was serene : sleep was there in all its innocence and in all its helplessness ; every wilder emotion was hushed, and her bosom heaved in regular breathing. He could see her heart beat as it lifted her fair hands crossed above. No statue hewn of marble in monumental effigy was ever half so fair ; and within that surpassing form dwelt a soul true, tender, self-devoted, and affectionate as ever warmed a human breast.

With what deep passion did Gaspar gaze, gathering hope from the placidity of her angel countenance ! A smile wreathed her lips ; and he too involuntarily smiled, as he hailed the happy omen ; when suddenly her cheek was flushed, her bosom heaved, a tear stole from her dark lashes, and then a whole shower fell, as starting up she cried, " No !—he shall not die !—I will unloose his chains !—I will save him ! " Gaspar's hand was there. He caught her light form ready to fall from the perilous couch. She opened her eyes and beheld her lover, who had watched over her dream of fate, and who had saved her.

Manon also had slept well, dreaming or not, and was startled in the morning to find that she waked surrounded by a crowd. The little desolate chapel was hung with tapestry—the altar adorned with golden chalices—the priest was chanting mass to a goodly array of kneeling knights. Manon

saw that King Henry was there ; and she looked for another whom she found not, when the iron door of the cavern passage opened, and Gaspar de Vaudemont entered from it, leading the fair form of Constance ; who, in her white robes and dark dishevelled hair, with a face in which smiles and blushes contended with deeper emotion, approached the altar, and kneeling with her lover, pronounced the vows that united them for ever.

It was long before the happy Gaspar could win from his lady the secret of her dream. In spite of the happiness she now enjoyed, she had suffered too much not to look back even with terror to those days when she thought love a crime, and every event connected with them wore an awful aspect. "Many a vision," she said, "she had that fearful night. She had seen the spirits of her father and brothers in Paradise ; she had beheld Gaspar victoriously combating among the infidels ; she had beheld him in King Henry's court, favoured and beloved, and she herself—now pining in a cloister, now a bride—now grateful to Heaven for the full measure of bliss presented to her, now weeping away her sad days—till suddenly she thought herself in Paynim land ; and the saint herself, Saint Catherine, guiding her unseen through the city of the infidels. She entered a palace and beheld the miscreants rejoicing in victory ; and then descending to the dungeons beneath, they groped their way through damp vaults, and low mildewed passages, to one cell, darker and more frightful than the rest. On the floor lay one with soiled and tattered garments, with unkempt locks and wild matted beard. His cheek was worn and thin ; his eyes had lost their fire ; his form was a mere skeleton ; the chains hung loosely on the fleshless bones."

"And was it my appearance in that attractive state and winning costume that softened the hard heart of Constance ?" asked Gaspar, smiling at this painting of what would never be.

"Even so," replied Constance ; "for my heart whispered

me that this was my doing: and who could recall the life that waned in your pulses—who restore, save the destroyer? My heart never warmed to my living happy knight as then it did to his wasted image, as it lay, in the visions of night, at my feet. A veil fell from my eyes; a darkness was dispelled from before me. Methought I then knew for the first time what life and what death was. I was bid believe that to make the living happy was not to injure the dead; and I felt how wicked and how vain was that false philosophy which placed virtue and good in hatred and unkindness. You should not die: I would loosen your chains and save you, and bid you live for love. I sprung forward, and the death I deprecated for you would, in my presumption, have been mine—then, when first I felt the real value of life—but that your arm was there to save me, your dear voice to bid me be blest for evermore."

HUMAN LIFE.

BY LORD DOVER.

SEARCH all the paths of human life, examine ev'ry way
 Through which 'tis given, while here on earth, for erring man
 to stray :
 Though varied each, though different all, they yet in this
 agree—
 Their course is disappointed hope, their end is misery !

The soldier falls on battle-plain—they call it glory's grave !
 No friendly hand is there to sooth the death-pangs of the brave.
 Through a life of unrequited toil he rushes to his doom ;
 His wearied footstep finds no rest, save in the bloody tomb.

The sailor wastes his prime of years upon the stormy main,
 Far from the home his childhood loved, which hê ne'er may
 see again ;
 Though he 'scape the wreck, the desert isle, and the cannon's
 deadly roar,
 Yet cold neglect and an age of pain await him still on shore.

The statesman no such dangers knows, he dreads nor field nor
 flood,
 And his claim the world to govern gives the power of doing
 good ;
 But foes condemn his merits, anguish and shame are near ;
 He sinks in death, and a people's curse deep murmurs o'er his
 bier.

By day, by night, the youth who seeks the paths of legal fame,
Must toil for years midst doubts to raise a fortune or a name;
But his anxious cares will fail, till his mind or health decays,
While the blight of hope deferr'd on his fainting spirit preys.

But the grief which wears the soul is the ardent poet's fate,
To whom fame comes not at all—or if ever, comes too late;
His dream of immortality is early overthrown—
And scorn shall crush his wither'd heart, and mark him for
her own!

The merchant sighs for greater wealth, and pines with cease-
less care,
The scholar by his midnight lamp is wasted with despair;
While o'er the mass chill poverty her ragged mantle throws,
And through want they struggle on till their suff'ring course
they close.

E'en the idler cannot vary the common lot of all,
Though no ambition tempt him, nor the love of gain enthrall;
In the winter of his age he shall bitterly think o'er
The useless days, the wasted years, which can return no more.

O'er this world of sin and sadness, thus misery hovers still—
The earth is sorrow's throne, and its sons must work her will;
While to wearied eyes of mortals no light can pierce the gloom,
Save the flame of faith and holy hope which glows beyond
the tomb.

THE STAR OF THE PACIFIC.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude—yet not alone.

MILTON.

And God said, let there be light— and there was light.

GENESIS.

As I was standing by the large circular basin in the gardens of the Tuileries, one fine morning in the beginning of last autumn, observing the swans which were sailing about upon the water, now steering in one direction and now in another, just as they happened to be attracted by different groups of children, who were on all sides tempting them with pieces of bread to visit their several stations on the shore, my attention was very forcibly excited by a small family party who stood near me, and consisted of a gentleman, a lady, and three children. It might perhaps be difficult, however, to explain why, amid so many picturesque and striking groups, this family should have appeared so particularly remarkable. They were dressed precisely like other English people, for it was in a moment discoverable, from the whole appearance of the gentleman, that he was of the island race; and as the children now and then uttered the words "Papa" and "Mamma," their relationship to each other was not long left to be conjectured. There is a free-masonry in children of the same age which places them upon a familiar footing with one another in an instant. Accordingly, like old acquaintances who were very glad to meet again after a long separation, and, upon the

Pythagorean hypothesis, their souls may have been intimates in a former state of existence, their boys were in three minutes discussing some dry confidential topics with mine, and asking many questions respecting the lively scene around them, being apparently the greater strangers. This was the first step towards the dissolving of that icy indifference which adult strangers feel for each other. I cannot now recollect, indeed, who spoke first, or whether the weather, which was fine enough to be worth mentioning, was the topic; but, at all events, we slid some way or another into conversation; and while our youthful troop were racing about the gardens, picking up the horse-chestnuts which were ripe and dropping from the boughs, or gazing at the gold fishes in the ponds, we took a seat under the trees, as the sun was warm, and continued our dialogue with increasing interest and animation. Some accidental train of ideas leading us to speak of Hindoostan, we discovered with pleasure that we possessed several common friends both at Madras and Bombay; at the latter of which places, my companion informed me he had resided many years: and this circumstance among others induced us to keep up an acquaintance thus casually and irregularly commenced. We exchanged visits, strolled to the public places together, and not unfrequently extended our rambles far into the country, which, in the environs of Paris, heaven knows, is any thing but picturesque. However, we cared not for the character of the landscape. There was sunshine in the sky and verdure upon the ground; and our minds were lighted up with glowing thoughts and dazzling hopes, which, in both our cases, may perhaps be extinguished before they have ripened the desired fruit. His wife, who sometimes accompanied us in our walks, and was invariably lively and agreeable, spoke English with a strong foreign accent, and as her complexion was slightly tinged with olive, like that of the Neapolitan or Andalusian women, I imagined she

might be a native of southern Spain or Italy, though there was something in the turn of the features which gave her whole countenance an Asiatic cast. She was possessed, however, of very remarkable beauty. Her large black eyes, lofty forehead, Grecian nose, and ruddy lips, which, when parted by a smile, discovered the whitest and the finest teeth in the world, were only the external indications, as it were, of a beauty which neither words nor pencil can paint—the beauty of a calm and constant soul, chastened by celestial purity, and imbued with the eternal fragrance of virtue. I have never seen a woman more completely under the sway of affection. Her husband's will was hers, not because she thought it her duty to submit, but because, as the Stagirate expresses it, they had but one soul in two bodies.

We one day went together, children and all, to the royal Botanic Garden, where, having sufficiently admired the palm trees, the shawl goat of Tibet, the elephant, and the condor, the rokh bird of the Arabs, we at length came to the monkey cages. Here a very rare and beautiful specimen of the *cercopithecus mona*, with his coat of deep chestnut and green powdered with gold, immediately attracted the looks of the lady, who turning her eyes filled with involuntary tears upon her husband, exclaimed, "Ah, how that little fellow recalls the groves of my native land to mind!"

"Ay, Shazaly," replied the husband, "and he awakens strange recollections in me likewise. I probably owe my life and yon to some of his brethren." Then turning to me, "Yon have not yet heard," he observed, "how greatly I am indebted to the monkey tribe; but I have for some time been meditating a design against your patience; and if yon have no apprehension of a long story, yon shall have my life and adventures this very evening."

As all that I had seen of his character—which, notwithstanding its extreme simplicity, was singularly bold and ori-

ginal—had led me to conclude that he had purchased that calm complacency and self-command which he now possessed by innumerable struggles with fortune and his own passions, I of course replied that nothing he could do would give me more pleasure. Accordingly, in the evening, when the dinner had been removed, candles brought in, and coffee placed before us, the lady recollected that her presence was required in the nursery, and being thus left to ourselves, we drew our chairs closer to the blazing fire, and he commenced his narrative as follows:—

“I am the only son of the late General Brown, of Upper Harley-street, where I was born in the year 1793. My father, who had spent the greater part of his life in the service of the East India Company, had determined from my birth that, substituting a civil for a military employment, I too should pursue the same career; and, accordingly, when the business of my education was supposed to be completed, and the situation of writer obtained for me, I bade adieu to my family, and left England for Bombay. There I plodded on through the usual routine of business, chatting with moon-shees, and disputing with pundits, and rose by degrees, as every one does in that service, to very lucrative offices, which would in time have enabled me to return with considerable wealth to Europe. But when I had been about ten years in the country my health began to decline in an alarming manner, and at the same time I became sensible of a strange dimness in my sight, which increased rapidly; but as I supposed it to arise from the general debility of my frame, this circumstance did not give me much concern. However, it was thought advisable that I should return to England for three years; and when once the idea of revisiting my home and friends had taken possession of me, I, who had been ten whole years almost without desiring it, because the mind seldom covets what it regards as beyond its reach, imme-

diately became so impatient to put my design in execution that I threw myself, as it were, on board the very first ship which left the island, though, as she was to traverse the Pacific and touch at Brazil, it was probable that many other vessels leaving Bombay later would reach London long before her.

"I had not been many weeks at sea before I observed that, although my health appeared to be improved, and my spirits, which the air and aspect of the ocean never fail to enliven, were now light and buoyant, the dimness of my eyes had greatly increased; and, in fact, before we had reached the island of Java, I was plunged in total blindness. It is strange, but certainly I did not at first feel all the weight of my calamity. The surgeon of the ship, whom I had consulted during the early part of our voyage, and who declared it to be his opinion that a cataract was forming on both eyes, had been suddenly carried off by cholera, so that I was wholly deprived of medical advice. Thus left to myself, I gradually yielded to the assaults of melancholy, and allowed my painful thoughts, like the vulture of Typhoeus, to feed upon my vitals. The glorious sights which present themselves to those who sail between the verdant islands of the Indian Archipelago—the gorgeous magnificence of tropical sunsets—skies streaked and inlaid with gold and fire—moonlight upon the waters—the brilliant splendour of the stars—the fresh beauty of the morning waves, 'which o'er th' interminable ocean wreath their crisped smiles'—these, and a thousand other beauties which the charmed eye detects in the face of nature, were now shut out from me. Nevertheless, since repining was useless, I exerted all the force of my mind, which, I confess, was not always equal to the task, in the endeavour to reconcile myself with my destiny, and began to muster and pass in review upon the champaign of my imagination the enjoyments and sources of happiness which remained to me. I did

not project my thoughts far into the future, which, like the material universe around me, was dark, but employed my fancy in devising schemes for quickly gratifying the inordinate ambition which, from the cradle, had been feeding, like the insect in the nut, upon the very kernel of my being. What could a blind man do to set up his name, like a burning Pharos, upon the wastes of time, to guide or cheer the ambitious of future generations, and inform posterity that he had nourished his soul upon sublime thoughts, and reaped the delight arising from the exertion of vast intellectual energy? I did not forget Milton, or 'Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old;' but whatever seeds of poetry nature might have wrapped up with the original elements of my mind, that they might shoot up and sweeten the brief season of life with their fragrance, they had not yet felt, if I may so speak, the awakening influence of the sun, and slept, or, perhaps, mouldered away in the close folds of their integuments. Yet other opening there seemed none. For war, to which, unhappily, there had always been a secret leaning in my character, I was now rendered unfit for ever. Science, erudition, and those other means of fame which require the exercise of the eyes, were necessarily abandoned; and therefore when I had thrown a rapid glance over the whole field of human exertion, nothing seemed, after all, to be left me but the glorious dreams of the muses, with which, as the vessel bounded along over the ocean, I endeavoured, and not without success, to chase away languor and weariness, and hush the perturbation of my spirit.

"Among the passengers, consisting chiefly of invalids like myself, there were several ladies, who, taking compassion upon my forlorn condition, kindly exerted themselves to diminish the sufferings of my mind. They talked, read, or sung to me daily; and I sometimes smiled with delight to observe the space around me peopled with sweet voices, and

to hear words of kindness and comfort poured into my ear by invisible beings, who flitted to and fro like spirits, and only made me sensible of their presence by acts of goodness. In the evening, when sleep had seized upon the souls of my fair companions, to hurry them through his domain of dreams and phantasms, I, who now slept less than ever, used frequently to join the steersman and watch upon deck, where I either amused myself by joining in their rough merriment, or sat down apart on the poop, listening to the waves, which rolled along in eternal murmurs before the wind, and seemed with their mystic voices to people the solitudes of the great deep, whose secrets they appeared to whisper to each other as they passed.

"Time thus moved on, and we at length entered among the innumerable archipelagos of the Pacific, when the sharp, harsh atmosphere, which every where broods over the ocean, began to be tempered and softened by the grateful effluvia of vegetation. One evening, when, as usual, I had come upon deck, after all the other passengers had retired, to inhale the delicious fragrance of the night-wind, I learned from the mariners that a storm was coming on; and, in fact, while we were yet speaking, the wind began to roar through the shrouds, and that indescribably harsh, hissing sound, which attends the breaking and intermingling of angry waves, smote dismally upon the ear and heart from all sides, like the approaching footsteps of death. In a moment the hatches were closed, and all hands were employed in struggling with the tempest. I felt my way to the bulwarks, where I grasped a rope to prevent my being washed overboard, for the waves now swept over the waist of the ship, as the water rushes through a mill-spout, and I kept upon my feet with the utmost difficulty. No words can describe the passionate earnestness with which I at that moment prayed for the recovery of my sight. I had, in fact, never properly felt the curse of blindness until then. A storm at sea is under all

circumstances terrible; but in the midst of rocky islands and coral reefs, and where, from the cannibal propensities of the natives, shipwreck is death, it is clothed with tenfold horrors. But to me, who knew no difference between day and night, who was cut off from the ordinary chances of escape, every blast sounded like a knell. I listened, therefore, with tremendous anxiety to the roaring of the storm, and the increasing thunder of the waves, which leaped up and howled like so many demons around the ship, that now seemed to go staggering through them like a bleeding victim through hostile ranks of savages, continually gashed with fresh wounds, and feebler at every step. Suddenly the still more terrible sound of breakers was heard right ahead, and whatever were the exertions made by the sailors they were ineffectual, for in another moment the ship struck, bulged, and went to pieces amidst a hell of rocks and waters.

"What became of the crew and passengers, God only knows. For myself, when I felt the ship strike, I grappled instinctively at the bulwarks, and, with a shattered fragment of wood in my hand, was hurled by a tremendous wave high among the rocks, to the rugged, salient points of which I clung with convulsive energy. Wave after wave dashed over me, but I wedged myself down into a cleft of the rock, thrust my arms into its honey-combed surface, and thus, by the mercy of God, succeeded in maintaining my position. As I hung here, ignorant whether I might be upon the top of a precipice, or midway between the summit and the sea, I more than once thought I could distinguish the shrieks of women, or the cries of children, for there were several on board, mingling with the howling of the blast; but the foaming, boiling surge, lashed to frenzy, as it were, by the tempest, and hurled with deafening thunder against the cliffs, so modified every other sound that nothing distinct could be predicated respecting their nature.

The immediate care of my own preservation, however, now

swallowed up every other thought. Fearful lest another surge, similar to that which had preserved me, should reach me where I clung, and carry me back into the sea, I began to feel above my head, in order to discover whether there was any chance of escaping in that direction, but to my dismay found that the rock projected or beetled over its base, and that in fact I had been thrown into a kind of nest in the cliff. Constrained, therefore, to be still, and await the termination of the storm, and the subsiding of the waves, if they ever really subsided on that shore, I gave myself up to the most gloomy reflections. Had I possessed my sight, I might hope to subsist, as others had done, upon the wild fruits and other productions of the island, if it should be found to produce any thing, and could await the casual visit of some European ship, or make my way on a raft or in a canoe to some more fortunate or better known island. As it was, what had I to expect but starvation? How should I, in the first place, escape from my present position? And supposing this step made, in what possible way was I to provide for my subsistence? Should the natives prove to be cannibals, as many of these islanders were said to be, what had I to expect but to be devoured almost alive? It were better, I thought, to plunge at once into the gulf below, and join my companions in the sleep of death, than reserve myself for such a fate. A single moment would suffice to unite me with all the beautiful and the good of former ages, and send my soaring spirit, like an eagle escaped from its fetters, to drink of the waters of life, truth, and beatitude, 'fast by the throne of God!' But when my thoughts had reached this height, I seemed to start, as if from a dream, and a stream of balmy light came pouring in upon my soul, chasing far away all base and cowardly ideas of self-destruction, and bringing along with it hope and resignation. 'He who stilleth the young ravens when they cry,' was able, I reflected, to provide, if he saw

good, for my animal wants, and to preserve me, as he had hitherto done, from danger and death. Thus tranquillized, I patiently awaited the passing away of the storm. In fact, incredible as it may seem, I slept; and when I awoke from dreams of home, which had carried me back to infancy and my mother's lap, and left the moisture of delicious tears upon my eye-lids, the beating of the waters against the rocks below was scarcely heard, while the shrill sharp screams of innumerable sea-fowl enlivened the scene. The rays of the sun, too, though invisible, were not unfelt in the air, which now exerted its cheerful, invigorating influence upon my frame. However, as my position in the cliff was now become particularly painful, I soon began to think of making an attempt at descending to the beach. Slowly and cautiously did I commence my operations. The rocks were sharp, steep, and rugged, and as I slipped down, or swung from one point to another, I received many severe bruises, while the skin was literally stripped off my hands; but at length I found myself upon the level beach, which was thickly strewed with large round pebbles.

"Here, as I stepped along with the utmost caution, feeling every moment before me with my foot, I stumbled over something and nearly fell, when, putting down my hand to ascertain the nature of the obstacle, I touched the moist cold face of a human being, which, from its smoothness, I knew must be that of a woman. The shock was more painful than I can describe. I was for a moment petrified. At length, however, reflecting that those, no doubt, were the remains of one of the benevolent friends who had striven to alleviate the weight of my calamity during the voyage, tears started into my eyes, and lifting up the body in my arms, I bore it a little way up the shelving beach, and covered it—'twas all I could—with stones.

"In gathering these I was fortunate enough to find a small

stick, which served me for a staff, and with its assistance, when I had completed my melancholy task, I proceeded for a considerable way along the shore. Guided by the sound of the waves, and the vegetable scent, which was now very perceptible in the air, I receded from the sea, and found myself among a kind of sedge, such as usually grows about the edge of our rabbit-warrens. The sea-fowl, heedless of my presence, wheeled and screamed over my head, and as I paused and listened attentively to every sound, I heard the light fleet step of several small animals rushing past me. The rays of the sun, which at first warmed, dried, and cheered me, now beat so fiercely upon the ground, that they became almost intolerable, and made me exceedingly desirous of finding some place of shelter. I therefore advanced with trembling anxious step towards the interior of the island, which, fortunately for me, was not, in this part, divided from the ocean by rocks and precipices; but swelled into gentle hills, which, as I encountered neither tree nor thicket, seemed to produce no other vegetable than a short soft grass. My sufferings were now intense; for hunger, thirst, and fatigue, together with the burning heat of the sun, besieged me at once, and well nigh overcame my fortitude. But the tortures inflicted by my imagination were a thousand times harder to be endured; for this peopled the landscape with cannibals, whose glaring eye-balls were scanning me from every copse, and whose club or tomahawk might steal upon my slumbers, or oppress me waking.

"Still I proceeded, however, farther and farther from the sea, and having wandered on for several hours, entered upon a plain, where the sound of running water smote upon my ear. This, to a man burning with thirst, was most dulcet music, so I hurried along as rapidly as possible, but on arriving upon the brink of the river, I heard the water flow far below me, and ascertained with my staff that the bank was nearly

perpendicular. However, having skirted the stream for some time, I at length found a shelving bank, and creeping down to the flood, succeeded in allaying one of the most acute of human sufferings. I then sat down on the edge of the stream, and began to renew my inward lamentations at the bitterness of my destiny. Every object around me seemed hostile to my life;—pitfalls, precipices, wild beasts, and perhaps men, still more destructive. Worst of all, and surest of my enemies, was hunger. From the rest there was the possibility of escaping, but this, wherever I might hide myself, would find me. In fact, the demon had already commenced his work, and that which added double sharpness to his pangs was the consciousness that I had nothing to oppose to them.

“The sun had now, as I conjectured from the increasing coolness in the air, descended considerably from the meridian, and a slight breeze, which greatly refreshed me, began to blow. The grass and long reeds on the edge of the river emitted a faint rustling sound as it fluttered through them, and as I listened attentively, from a vague expectation, which in fact never wholly forsook me, that something would occur to preserve my life, I thought I could distinguish, at a short distance on the other side of the stream, the sound of branches swinging and leaves fluttering in the wind. My heart now bounded with joy, for I doubted not that, among the numerous trees which I expected to find, some at least would be fruit-yielding, which I might shake or climb, and thus appease in some degree the fierce cravings of hunger. Upon trying the river with my staff, I found that it could only be crossed by swimming; and as I wished to preserve my clothes dry, for the nights were cold, I immediately undressed, and tying them up in a bundle, endeavoured so to fasten them upon my head or shoulders as to keep them above water. The bundle, however, was much too large, and there seemed to be no other

method than, having by casting stones ascertained the breadth of the stream, to untie it, and throw over the articles one by one before me. This I did, and although the river was of considerable width, I had the satisfaction not to hear a single bundle fall into the stream. Being thus disencumbered, and confiding in my agility as a swimmer, I plunged boldly into the unknown stream, and though the current was strong and rapid, and in spite of my utmost exertions carried me considerably out of the right line, I at length succeeded in reaching the further shore, which I found to be thickly set with reeds and bushes. Through these I groped my way up along the edge of the stream in search of my clothes, with extraordinary difficulty, and no little terror, lest my bare foot should press upon some noisome or unknown reptile, some alligator or water-snake, which might devour or sting me to death. Many of the bushes wore prickles, sharp as thorns or brambles, which so pierced and lacerated my flesh that before I had advanced thirty yards the blood trickled down from various parts of my body. I persevered, however, feeling as I went along every bush and every hole shuddering while I did it, lest I should plunge my hand into the mouth of some wild beast, or amid the scales of some venomous snake. My toil was vain—not a single garment could I find; and now, despairing of success, and torn in a dreadful manner by the prickly shrubs, the temptation once more occurred to me to plunge my head into the river and end my miseries in its waters. But the love of life prevailed, and turning away from the stream, I exerted my small remains of strength in making my way in the direction in which I supposed the wood to lie. Fortunately the line of thicket which skirted the river was narrow, so that I soon found myself upon the smooth greensward, on which I now sank down, utterly exhausted.

“ Here as I lay, listening with a beating heart to every various

sound that floated in the breeze, and tormented, as you may imagine, by the most gloomy forebodings, that busy murmur which runs through a wood, when the boughs and leaves of innumerable trees vibrate and flutter in the wind, again awakened in me the hope of satisfying my hunger. The notes of various birds, too, which were perched, I did not doubt, in the thick roof of this wood, guided and encouraged me; for, in default of mankind, I experienced some sense of fellowship, some ideas of society, in approaching even these irrational creatures, which my imagination endowed with compassion and sympathy. When I drew near the wood, which I found to have been further off than I had supposed, I distinguished, amidst the shrill scream of the birds, the voice of numerous monkeys chattering. My approach seemed to have been quickly perceived by these animals, for their garrulity was for a moment suspended; but after this short pause, during which I imagined they were employed in reconnoitring their guest, they darted at me a shower of large hard fruit, which, falling from a great height, and hitting my bruised and lacerated body, occasioned the most exquisite pain. Patient as I had been rendered by suffering, this roused my anger, and therefore groping about for some of the missiles which they had cast at me, and which I found to be a large unknown fruit, I threw two or three with great force among the branches, and hitting one or two of my enemies, as I discovered from their cries, soon put the whole of them to flight. I next picked up one of the fruit, which felt something like a small melon, and having split it against a tree, was about to devour it ravenously, when the thought occurred that, instead of yielding nourishment, it might be poison. I therefore stood for some moments irresolute, with the fruit in my hand, which, whether it were nutritious or deadly, I had no means of ascertaining but at the peril of my life. Sometimes, as I smelled it, it seemed to exhale an agreeable odour,

inviting me to eat; the next instant its rank and sickening smell appeared to be a hint of nature that principles destructive of life lurked within. However, hunger was now becoming imperious, and I considered that, since every thing around me was unknown, the risk of death must necessarily accompany every morsel I should consume. I therefore ate boldly, and then sat down at the foot of a tree to rest.

"Night now coming on, the air became cold, and the earth silent. Even the wind had died away, and nothing was heard but the screech-owl, which appears to be an inhabitant of every climate, uttering its dismal cry from the lofty roof of the forest. But this interval of stillness was short: the long startling howl of some wild beast in a distant part of the wood seemed to be the signal for the commencement of those hellish orgies, in which all animals that have an appetite for blood indulge during the night, transforming the beautiful sylvan scenes of the earth into places of slaughter. Though naked and shivering with cold, I now perceived that I could not rest with safety upon the ground, where I might have shielded myself from the inclemency of the air by creeping into some thicket, or nestling among the long grass, and therefore began to feel among the trunks of the trees in order to discover one which I might climb. While I was thus occupied, the rush of some furious animals, of which I conjectured the one was pursuing the other, startled and terrified me:—however, not knowing which way to fly, I stood still, close to the trunk of a tree, listening with breathless anxiety to their movements; and in a moment heard a heavy beast fall with great force to the ground, not many yards from me, while his pursuer sprang upon him with a growl which made my flesh creep. Then followed the death struggle, and before the poor creature could have breathed his last, I could distinctly hear the tearing of his flesh, with the fearful grinding of the

teeth, and horrible low groan of delight, with which the famished savage accompanied the dismembering of his victim. By this time the whole forest appeared to be filled with the roaring of ferocious animals. Imagine my situation! which way should I fly? By endeavouring to escape, might I not, since I could not see my way, plunge more deeply into the wilderness? Danger is a revered monitor. I paused—I reflected. The long line of howling, so to speak, which extended towards the right, and the absolute stillness on the other hand, pointed out distinctly the road to safety, could I but escape the fangs of the beast which was devouring his prey by my side, as it were, and which the slightest movement on my part might bring upon me. I therefore watched his meal with the most intense anxiety, concluding that when it was finished he would depart. But in this I was quite mistaken; for when he had satisfied his appetite, he threw himself upon the ground beside the remainder of his prey, where, as I judged by his heavy breathing, he soon fell asleep. Now, then, was my time! But, before I moved a foot, I listened again and again to assure myself he was really asleep, and then, cautiously and tremblingly feeling before me with my hands, succeeded in creeping out of the wood.

“Never, surely, was the hand of Providence more palpably stretched out over any man than it was at that moment over me! And when I found, by the free air breathing upon my face and whole body, that I was once more on the open plain, and as I conceived in comparative safety, I fell upon my knees, and my heart melted in ecstatic thanksgiving. I then proceeded, guided by the horrid sounds which rose at intervals from the recesses of the wilderness, in the direction leading from that dreadful region; and when entirely out of hearing of my enemies, stopped short, lest I should approach some other wood, and walking backwards and forwards to

preserve warmth in my limbs, passed the night in this manner, haunted by every terrible idea which a sense of imminent danger could inspire or fear conceive.

"At length, as I paced to and fro in this manner, the twittering of birds, and various other indications, informed me that day was approaching; and this faint ray of comfort, though bursting through as thick a canopy of terrors as ever overshadowed the human soul, together with my escapes of the last day and night, almost persuaded me that I 'bore a charmed life.' With day, however, and the sense of comparative safety, the cravings of hunger were roused; and upon the bare plain where I now was, there being nothing to be found but that which once sustained the life of the impious Babylonian king, I endeavoured to extract a little nourishment from the grass of the field, but found it dry and sapless. Meanwhile the sun, rising higher and higher in the heavens, poured down its fierce scorching rays, which, smiting upon my unshaded head and temples, almost maddened me. Inventions whetted by necessity soon taught me however to defend myself against this evil, for with the long dry grass, which refused to yield me food, I soon twisted up a kind of turban, which served extremely well instead of a hat. I next proceeded to contrive a kind of covering for my waist, that, should I haply meet with human beings, I might not be thought a contemner of decency; but as I was feeling about for the longest grasses, I put my hand upon a cold, round thing, as large as a ship's cable, which I did not doubt was a *boa-constrictor*; and, uttering a shriek of horror, darted away not knowing whither I fled. My feet now seemed to alight on nothing but the most deadly serpents, which fancy represented rising in spiry volumes around, and darting a thousand stings at me as I passed. Experiencing no injury, however, from these terrible creations of my imagination, my terror gradually subsided, and, with staff in hand, I roamed about

until night-fall, when I lay down in the open field, like Jacob when flying to Padan-Aran, and with my head resting on a stone slept profoundly.

"My slumbers endured the whole night, and I was awakened next morning by the loud songs of the birds. I now arose, and addressing a mental prayer to my Creator, the effect of which was as balm and honey to my soul, moved onwards, guided by the shining in my face, towards the east. I had not proceeded far when a scent, more grateful than Sabean odours—the scent of baked meat—entered my nostrils, and, while it appeared to promise the appeasing of hunger, told me the still more delightful fact that I was approaching the presence of my fellow-creatures. A few minutes after this I heard the voices of mankind, and the sound seemed to open some source, some bursting fount of ecstasy, unknown until that moment, which appeared to gush forth and overflow my heart, and pour its rapturous current through every pore of my frame. While these delicious feelings were filling my soul with gladness, I had already been perceived by the natives, and, as I afterwards learned, a hundred axes and javelins were hastily snatched up, to hue me to pieces, or transfix me to the spot! While the warriors were in this attitude, awaiting the nod of their chief, their weapons in their hands, the chief's daughter, a girl of about fifteen, observing that I felt my way with a staff, pointed out to them the fact that I was blind, and must therefore be harmless. 'Let me go, father,' said she, 'and guide the stranger to your hospitable board. When was the hand of Hawanee ever raised against the helpless, or his door closed against the friendless and the wretched? Down with your spears, warriors! you misinterpret your chief. His heart burns with anger at your bloody design, and the frown of his brow reproves you. Shall I go, my father, and bid the stranger be bold, confiding in the protection of the invincible Hawanee?' 'Go, my child,' replied the chief, amused and

flattered by her eloquence ; ‘ go, he shall be welcome for thy sake !’

“ I now heard a light, tripping footstep approach, which the instinctive bounding of my heart informed me was that of a woman ; and at the sound every lurking remain of fear and distrust departed, for, whether young or old, savage or civilized, I have never received aught but good at the hands of woman. In another moment the maiden had taken me by the hand, and uttering what I knew from the tone to be words of welcome, led me into the warlike circle, and seated me by the side of her father. Many speeches were now made to me, not one word of which could I comprehend ; and as I knew my language must be equally unintelligible to them, I endeavoured to express my gratitude by bowing my head to the earth, and every gesture which I considered indicative of thankfulness and dependence. I now partook of the viands and delicious fruit which heaped the board of Hawanee, and the feast being over, was led into his house, for they had been regaling themselves in the open air, and placed upon a fine soft mat by the fire.

“ The history of my progress in the language and in the affections of Shazaly, for that was the name of my preserver, is the same. She loved me as a creature whom she had snatched from death, and I loved her, partly, perhaps, because I owed her my life, partly because the sweetness of her voice, which seemed to have been modulated in heaven, drew me towards her invincibly, like the song of the sirens. Spell-bound by the magic of her voice, and still more by the bewitching tenderness of her manner, I pictured her to my imagination as a creature of light, as a being all beauty as she was all goodness ; and, had the choice been set before me by Providence, would have preferred blindness in a savage land with her, to the enjoyment of civilized opulence, with all her senses, if banished from her presence. She told me, how-

ever, when by indefatigable pains I had learned to unlock the treasures of her mind, and attach meaning to the sounds which she uttered, that her father, affectionate as he was, had already begun to regard our familiarity with disapprobation, not because I was a foreigner, but that, by my misfortune, I was incapacitated from succeeding to his rude sceptre, which, as he had no son, must devolve upon his daughter's husband. 'Yet,' she would add, 'come what may, I must love you—love you for ever!' Her mother, from whom she seemed to have inherited her goodness, beheld our attachment with satisfaction, and already treated me as her son; but I every day discovered more and more harshness in the words of the father towards his child; and frequently overheard the taunts of inferior members of the tribe against the slothful foreigner who could do nothing but sleep and eat.

"To avoid the hearing of such bitter words, which every day grew more frequent, I sometimes wandered away with Shazaly among the hills and woods; and, with the consent of the mother, it was at length resolved upon between us, that, whatever might be the consequence, we would, on the first opportunity, link our fates together by an indissoluble union. Accordingly, taking advantage of Hawanee's absence on a warlike expedition to some neighbouring island, we sat during three days upon the same mat, and then, going down, according to the custom of the country, to the sea-shore, plunged hand in hand into the waves, and arose irrevocably bound to each other.

"Shortly after this, Hawanee, who, from the reverence with which most savage men regard the laws of hospitality, forbore to treat me with cruelty, or to send me forth to perish in the woods, determined to separate me from his daughter, whom he removed to another hut. This brought our affairs to a crisis. One night, when sleep appeared to have closed every eye but mine, for the whole earth seemed hushed, and there

was silence, and horrid thoughts had flung their meshes round my brain, and pressed upon me like the night-mare or a painful dream, I was suddenly roused from the ghastly vision by a gentle touch of the hand; and before my surprise could find a tongue, Shazaly's voice whispered softly in my ear—'We must fly, my love! It will shortly be impossible to conceal that I am about to become a mother, and in the fiery indignation which the discovery would kindle in my father, were we to linger here, our lives would be consumed as the withered thickets of the mountains are consumed in the autumnal fires. And yet,' she added in a tone of extreme anguish—'and yet at the thought that my kind old father, whose sorrows, if caused by another, I should sooth and mitigate, must seem by my flight to be rendered childless, must be pierced by the keenest pang which a parent can feel, seeing the sole prop of his old age snatched from beneath his hand by filial ingratitude, and his feeble footsteps tottering helpless and friendless towards the grave——'

"Her utterance was now choked with sobs, and, dropping her head upon my bosom—for I held her in my arms—she gave full vent to her emotion; and, to confess the truth, I was unable to restrain my own feelings, and wept with her like a child. However, I soon recollected that it was necessary, as she had said, to fly. Affliction, in one shape or another, appeared to be my lot upon earth; and I gave way to necessity with a ready submissiveness which at any other period of my life I could not have yielded. But to fly with Shazaly, was it not to be still in possession of all that I regarded as most precious upon earth? Love, in fact, could spread his golden couch in the wilderness, and people the barren and desert places of the earth with gladness, content, and enjoyments ineffable. Verily, when Shazaly was by my side, I felt a calm, glowing state of satisfaction, for the describing of which language has yet discovered no expressions. The flame

of life seemed to burn so mildly, so brightly, so purely, and withal to diffuse so divine a fragrance, that I often murmured to myself, that the sacred fire which Prometheus stole from heaven to hallow the passions of the heart, to enlighten the soul, and make us, in some measure, partakers of the nature of the gods, was nothing but love !

"The entrance of Shazaly's mother put an end to my reflections. She kissed our eyes and forehead, and in a whisper choked with sighs bade us depart. Yet when I prepared to obey, neither mother nor daughter could resolve to separate, and hung upon each other's necks, sobbing as if their very hearts would break. In the midst of this scene, filial affection inspired Shazaly with a thought which both to her mother and me appeared to be the suggestion of mere insanity. She would not, she said, leave the house without kissing the eyes of her father, and entreating his spirit, which they imagine forsakes the body and hovers over it in sleep, to pardon her seeming ingratitude. We prayed, we conjured her by our souls not to go. She was not to be moved ; and when, in obedience to her mother, I took hold of her hand in order forcibly to prevent her from rushing upon such imminent danger, she withdrew it hastily, and said—"All that I have done and am about to do proves how deeply, how dearly I love you, and that I value my life only as it enables me to make you happy. But I cannot forget that I have two parents. One is here blessing me and approving of my actions : the other, whom I am deluding and deserting, will to-morrow be heaping curses on my head. I love, but yet must fly him. His mistaken tenderness banishes me from his side. Yet cannot I depart without kneeling for a moment beside his couch, and imploring my gods and that Great Spirit of whom you have spoken to me to pour into his soul the spirit of forgiveness, and bestow upon him every blessing which may compensate, if any thing can, for the loss of his child !" To

this no reply could be made. I bade her go; and in a few minutes, during which my anxiety was excruciating, she returned, said in a more cheerful tone that she had kissed the old man, and, desiring her mother to conduct us with her blessing to the door, we there tore ourselves away from her embraces, and departed.

"Our retreat, as had been agreed upon between the mother and daughter, was a small cavern in a neighbouring mountain, which, as Shazaly perfectly knew the way, we reached long before dawn. Here we concealed ourselves during three days; at the expiration of which time her mother arrived in the deepest affliction; for her husband, she said, had taken the matter much more to heart than she had expected, having never tasted food or uttered one word of comfort since our flight. For the first two days a lethargy appeared to have numbed his mind, but on the third morning he summoned his tribe together, and when they had formed themselves in a circle around him, he rose up in the midst of them, his head covered with ashes, and said:—'Warriors! the house of your chief is desolate. A serpent hath crept into my nest, and borne away the last hope of my soul. You see before you a poor, infirm, childless old man. No lips will ever again pronounce the name of father to me. Nor when the spirits call me hence to join the manes of my ancestors upon the mountains, shall I leave behind me any remnant of my race to whom I might bequeath the love of my people! Three days have not yet passed since I appeared like the moon, with a mild but beautiful star shining by my side; but it has disappeared for ever. I am now alone—my lustre is dimmed—grief hath overshadowed, and death will quickly blot me from among the living. But, companions of my battles! let me not sink unrevenged into the grave! Give up your daily toils; perform no work of peace; let the birds of the air, the beasts of the fields, the inhabitants of the waters remain un-

molested in their haunts, until the blood of the perfidious stranger, who has robbed me of the solace of my age—my child—my darling—be spilt like water in the dust!

“‘And to-morrow,’ added her mother, ‘all the men of the tribe are to set forth in search of you. There, therefore, remains but this night in which you can provide for your safety. Fly, my children, towards the northern part of the island, into the deserts of the hostile Atawas. You will there be in less danger than here.’

“Both Shazaly and myself were extremely afflicted at this intelligence; but hoping that time would moderate the grief of the old man, and having, in fact, no alternative but to fly or perish, we forthwith bade adieu to our fond parent, and departed, Shazaly conducting my footsteps as before. Fortunately we succeeded in reaching the desert of the Atawas, where, though we were safe from the pursuit of Hawanee, our danger was great, as the surrounding tribes, my wife informed me, were cannibals, who constantly devoured their captives, and, in short, every stranger who fell into their hands. Shazaly selected for our retreat the most desolate part of the coast, where the cliffs were perforated by caverns of immeasurable extent, resorted to by prodigious numbers of sea-fowl, upon whose eggs, with the shell-fish collected on the rocks, we contrived to subsist. Meanwhile the time was fast approaching when it would no longer be possible for my wife to provide our food; and without her aid I could do nothing. Every day she seemed to move about with increased difficulty—her limbs tottered—and apprehensions for the future, diminished the little strength supplied by nature.

“One night, when the period of her confinement drew near, she had led me out to the edge of a lofty cliff overhanging the waves to breathe the sea-breeze, which, as it cooled my feverish frame, appeared somewhat to tranquillize my mind. As we stood here, linked arm in arm, scrutinizing the nature

of our hopes and fears, and each endeavouring to give rise in the breast of the other to a comfort which neither of us felt, the roar of distant thunder came booming along the sky. Tropical storms arise with fearful rapidity. Having strayed to a considerable distance from our cavern, the tempest, which, as far as I could conjecture, was travelling southward, overtook us before we had retreated many paces, and the thick darkness which at the same time hemmed us round prevented Shazaly from recognizing the way. Peal after peal rolled awfully through the heavens; and Shazaly, intrepid as was her nature, trembled as she described to me the fearful brilliance of the lightning, which, as it shot along the tossing, troubled face of the deep, seemed, she said, to kindle the crests of the waves with blue and trembling fires. At length one flash, more vividly fierce than the rest, smote upon my eyes, and appeared to have sent the visual nerves in burning trains to the brain, for I felt the lightning as it were in my soul, and fell to the earth; and Shazaly, fearing I had been stricken dead, sank down beside me. Sensation, however, had only been arrested for a moment. I rose upon my knees, and phantoms of awful things passed before. A sea by fits rolled in liquid fire along—a woman kneeled beside me, palpable at one moment to sight, and in the next all was again hidden in the blackness of darkness. Again the scene flashed upon me—the sea heaved—the lightning shot along. I put my hands before my eyes—no sea, no lightning appeared:—I removed them—the awful phenomena were before me. I repeated the experiment: the same result followed. I had recovered my sight!

“Frantic with excess of joy, I started upon my feet, and my first thoughts were moulded into praise and gratitude to God. In the next instant I clasped my Shazaly to my breast, and in hurried, broken, tumultuous accents, imparted to her the joyful intelligence. It was long before she could be brought

to believe it. But, when we had both been reconciled, as it were, to our good fortune, we sat down together upon the rocks, utterly regardless of the lightning, as if the hand of God had been visibly stretched out before us, and, in the enthusiastic exultation of the moment, seemed to be lifted above the ordinary condition of human nature, and to participate in the transports of beatified spirits. The storm at length passed away, and the glittering, bright, beautiful stars of heaven shone forth, seeming to array themselves in golden smiles, and to rejoice with me. In the midst of these violent paroxysms of rapture, Shazaly complained of sharp, unaccustomed pains, which, bringing me instantly to myself, I requested her, as she alone knew the way, to be once more my guide to our cavern-home. We arrived; I kindled a fire, and spreading near it the bed of dry grass which my beloved herself had gathered, she reclined upon it, and before morning I was a father.

“Heaven, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, enabled my Shazaly to survive the hardships of our condition. Whatever kind offices were possible under the circumstances, I performed for her: I collected bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, eggs of wild birds, and sometimes killed the birds themselves. Our cooking utensils consisted of certain large sea-shells, which the old Dutch navigators who frequented the Pacific in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries called ‘Father Noah’s Shells;’ and the better to enable them to stand the fire, I tried the experiment of the Japanese merchant, smearing them over on the outside with the blood of birds. This answered admirably, and as I had now grown an expert forager, we very shortly lived in a kind of savage affluence. Never observing any trace of our pursuers, moreover, or of the scarcely less terrible Atawas, we by degrees grew bold, and as soon as Shazaly had recovered sufficient strength, we quitted our cave, and removed with our little son to a beautifully

wooded hill at a considerable distance to the south. Our infant, who was no less beautiful than I now discovered his mother to be, was sufficiently clothed by the warmth of the climate; but Shazaly would, nevertheless, sprinkle a little coral powder over his hair, and stick a sweet-smelling flower in his ear by way of ornament.

"The spot which we now chose for our residence was at the foot of an overhanging rock near the summit of the hill, where we remained several months, during which I erected a small hut, and collected in abundance cocoa-nuts, and such other fruits as would not rapidly decay, without meeting with any disturbance from the natives. During the extremely hot nights of summer, which were frequently more oppressive than any I had ever known at Bombay, we constantly slept in a small bower by the side of our hut, the interior of which at such times resembled an oven; and one morning, after having passed a very restless night, I was suddenly awakened at the break of dawn by the sound of something bursting through the bushes. Upon opening my eyes I beheld, with unspeakable terror, the old chief standing over us, with his huge coral axe lifted up, ready to dash out our brains. I was riveted to the spot. Neither of us uttered a word. But the herculean old warrior stood, with his lips drawn closely against his teeth, his eyes glaring like fire-balls, his looks fixed stedfastly on me, and his whole frame literally convulsed with contending passions. Shazaly was lying asleep upon my left arm, and her infant, which she had just been suckling, had not yet quitted his hold of the breast. By chance the old chieftain's eye alighted on the face of the child, now rendered doubly ruddy and beautiful by the warmth of his mother's bosom. I instantly saw his countenance change. Fierce contending emotions tortured his heart, and each passion, as it triumphed in its turn, hung out its ensigns upon his features. He paused for some moments in irresolution; but at length all the father

rushed upon his soul, he cast away his weapon, and, covering his face with both his hands, sank upon his knees beside his child and wept. Silently as this action was performed, it awakened Shazaly, who, perceiving her father, uttered a scream of mingled joy and terror, and threw herself upon his neck. When the first burst of their tenderness had subsided, I took the hand of Ilawance, which he did not attempt to withdraw, and having kissed it, and touched it with my forehead, in token of utter submission and dependence, said that the Great Spirit having, as he might perceive, restored to me the enjoyment of the blessed light, I would now boldly offer myself as a candidate for admission into his tribe, to which I averred I might be of the most signal utility. I therefore conjured him by his soul, and the soul of his daughter, to pardon and receive us into favour. 'Well,' he replied, after a long pause, 'I perceive that even the oaths of an old man are frail like himself. I had sworn—*sworn*, Shazaly,' said he, turning to his daughter, 'that I would never know peace or repose until I had accomplished your destruction: yet, when even now you were in my power, my hand refused to fulfil the dictates of vengeance. Live, live, my children!' continued he; 'the shade of Ilawance shall retire in peace to the land of spirits, nor be condemned, through lack of posterity, to wail and wander a thousand moons among the demons of the desert or the ocean.'

"By this time the old man had got our boy upon his knee, and as he gazed upon his sweet, unconscious looks, a tear of delight stole down his tattooed and weather-beaten cheeks. 'My father,' said Shazaly mournfully, 'you have not yet pronounced my forgiveness!' 'I have, I have!' replied the old man: 'in placing thy child upon my knees, have I not told thee that thou art unto me as heretofore? My heart is no longer parched and dry: the dew of joy hath refreshed it. The thirst of vengeance hath departed. I am calm—I am happy.

Come, my children, let us hasten to gladden the heart of your mother.'

"We accordingly returned with him to the village, where we were received with acclamations of joy. The mother and daughter rushed into each other's arms. The fiercest warriors of the tribe, who had for many months been thirsting for my blood, now received me with a cordial welcome, and in celebration of our return, a grand feast and drinking match were given, in which much flesh of wild boars and *ara-ara* were consumed:—so changeful are the feelings of savages! Immediately after this I was regularly received into the tribe; and you see here," said he, baring his tattooed arms and breast, "the indelible marks of my reception. From this time forward, joining Hawanee in his warlike and hunting expeditions, and labouring by every means to acquire that strength and agility so much prized by uncivilized men, I was considered no unworthy person to succeed hereafter to the command of the tribe.

"Meanwhile the beauty of Shazaly seemed to improve daily. She dressed herself in the finest fabrics of the island, which, I assure you, are extremely elegant, powdered her hair with coral lime, decked it with the brilliant flowers of the *ixora* and the *arum*, of which she fixed one of the most fragrant buds, like a natural jewel, in her small delicate ears. Thus I passed five other years, during which three new members were added to my family, endeavouring cautiously and stealthily, as it were, to introduce a few of the more easy and useful arts of civilization. I had frequently expressed to Hawanee my ardent desire to revisit my native land, for the purpose of seeing my parents and friends, and importing various useful articles for the benefit of the tribe; and he had with some reluctance consented to my taking Shazaly with me, provided I left behind my eldest boy. At length it was rumoured that an European ship had arrived in a neighbouring island; and taking our

leave of our friends, who parted with us with extreme unwillingness, we repaired in a large piroque to where the ship, a South-sea whaler, was lying. In this we obtained a passage to London, where, when I arrived, I found that both my parents had been dead many years, having left me the heir of all their wealth. Every link which had bound me to Europe was now snapped, and, therefore, converting all my property into such articles as might be most useful to my new countrymen, I prepared to return as quickly as possible to the Pacific. The ship in which we are to sail departs next June. Meanwhile, being desirous of affording Shazaly, who has, as you must have perceived, made considerable progress in our language and manners, an opportunity of seeing the second capital of Europe, I determined to spend the winter in Paris. In the summer I shall return to the island, where, if I fail in my attempt to civilize my wild countrymen, I shall myself be content to become a savage with *Shazaly* *."

* This name, composed of the words "sha zal illee," strictly signifies the "star of the water-plain," which is the appellation these savages apply to the ocean; but as the only ocean with which they are acquainted is the Pacific, I have used it in that restricted sense in the epigraph.

AN EASTERN NIGHT.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

HERE the manguasteens swell, the magnolias bloom,
 Chenar-tree, banana, and palm, shield earth's flowers ;
 The musk-deer lie stretch'd 'neath the gum-tree's sweet gloom,
 And the paradise-birds wing their way to the bowers.

The soft-eyed gazelles rush no more through the glades,
 But the fire-flies are gleaming like gems through the trees,
 And the humming-birds' hues shine like stars through the shades,
 As they float to their cinnamon nests on the breeze.

Flowers fill'd with all odours now scent the rich airs,
 Where aloes, ananas, and orange trees blow ;
 The fierce forest-kings slumber sound in their lairs,
 Heaven above mirror'd seems by a heaven below !

Bright glow the champaka * and pomegranate flowers,
 Like stars that have fallen to earth with a blush ;
 And the wild bulbul's strain is prolong'd through these hours,
 Till the zephyr streams by, one rich musical gush !

Oh ! how this deep beautiful music of night
 Is stirring up echoes like spirits around,
 Till the stars, those vast mighty creations of light,
 Are listening like lovers to love's sweetest sound !

* The golden-coloured champac flowers of India.

'Tis the time when blown roses commence their sweet reign ;
'Tis the time when dew-diamonds light palm and pine bough ;
'Tis the time when the moon seems to weep o'er the main,
Tears trembling with light, while heaven's crown wreathes
her brow.

'Tis the time when the love-god, the arch Manmadin *,
Fills the air with his arrows, his soul-searching darts ;
When the moon through the heav'n's cloth her bright course
begin,
This god begins his, through young passionate hearts.

'Tis the time for sweet thoughts—all seems thinking around !
The stars float in the skies like deep, warm reveries ;
Nature seems e'en to shrink from a ray or a sound ;
Silence broods o'er the forests, savannas, and seas.

'Tis a beautiful night !—Oh, the sun hath bequeath'd
To the moon, his sultana, all, all but his blaze !
His being—his soul he hath burn'd in and breathed
Through the hush of an hour that hath all but his rays.

The flamingo hath folded the fires of his wings,
Their crimsoning shadows no more flush the fountain ;
He is gone to his rest like all beautiful things,
Save the stars and the moon, with her throne on night's
mountain.

That mountain of darkness which still seems to rise,
While our straining orbs strive to pierce space with their gaze,
Yet reach but their glorious boundaries, the skies :—
Oh, one night of beauty, thou'rt worth endless days !

* Manmadin is the Indian Cupid.

My heart now seems dying off into the past,
With its faint broken music, its shadows and stars ;
And I feel I could wish this dim life but to last,
While the night is dark-rolling her thousands of cars !

ON BEING SHOWN THE TOMB OF A FAVOURITE
DOG.

BY LORD ASHTOWN.

ON gentle Fanny's grassy tomb,
A sigh will start, a tear will fall ;
Yet why lament your favourite's doom,
Or mourn a lot—the lot of all ?

Beloved she lived, and blameless died,—
What greater bliss can fate bestow ?
A bliss to man so oft denied ;—
To sink to rest unvex'd by wo.

Such soft repose when I depart—
I ask no more—oh, mayst thou feel !
I would not pierce thy bleeding heart
With wounds too deep for time to heal.

Nor would I pain a tender wife,
When all but mere existence ends,
To see me drink the dregs of life,
A burthen to myself and friends.

Yet still thy voice shall charm my ear,
And still thy smile shall sooth my pain ;
And when the last sad hour is near
We still will hope to meet again.

THE CHAMPION.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

Since he has got the jewel that I loved,
I'll not deny him any thing I have.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THERE WAS not a fairer face than that of the Lady Mildred Stanley to be seen beneath the jewelled coifs and embroidered veils gracing the high festivals of the court of Westminster, in those days of tranquillity, which, on the accession of the seventh Henry, marked the extinction of the feuds of the two Roses. A close family connexion with the newly-created Earl of Derby, husband to the Lady Margaret Beaufort and step-father to the reigning sovereign, had procured for the beautiful Mildred a place in the household of her majesty; and although the impoverished condition of the British nobles bore testimony to the fatal prolongation of the wars of York and Lancaster, and forbade those luxurious indulgences and regal splendours which enlivened the succeeding reign, still, even in the dullest of courts, revels must arise to welcome the ambassadors of foreign potentates; the royal banqueting-hall must occasionally be paced with fairy-footed measures, and the royal tilt-yard derive animation from the smiles of the noble, the fair, and the gay.

Unfortunately for the Lady Mildred, she chanced to possess, in addition to these three qualifications so precious in the estimation of womankind, a fourth endowment which, if in some degree valuable even in the eyes of her own sex, is often doubly and trebly important in those of the more cal-

culating gender ;—she was *rich*!—an orphan—an heiress—and consequently a ward to her sovereign lord the king ; her fair hand and broad lands lying at his absolute disposal,—and her heart—but what availed it to *have* a heart under such circumstances? The air of the court was any thing but propitious to the cultivation and expansion of its better impulses ; and it was fortunate indeed that they should be nipped and withered in the bud, for the despotic will of the House of Tudor, which now exercised unlimited power over her destinies, would have experienced little scruple in lopping their most luxuriant growth, and condemning all their sweet sensibilities to the cold formality of mere courtiership. Her kinsawoman, Margaret the saintly and erudite Countess of Richmond, apparently conscious of the dangers which might arise to the lovely Mildred from any indulgence in the softer emotions of her sex, had at an early age devoted her vigilance to repress the impulses of the heart of Mildred by a diligent cultivation of the powers of her mind. Having endowed the youthful heiress with the accomplishments, rare in those days, of reading and writing, the prudent mother of the crafty Henry now took especial care that the former attainment should ensure a familiar acquaintance with legends of the saints, instead of the erotic elegies of Alain Chartier ; while the latter was exclusively devoted to the transcription of missals and canticles, to be tendered by herself as offerings from the beautiful Mildred to the sanctuaries of the college she had recently endowed in the University of Cambridge.

Often and often did Lady Mildred cast a longing eye from the vellum scrolls which taxed her diligence under the watchful superintendence of the venerable countess, towards the embroidering frames and webs of tapestry, around which her fair companions of the royal household were gathered in cheerful groups ; beguiling their light labours with the still

lighter *virelais* and *romans* of the provençal minstrels;—or the recitation of such poetical fictions as Chaucer had already bestowed on the rude language of their own country, and Ariosto was beginning to weave into immortal garlands with the golden thread of a softer lyre and the exquisite flowers of a more genial clime. She longed to listen to their gay ditties; she longed to join in their wild speculations touching the gorgeous and polished festivities gracing the court of the youthful King of France;—she had no vocation for Christian martyrdoms,—no ear for the metrical barbarisms of monkish canticles. Her feelings were allured to more touching measures and more humane sympathies; and although perhaps the instructions of the learned Lady Margaret availed in some degree to strengthen her mind and develope her character, they had not the smallest tendency to harden her heart. She had learned indeed to despise the overweening anxiety which distracted her young associates touching the fashioning of a new kirtle, or the adjustment of a new wimple; but there was a fund of natural tenderness concealed within the depths of Lady Mildred Stanley's bosom, which frustrated all hope of rendering her either a prude or a devotee.

Meanwhile the worthy countess, who with all her wisdom and erudition was as blind as a mole in the sublunary affairs of life, felt convinced that the learning and insensibility of her beautiful neophyte bore a most miraculous testimony to her own powers of preception; and nothing could exceed her amazement when—having selected that fair summer morning which marked the completion of Lady Mildred's seventeenth year, and the awful stillness of her own Oriel chamber, to communicate to the royal ward that a contract had been signed and sealed by his majesty, bestowing her person and estates in marriage on Sir Lionel Sudcley of Deerehurst, in reward for good and faithful service by him done and achieved

upon the auspicious field of Bosworth—the intelligence was received with a burst of tears, such as had never yet been bestowed by her pupil upon the most doleful mischance of the most suffering saint of the calendar. But although this sudden vehemence of lamentation might appear unaccountable to the lofty and severe apprehensions of the rigid countess, the world in general may be led to sympathize in Lady Mildred's despair, by an acknowledgment that the said servicable statesman and warrior was in fact a gray-beard adherent of the Lancastrian cause; and as ill-qualified to become the bridegroom of a blooming heiress, as if the orisons of her devout kinswoman had resuscitated St. Lawrence himself from his gridiron to undertake that honourable office. Vain were the representations of Lady Mildred, that she would willingly devote herself to the cloister, and her fortunes to the royal treasury, in preference to such a sacrifice. Her learned patroness affected to regard, in this instance, the will of her son and sovereign as superior even to the interests of the state or the claims of the church, and passive obedience as the first of christian virtues. Nor did the eager appeal of the reluctant bride to the interference of the queen-consort prosper better. Elizabeth, who had found her personal abhorrence utterly unavailing against the early apportionment of her own hand in marriage to her uncle Richard—the crookback—the contemned of nature—the murderer of her infant brothers; and who, in her subsequent state alliance, had learned nothing from the arbitrary schooling of her royal partner but lessons of female subjection and humility, was astonished to discover the mere possibility of resistance to his will. But after admonishing her weeping maid of honour of the necessity of patience and resignation, and advising implicit obedience to King Henry's mandate, she managed to breathe a consolatory whisper in raising the suppliant from her knees, which at

once sufficed to dry the bitter tears on the cheek of Lady Mildred Stanley.

By what feminine instinct the queen had contrived to discover the excellent qualities concealed beneath the repellent exterior of Sir Lionel it is unnecessary to inquire. Suffice it that her commendations of his noble nature, his enlightened mind and generous character, were fully confirmed by the future experience of his wife; and that from the hour in which she stood by his side at the high altar of Westminster, in the presence of the assembled court (the gloomy Henry himself deigning to bestow the hand of his ward upon his decrepit favourite, while his daughters, the future queens of France and Scotland, supported her train of cloth of gold during the ceremony) to that which beheld her bending in unaffected grief over his death-bed, Mildred found no occasion to regret the selection of the king, the predilection of the queen, or her own submission to the royal decree. Sometimes, indeed, in one of those idle caprices of woman's fancy which intervene in a life of luxury, and arise from the cloying gratification of every frivolous desire, she was tempted to repine at the preference evinced by Sir Lionel for his fair park and green woodlands on the Severn side; marvelling that he should so seldom wish to exchange the goodly pastures of his hunting-seat at Deerehurst for the splendid pageantries of the court, and the gloomy towers of the abbey of Tewkesbury for the light pinnacles and fretted aisles of the aulic church of Westminster. Nay, more than once, when the wintry fogs of the Severn hung drearily over the battlements of Deerehurst Court and the Malvern hills were tipped with snow, the lovely bride became sufficiently infected by these splenetic omens to fancy that her veteran lord was only averse to her participation in the pleasures of the court, inasmuch as he was apprehensive her roving eye might be attracted by the

graces of some younger knight, moving in the stately measures of the Pavon, or reining in his charger amid the trumpet-stirred excitement of the tournament. But these fits of feminine contrariety were of rare occurrence. Mildred, amid the even current of her uneventful days, sailed calmly along the stream of time;—pure in heart, contented in mind,—absorbed in the pursuits of womanly benevolence and womanly industry,—and experiencing her first real affliction in the loss of her aged lord, her considerate and cheerful companion, her forbearing and unfailing friend.

Early in the days of her widowhood—those weary days which she passed in tears of self-recrimination, wandering beneath the shade of the long avenues of hoary elms connecting the park of Deerehurst with the shelving banks of the Severn—Lady Mildred had occasion to recognize the injustice of her former suspicions touching her husband's motives for alienating himself from a life of courtiership. The necessary perusal of his secret papers revealed to her in its true light the character of that sovereign from whose service he had gradually striven to estrange himself; and to expose the selfish rapacity of Henry, and that singular ingratitude and recklessness of heart, which shortly afterwards exhibited itself to the whole world in the condemnation of his faithful and valuable servant,—her own beloved kinsman, Sir William Stanley. But other thoughts and other feelings were mingled with the sorrowful self-accusations of the youthful widow. Sir Lionel had not only bequeathed to her sole inheritance his own family estates in addition to those of her ancestral house; his gorgeous plate and goodly hangings; his armoury and weaponing for the levy of one thousand horse; his caskets of ruby, diamond, and other carcanets and jewels of woman's gear; but had bestowed upon her, in his dying hour, certain parting counsels of very singular import.

"My Mildred," said he, as with closed eyes, and a brow

already moistened with the dews of death, he pressed her trembling hand tenderly between his own, "thou hast been to me the truest, and gentlest, and most sweetly submissive of wives, and the good saints forbid that I should selfishly seek to debar thee from bestowing on some worthier man the happiness thou hast so lavishly showered on my declining years. Many will seek thee, Mildred—many will aspire to thy hand: some for thy beauty, some for thy wealth's sake. But in thy second nuptials, my beloved, mate thee according to thine own age, thine own degree, and thine own inclining; for albeit thou hast scarcely yet overpassed the first blush of girlhood, thy heart is too pure and thy spirit too sage to lead thee to any choice which would dishonour my ashes in the grave."

And the perfect sincerity of the good Sir Lionel in these admonitions was fully confirmed by the tenor of his testamentary dispositions. Lady Mildred was not only left in absolute control over her splendid dowry and its reversions, but was addressed in this solemn document with the same tender counsels and commendations which had been bestowed on her by her expiring lord in presence of his assembled vassals and nearest kinsmen. The latter indeed were few in number,—including only a Shropshire esquire of the same name, shrewdly suspected of having turned a covetous eye towards the fair park of Deerehurst; his cousin, Mathias Sudeley the gray-headed lay prior of the monastery of Tewkesbury; and his distant kinsman, the young Lord Storford of the Holms. Of these worthies the second was selected, as much by the preference of the survivor as by the ancient friendship of the testator, to be the bosom-councillor of the youthful widow, who already declared her intention of taking up her rest for the remainder of her days in those secluded halls which had witnessed the happiness of her wedded life,—whose green pastures bordered upon those of the abbey park,—and whence she could bourly behold the towers of that holy shrine, where

masses would be offered throughout all succeeding ages for the blameless soul of her beloved Sir Lionel.

Nor did time effect any visible change in the intentions and demeanour of the lovely widow. The good Brother Mathias—who made it his daily duty month after month succeeding his kinsman's dissolution, to turn the head of his pacing mule towards the avenue of Deerehurst, in order to render an account to the Lady Mildred of the progress effected in the stately tomb-house she had commanded to be erected over the entrance of the Sudeley vault—could discover no alteration in the rigid folds of her wimple of widowhood, or the pale immobility of the fair brow it overshadowed. The dreary winter days returned in due progress, and wrought no recurrence of her accustomed desire for a more cheerful and social abode; and the spring-tide came at length, gilding the spreading water-meadows on the Severn side with the varnished flowers of the celandine, and still she sat at work in the midst of her maidens in the hall—scarcely deigning to lift her eyes from the vast tapestry-frame in which she was weaving a foot-cloth for the high altar of the abbey, to be used in the more solemn festivals of the church.

But this could not last. The lively impulses of twenty-two were still too vivid in the heart of the graceful and gracious Mildred to admit of the prolongation of her unnatural estrangement from the blameless pleasures of her common course of life; and scarcely did the berries of the mountain-ash wax red in the coppice, and the hazel-nut drop unshaken from its withered huak, when the prickers of Deerehurst-Chase were seen once more in the woodlands, heralding the palfreys of their lady and her female train; sometimes, with hawk on hand and greyhound in leash, following the sylvan sports common in that rude century to the enjoyment of either sex; sometimes wending their way towards the castle of the Mythe—where the good old Lord De Tracy and his ancient lady

rejoiced to welcome the fair widow of their departed contemporary, to regale her with legends of the Lancastrian wars, and scandalous tales of the wanton court of Edward of York. In the stillness of the autumnal evenings, her gilded galley was seen floating along the silent tides of the Severn, or ascending the current towards its confluence with the silver Avon; while the deer of the abbey park, startled amid the fern by the soft music of sackbuts and dulcimers breathing from the stern of the barge where sat the merry men of Sudeley, looked down, amazed by the unwonted pageant, from the acclivitous shore—whence many a gnarled oak stretched its rough arms towards the river.

It was rumoured, indeed, in the bower-chamber of the Mythe Castle, as well as in many a bay-windowed retreat of feminine gossipry in the market-place of the adjacent borough of Tewkesbury when the evening mead-cup and saffron cakes assembled the hooded house-dames of the wealthier burgesses after the celebration of vespers, that more than once the young Lord Storford of the Holms had been seen loitering on his gray charger in the avenues of Deerehurst—that he had frequently joined the hunting-train of the Lady Mildred—and that on one occasion, when the awkwardness of the bargemen of the Bishop of Gloucester combined with the force of the current had brought the galley of Deerehurst into some sort of strait and peril, the young baron rushing from a thicket overhanging the stream, had plunged into the water, maugre his embroidered doublet and cloak; and reaching the barge and seizing the helm, steered it with unexampled skill and intrepidity into a place of safety. There was not much, to be sure, to regale the palates of the censorious in these and similar narrations; more especially as it invariably appeared that the worthy lay prior, Brother Mathias, had been in every instance numbered among the party.

Nevertheless it soon came to be a matter of vulgar report

that the young baron of the Holms was a suitor, and a favoured suitor, to the recluse of Deerehurst Court: nor was this interesting fact a subject of scandal to any. The tomb-house was fully completed, and Sir Lionel Sudeley had slumbered in peace beneath its groined arches for two long years and two short days before the rumour so much as obtained circulation; while my Lord Storford had already approved himself too stanch a knight, too honourable a gentleman, and too graceful a courtier, for much surprise to await the Lady Mildred's second choice, either in the prattling gossiphood of the shire of Gloucester, or the more solemn discussions of the antechambers of Westminster. But in their assertions that the nuptial day was fixed and the bridal bower-chamber garnished, the tattling dames both of the court and the abbey-borough were wide of the mark. It was true that the ear of Mildred had been wondrously fascinated by the tender protestations of the young lord of the Holms; and her eye partially inclined to dwell upon the fair proportions of one whom she had originally tendered as akin to him whose memory was dearest to her heart, but whom she now esteemed for virtues and endowments and accomplishments all his own. It *was* true that they had sat together (accompanied at a ceremonious distance by her maiden-train) to listen to the June nightingales in the loneliness of the abbey woods; that they had glided together, under the same prudential scrutiny, over the waters of the Severn illuminated by the full-orbed splendour of the harvest-moon. It *was* true that the young and impetuous baron had breathed the ardour of his passion both in prose and verse, to the accompaniment of a tinkling gittern, assisted by the silent eloquence of a pair of large gray sentimental eyes, which had a gift of pleading potent beyond all the orations of Demosthenes. But it was also true that Mildred maintained a cruel reserve in her acknowledgment of a correspondent tenderness. Her

dying husband's inference—"Many will seek thee, love! some for thy beauty, *some for thy wealth's sake*"—oftentimes appeared re-echoed in her ears; and although she was incapable of attributing such base motives to the noble Ranulph of the Holms, still the malicious whispers of the ancient baroness of the Mythe Castle who had a red-headed clodpole of a De Tracy nephew to commend to the favour of the beautiful widow of Deerehurst, inclined her to pause and pause ere she avowed the full measure of her regard for the youthful kinsman of her deceased lord.

It must be confessed that the Lady Mildred was by nature sufficiently tenacious of the rights and privileges of her sex; that she was born of the number of those

Who would be woo'd, and not unsought be won;

and that the literary capabilities bestowed upon her by her original duenna, the Lady Margaret, had been chiefly devoted since her marriage to the furtherance of her acquaintance with such bewildering romances of chivalry as tend to elevate her own sex above the fitting level, and to degrade mankind into its lowly and idolatrous servitors. And now the fantastic notions acquired by the lovely recluse from these poisoned sources of knowledge were only hastened into further mischief by the crafty intervention of the designing Lady De Tracy; who could devise no surer method of getting rid of Lord Rannlph and his pretensions, than by persuading the fair mistress of Deerehurst that it was her bounden duty to send forth her aspiring knight on some perilous emprise—that he might bear her colours triumphantly in the lists of foreign chivalry, and prove himself worthy of her hand by splintering a lance or pouring forth his best blood in her honour. With some natural shuddering of reluctance, Mildred was persuaded to express a similar opinion;—and no sooner had she breathed it in the hearing of the fiery baron of

the Holms than he claimed as a right her commands to that effect,—and swore that he would never again present himself at the portal of Deerehurst Court, till he could lay at her feet some honourable trophy achieved in the assertion of her supremacy.

In justice to the Lady Mildred and her apparent egotism, it should be remembered that the infatuations of chivalry were still predominant in Europe. Bayard, the “chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,” imparted at that epoch a species of false value to the rash quixotism of mere adventurers; while his sovereign, Charles VIII., already on the eve of his Italian expedition, calculated so largely on the influence of tourneys and armed shows on the mercurial spirit of his people, that he wisely preceded his declaration of war against Naples by the proclamation of a splendid tournament to be held in the city of Lyons, whither all the nobles of France and Brittany were now flocking to be spectators of or participators in the encounter. Of these, among other especial bands or companies associated for the maintenance of knightly virtues, was the celebrated order of “*La Dame Blanche à l’escu vert*,”—instituted at the commencement of the fifteenth century by the Maréchal de Boucicaut and twelve other chevaliers, for the protection of the fair sex—whose injuries they affected to redress, either singly or with the united force of the order, by the combat *à toute outrance*; and as a preliminary to the royal passage of arms at Lyons, the knights of *La Dame Blanche* had already announced a *pas d’armes* in honour of their order, to be held in the *Forêt Desvoyable*, near the town of Pontoise. Thither, in obedience to the wayward fancies of his liege lady, the young Lord Storford immediately resolved to repair; and the differences recently existing between King Henry and the French court on occasion of the support yielded by Charles to the pretensions of the Flemish impostor, Perkin Warbeck, having fortunately terminated in

pacific negotiations between the two countries,—within four days from the decisive interview between Ranulph and the lovely Mildred, the noble aspirant to her hand took sail from the port of Southampton for the coast of Normandy, while the gossips of the borough consoled themselves by pronouncing a severe sentence of reprobation on the arrogance and hardness of heart of the fair widow of Deerehurste. It was even whispered among them that the prudish Lady Sudeley, contrary to all chivalrous usage, had refused to her devoted knight a bracelet of rubies which she commonly wore round her left arm, and which on bended knee he had humbly besought of her as a love-token, or *emprise d'amour*, to affix to his hereditary crest.

Perhaps it might be with a view of escaping the uncourteous glances of these indignant dames whenever she pursued her ordinary devotions at the abbey, or perhaps that the misgivings of her own bosom imparted an unnatural restlessness to her frame; but certain it is that on the very day of the baron's departure from the valley of the Severn, the widow of Sir Lionel, who for six long years had adventured no journey beyond the morning's pacing of her favourite palfrey, set off in a litter from Deerehurste Court; attended by sumpter mules, and mounted men at arms to the number of three hundred—billmen, and bowmen, and esquires of the household. To the still further surprise of the good burgesses and their housedames, and the cunning lady of the Mythe Castle, Brother Mathias himself obtained a dispensation from his superior to ride forth in her company; while the direction taken by the cortège towards the city of Oxenforde led to a surmise that their ultimate destination, for some unexplained purpose, was nothing less than the august court of King Henry!

It was in the merry month of May, just as the hawthorn bushes of the abbey park were beginning to hang out their

milk-white ensigns, and the mavis and merle to pour their gushing melodies from amid the tender green of its beechen woods, that the Lady Mildred and her train issued in goodly array from the portal of Deerehurst Court:—but the pale rose was budding in the hedgerows, and the tall foxglove starting up with its purple bells among the red cliffs of the Mythe, when, after an absence of many weeks, the merry men of Sudeley in their doublets of tawny and silver were once more seen heralding her homeward return by way of the little village of Chiltenham. It was observed that there was haste in their movements, and the dust of much travel on their accoutrements: but their faces wore a smile of merriment rather than the heaviness of lassitude; and even Brother Mathias, as he ambled onwards beside the closed litter without so much as pausing at the gate of the monastery, seemed touched by some inward sentiment of joyful triumph, which ever and anon expanded into a comely grin on his full-orbed visage.

Far different was the plight, and very opposite the expression of countenance, of a toil-worn knight who, towards eventide on the same day, was seen pricking furiously along the avenues of Deerehurst; attended only by two esquires armed with little show of splendour; and wearing their visors half closed, rather to disguise the sinister expression of their countenances than from any apprehension of violence in so peaceable a district.—But for a rich carcanet of golden filigree, and the owch of tourmaline and pearls which habitually fastened the eagle's feathers into his velvet bonnet, not even the gossips of Tewkesbury would have recognised in this travel-stained knight—the gay and gallant Baron Storford of the Hohms.

Notwithstanding her hurried journey and recent arrival, Lady Mildred was seated demurely and in her usual guise beside her tapestry-frame, when Lord Storford strode across

the vast hall and stood beside her; forbearing, either in defiance or from profound pre-occupation of mind, to uncover his head in her presence. It was in that very chamber, with all its warlike garniture of hauberk and spear and shield, she had bidden him farewell; and, strange to tell, although in their parting hour the brow of Mildred had worn its utmost pride of womanly dignity, and that of the young baron the tender humility of a lover, *his* was now the air of scornful self-assumption, and *hers* the tremulous anxiety bespeaking a devoted heart. And yet there was something of female archness combined with the tenderness of her smile; for at intervals she passed her lily-white hand over her brows, as if to conceal some irrepressible demonstration of mirth; or it might be that the evening sunbeams, which quivered importunately on an opposite wall, dazzled her eyes as she strove to fix them upon her work.

"Thou art welcome home, Sir Ranulph," said she at length, finding that he refrained from his usual courteous greeting. "I fear me the colours of Mildred of Deerehurst have brought little credit to thy lance, since I discover no token of victory appended to thy crest or shield!"

It was more than a minute before Lord Storford could recover his breath to reply to this bold challenge; and he seemed to grind his teeth for very rage when at last he answered, "It matters little, proud lady, what honour or what dishonour I may have won in the lists of Pontoise. I seek thy dwelling but for a brief space—for a harsh and hateful purpose; I come to cast at thy feet *one* worthless trophy I have earned—to bend *one* parting look on thy false smile,—and then—and then—depart for ever from thy presence!" And as he spoke he snatched from the bosom of his vest the fatal bracelet of rubies, and threw it into the lap of the Lady Mildred!

"My own lost jewel!" she exclaimed, affecting to examine

it carelessly before she clasped it on her arm; "truly I had scarcely missed the bauble: and yet it must have wandered wide, that thou shouldst find it worn in triumph in a listed tourney of France?"

"In no knightly tournament did I win yonder loathsome evidence of thy shame," persisted the indignant baron. "Worthless as my heart's blood may appear in thine eyes, I would not peril its meanest drop in so vile a cause. It was to uphold the spotless name of the fairest lady of England that I sought the encounter of the knights of the green shield,—not to advocate the wantonness of a castaway."

"By our good Lady of Tewkesbury, these opprobrious terms must be answered for!" exclaimed the fair widow, rising from her broidery-frame in real or assumed displeasure. "A lone woman am I, it is true,—and now, alas! championless; yet shall not my fair fame be aspersed at the captious prompting of thy petulance."

"Then let thy beardless minion look to it!" cried Lord Storford in a concentrated voice; "*thy minion*, lady,—who, meeting me in the mere errantry of an accustomed journey ere I had ridden a day through the pastures of Normandy, challenged me in thy name with bold defiance; boasted of thy tender weakness; exhibited, like a vain braggart, yonder token of thy frailty; and laughed me to scorn that—but God forgive me that the mere recital should move me thus!" interrupted the young baron, stamping with his foot till the rowel of his golden spur rang on the pavement of the hall. "Despite his gallant train and vaunting demeanour, I tore the trophy from his crest; ay!—and left him low in the dust on the hillside of Montivilliers."

"Alas! poor youth!" faltered Mildred, affecting to cover her brow with her hand.

"And now, lady, fare thee well," resumed the indignant baron. "Farewell, Mildred!—thou, whom I would have

gladly died to preserve from the merest scathe of limb, or taint of fame;—thou, over whose future life I would have watched with the patient friendship of a brother, the impassioned tenderness of a husband;—thou, for whom I would have bled on the field, or drudged in all the sordid privations of domestic want;—thou, for whose welfare I would have supplicated Heaven with the importunity of a bigot, even while I loved thee with—but wherefore do I speak of this?" he exclaimed, passing the sleeve of his velvet doublet over his forehead. "The time is past when such feelings availed either to thee or me; and henceforward, I swear by the shrine of——"

"Breathe no rash oaths!" hastily interposed the lady. "Shall the boasting of a nameless stripling prevail against my own disculpation?—Wilt thou not believe me, Ranulph?—wilt thou not—wilt thou not—wilt thou not?" she persisted, laying one fair hand at intervals, half sportively, half imploringly, on his shoulder; and with the other attempting to seize his own, which involuntarily withdrew itself from her grasp. "Nay, then, since thou art so harsh a sceptic, behold in the rash Lady of Deerehurst the braggart youth who, in tenderness for thy life which vain ambition had incited into danger, did intercept thee in the fields of Normandy;—behold the scarf of cramoisie which in thy compassion thou didst bind around my wounded arm as I lay coward-like and writhing on the greensward;—and if even this should fail in evidence of my wayward stratagem, behold, dear Ranulph! behold the cicatrice of a certain wound pricked by a certain dagger in that fierce struggle, wherein my closely-visored helm was despoiled by thy prowess of its bracelet of rubies."

And as she faltered these last words in tearful emotion, the Lady Mildred vouchsafed to bare to the elbow an arm of ivory whiteness, on which appeared the disfigurement of a recent scar. "I had not thought," she whispered, as her lover





Painted by A. E. ...

... of ...

The ...

... ..



sank low on his knees at her feet, "that I should ever experience such deadly injury at the hands of so true,—so dearly loved a friend!"—

How many times Lord Ranulph was permitted to press his lips to that unexampled seal of mutual affection, it might be difficult to determine. But neither the malicious lady of the Mythe, nor even the prying gossips of Tewkesbury, had a word to urge against the beautiful Mildred's condescension; for Brother Mathias, in guerdon for the perils and vexations he had encountered in the recent voyage undertaken at the suggestion of her feminine caprices, insisted on uniting his brave kinsman and the fair widow of Deerehurst within four and twenty hours of their arrival at the Court.

At break of day, the bells of the abbey rang merrily for the celebration of the Lady Mildred's second nuptials; and it was observed that while the dainty attire with which she graced the auspicious ceremony was marred in its effect by the addition of a torn and faded scarf of cramoisie and gold, a braclet of rubies replaced the aigrette of tourmaline which previously adorned the velvet bonnet of the bridegroom.

TO ELIZABETH IN SICKNESS.

On thou! whose love hath sanctified and blest
My home, like Abraham's with an angel guest—
My bosom treasure, yet beloved the more,
(E'en as the ewe-lamb of the poor man's store);
From each unkindness that my lot hath known,
In those whom Nature falsely styled mine own—
May He thrice bless thee! who thy suffering sent,
God of the lowly, and the innocent!
Who to the widow on Samaria's shore
Bade her, no longer childless, "Weep no more!"

B. H. S.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

BY JOSEPH JEKYLL.

MR. J., having frequently witnessed with regret country gentlemen, in their country houses, reduced to the dulness of a domestic circle, and thereby led to attempt suicide in the month of November, or, what is more melancholy, to invite the ancient and neighbouring families of the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails—having also observed the facility with which job-horses and the books of a circulating library are supplied from London to any distance—has opened an office in Spring-garden for the purpose of furnishing country gentlemen in their country houses with company and guests on the most moderate terms.

An annual subscriber of thirty guineas will be entitled to receive four guests, changeable weekly, at the will of the country gentleman.

An annual subscriber of fifteen guineas will be entitled to receive two guests, changeable once a fortnight.

It will appear from the catalogue, that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to set off at a moment's warning to any country gentlemen at any country house; among whom will be found three Scotch peers, seven ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half-pay (who narrate the whole of the Peninsular war), twenty-seven fuzzing dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle.

Deaf and dumb people, sportsmen, and gentlemen who describe tours to Paris and Fonthill at half-price.

All the above play at cards, and usually with success if

partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings.

The country gentleman to allow the guests four feeds a day, as in the case of jobs, and to produce claret if a Scotch or Irish peer be present.

Should any guest be disapproved of, the country gentleman is desired to write the word "Bore" against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back as he leaves the country house, and his place shall be immediately filled up by the return of the stage-coach.

*Society Office, Spring-garden,
October 26, 1822.*

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A NEAR RELATION.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY LORD MAHON.

STRETCH'D on the beach, I view with listless eyes
A tempest gather and the tide arise;
In vain some rock their two-fold might would brave,
And from its granite forehead dash the wave;
Each wave repulsed, but leaves a space for more,
Whose higher surges shake the lessening shore.

'Tis thus in vain the thoughts I would dispel
Of her we lost so early, loved so well.
Scarce is one pang of mem'ry laid to rest
Before another wrings my bleeding breast.
To thee, dear shade, our minds unbidden turn,
Spell-bound within the precincts of thy urn;
No heart, no form, like thine, in life we see,
But fly from social scenes to dreams of thee!

April, 1830.

E D I T H.

BY L. E. L.

WEEP not, weep not, that in the spring
 We have to make a grave ;
 The flowers will grow, the birds will sing,
 The early roses wave :
 And make the sod we 're spreading fair,
 For her who sleeps below ;
 We might not bear to lay her there,
 In winter frost and snow.

We never hoped to keep her long,
 When but a fairy child,
 With dancing step, and birdlike song,
 And eyes that only smiled ;
 A something shadowy and frail
 Was even in her mirth ;
 She look'd a flower that one rough gale
 Would bear away from earth.

There was too clear and blue a light
 Within her radiant eyes,
 They were too beautiful, too bright,
 Too like their native skies :
 Too changeable the rose which shed
 Its colour on her face,
 Now burning with a passionate red,
 Now with just one faint trace.

She was too thoughtful for her years,
Its shell the spirit wore ;
And when she smiled away our fears,
We only feared the more.
The crimson deepen'd on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear.

Her childhood was a happy time,
The loving and beloved ;
Yon sky which was her native clime
Hath but its own removed.
This earth was not for one, to whom
Nothing of earth was given ;
'Twas but a resting place, her tomb,
Between the world and heaven.

THE SELF-DEVOTED.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

SHE hath forsaken courtly halls and bowers
For his dear sake :—ay, cheerfully resign'd
Country and friends for him, and hath entwined
Her fate with his in dark and stormy hours,
As the fond ivy clings to ruin'd towers
With generous love ; and never hath inclined
Round gilded domes and palaces to wind,
Or flung her wintry wreath midst summer flowers.
Her cheek is pale—it hath grown pale for him ;
Her all of earthly joy, her heaven below—
He fades before her—fades in want and wo ;
She sees his lamp of life wax faint and dim,
Essays to act the Roman matron's part,
And veils with patient smiles a breaking heart.

THERESE.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

It was a situation for an artist! Therese on the one hand, with a neck and face of scarlet, her brow elevated, and her eye flashing with astonishment and indignation; Count Theodore on the other, the picture of disappointment and humiliation, blended with a slight expression of anger—and all about trying to snatch a kiss from the Lady Julie's maid, when the Lady Julie herself would have given the count a kiss!

But the maid, if not as noble as her mistress, was a thousand times more reserved: she was a thousand times more interesting too. Her forehead was beautiful; Lavater would have etched it for the outline express of dignity, intellectuality, and delicacy. The rest of her features corresponded with it, and combined to form a countenance where extraordinary force of character was conspicuous, yet all was exquisitely feminine. It was not a face to be met with every day, or in every city. And what kind of a figure should one expect to find in company with such a face? It should have height, fulness, tenuity, proportion, should it not? It had. Nothing exceeding or coming short. Nor would one be surprised if grace and stateliness, in carriage and in gait, were the attributes of such a figure. In fact, sitting, standing, or walking, one would never have inferred Therese's occupation from Therese; and every one, especially Count Theodore, wondered how she became the maid of the Lady Julie—though countesses have sometimes very lady-like maids.

The first time the count saw Therese, she was assisting the Lady Julie to adjust some ornaments for a head-dress which the countess intended to wear at a ball, and he took her for some noble friend of her ladyship's—a mistake which the fair scion of an illustrious stock corrected with more zeal than complacency. The Lady Julie could not brook the affront which Nature sometimes puts on letters patent of nobility by giving the attributes of rank to those who have no business with the title. The count spoke no more of Therese, but his thoughts did not run the less upon her. If, formerly, like other admirers of the countess, he visited her dressing-room once or twice a week, now he was a constant attendant of it. 'Twas astonishing how rapidly he became initiated into the mysteries of the toilet. It was like a thing of intuition! Pin, comb, ornament—whatever it was—was ready for the hand of the fair officiating priestess, and, on the instant that it was wanted, placed there; or, if dropped, picked up and presented to her with that alert and watchful service which one may have for love, but never can purchase for money.

There are scholars, however, who, if they improve in one thing, are sure to go back in another; and such a one was the count. If he had all his thoughts about him at the countess's toilet, they seemed to desert him the moment its duties were over: he was then the dullest man alive. 'Twas surprising, too, how absent he became all at once. Not a day but he left his hat, or his gloves, or his cane, or something or another, in her ladyship's dressing-room, and had to step back for it. On such occasions he would accost Therese with all the deference that he would pay to her mistress, and request her to look for such or such a thing; acknowledging her compliance with a bow and a respectful pressure of the hand. He had now forgotten his gloves, and Therese tried in vain to find them. "Perhaps," she said, "she had re-

moved them with some of the countess's things into an adjoining room," and thither she was going to search for them; but the count could not think of giving her such trouble, and caught her by the arm—not because it was as round, and soft, and silky as an arm of fair flesh and of the Medician mould would be—but to prevent her; yet when he did prevent her, still he relaxed not his hold, though she gently tried to disengage herself. "My lord, let me go," said Therese; "your lordship is in want of your gloves." The count's eyes might have told her that he cared not a fane for his gloves. "Therese!" said he; "sweet Therese!" and caught her by the other arm. She was on the point of remonstrating, when her lips were stopped by the pressure of the count's! The freedom was resented as soon as taken. In one and the same moment she released herself, and flung the young nobleman from her.

Now the Lady Julie had rather more than the ordinary penetration of her sex. She remarked that the count had not conceived half so strong a passion for her pianoforte or her work-table as for her toilet. This induced her to consider what appendage of the latter could constitute its superior attraction; and that busy body, Memory, reminded her of the expressive countenance, the well-formed neck and beautiful arms, with their graceful and varied movements, which her tell-tale mirror represented to her every morning, officiating behind her chair; and she came very speedily to the conclusion, that it was at least a doubtful matter whether the pleasure which the count took in frequenting her dressing-room arose chiefly from solicitude about herself, or from anxiety to assist her attendant. She had a sufficient share of art too. She knew that the way to see every thing was to affect to see nothing. She was as frank and unconcerned as possible; and although her watchful mirror gave her frequent note of occasional slight collisions and entanglements between the count's

fingers and those of Therese, as he would assist her in placing an artificial flower, or adjusting the set of a curl; yet she never allowed herself to betray it, but chatted on with him with her accustomed sprightliness and complacency. In short, repeated observation convinced her that she was indebted to her attendant for the increased interest which the count took, of late, in her toilet. No wonder, then, if his fits of absence struck her, and if she suspected that he taxed the remissness of his memory more severely than it merited. Was it not an excuse to return to her dressing-room, where of course he would find Therese alone, who remained there to arrange her ornaments, and apparel? She resolved to satisfy herself upon this point the very next opportunity, and that opportunity was the present one. The count, as I said, had forgotten his gloves for the twentieth time, and must return for them. She allowed a minute or two to elapse, followed him, and found him and Therese in the situation I have described. "What is the matter?" inquired she, in an imperative and rather angry tone, leaving it optional for the count or Therese to answer. "Nothing," replied the former, extremely confused; "only I have taxed Therese with having mislaid my gloves, and, behold! here they are in my pocket!" The lady looked at the count, whose face and manner ill supported the veracity of what he had asserted, and then turned towards Therese, in whose demeanour there was not the slightest change—except that the mantling of her cheek and neck had somewhat subsided. There is a power in native dignity which ever transcends the influence of mere human distinctions. Men may class men as they please, the classification of nature will still be the predominant one—that whose claim shall be *felt*, whether it be acknowledged or not—to the weight of which no pride of stately lineage, no title, whether by inheritance or gift, can oppose an equivalent counterpoise. The self-esteem of the countess bowed before the presence of her

offended maid. She glanced at the count, and saw that the proudest young nobleman in France was in the same predicament as herself. He looked as though he had forgotten that he had been born to a title. "Come, count," said she, making an effort to recover herself, "the carriage waits;" and Therese was left alone.

The count was the favoured admirer of the Lady Julie; not because he was the handsomest and most accomplished young man in Paris, but on account of his rank, in which he had no competitor; and though he had not yet proposed for her in form, yet was he generally looked upon as the intended of the noble fair one. Daily for the last two months, and more, had she expected the question: still it never came, and now seemed farther off than ever. It was clear that his allegiance to her had been shaken. Sitting before her mirror, the countess beheld nothing but its lovely mistress, until something peculiar in the tone of the count's voice, when he occasionally addressed an observation to Therese, struck her, and directed her attention towards the latter. She now began to draw comparisons, and the result startled her. She saw that the countenance of her maid infinitely excelled her own in that most touching of all things, expression. She examined it feature by feature, and was disconcerted at finding that where she searched for a fault she invariably lit upon a perfection. From the face, she passed to the neck and arms of her attendant: she could not correct their symmetry by that of her own; she would have given her own in exchange for them. Therese was in the act of searching in a riband, which bound up her hair, for a pin which she had temporarily stuck in it: the countess marked the rich swell of the graceful limb as it was affected by the motion; she impulsively placed her own in the same attitude—dropped it again—and encountering her own eyes in the mirror, beheld herself the very image of mortification and spleen. Subsequent observa-

tion, as we stated, convinced her that the count had anticipated her in appreciating the attractions of her maid; and now the incident of the morning had set it beyond a doubt that the countess had a rival where least of all she would have expected to find one.

Few sentences were interchanged between her and the count during their ride; in the course of which they descended from the chariot to walk for a time in the royal gardens, which one of the numerous admirers of the lady entered with them. This gentleman's arm the countess took, dropping the count's with a slight excuse that she wanted to speak with his rival, and walked with him the greater part of the time alone; yet the count neither looked hurt nor sad, but bowed with the greatest suavity when the other took his leave, and smilingly offered his arm to the countess again. He would not have borne a slight so patiently a couple of months ago. The interest which he took in her was evidently on the decline; and to Therese she was indebted for its waning. Therese must quit her service: hut what excuse could she make for dismissing her?—She would consider.

She was right. The count had indeed conceived an ardent passion for Therese. The countess he had never truly loved. She was the reigning beauty of Paris, and he was of course in her train. His rank made him the most eligible of all her admirers for the honour of her hand; and hence, as I remarked, the preference with which she regarded him—for the ruling passion of the countess's breast was ambition. The count's vanity was flattered, and more than once or twice was he on the point of soliciting her to accept him; but a doubt as to the real state of her affections, as well as a want of confidence in the nature of his own feelings, still withheld him from taking the final step. Such was the errand he came upon, the day he first saw Therese;

but this time it was the appearance of the fair stranger—whose dependent situation near his mistress was the last thing he should have divined—that prevented him from executing it. He went home that evening earlier than usual, and throwing himself into a chair to debate the important question—to marry, or not to marry!—was surprised at finding that he could think of nothing but the countenance and figure of Therese. Do what he would, she was still before him. “Were the countess like Therese,” exclaimed the count to himself, “I would decide it in a moment!” and from that moment the question was decided. The countess never could be his!

One or two little incidents also convinced him that he had made no impression upon her heart; nay, the officious kindness of one of those numerous individuals who busy themselves about every one’s affairs but their own, had let him into the secret that her heart was in the possession of another, whom she had slighted upon the prospect of a more illustrious alliance. Still he frequented the countess’s toilet; but now it was for the sake of Therese, the exquisite grace of whose every movement increased the impression which the first sight of her had made upon him. The varied expression of her countenance, beaming with intelligence such as he had never remarked in a female face before; the modesty, the blandness that sat in it; the tone of her voice, whose sweetness sent a thrill through him whenever she spoke; her form, the symmetry of whose rich mould seemed to acquire enhancement from examination; all convinced him that she was a being calculated to constitute the felicity of the man who should possess her, and he sighed to become that man. But did the count hitherto ever dream of marrying Therese?—No. The count was a man of honour, but a man of warm affections; and it is frequently the fatality of such men to yield to strong excitement, and to allow the growth of wishes,

the means of gratifying which they never take into consideration, till the ascendancy of passion has become almost too powerful for resistance.

That day the count declined dining with the Lady Julie. She had a party, and the idea of company was insupportable to him. He promised, however, to look in, during the course of the evening, as there was to be a ball, and his presence could not on any account be dispensed with. No sooner had the count taken his leave, than he felt like a man who, from bondage, is suddenly restored to liberty. He wished for solitude; he hurried out of Paris, and in the course of a couple of hours found himself in his chateau; which, as the season was winter, he had left in the keeping of one or two domestics. He was now alone—free from the chance of interruption, and at leisure to indulge in his meditations, of which Therese was the theme. 'Twas clear that with Therese there was no chance of success for a dishonourable passion, and his own soul revolted at the thought of entertaining one. She had a heart that could be touched—should it not be already so—but it was fortified all round with mind and principle. What was to be done? He had but one of two alternatives—to give her up, or to offer her his hand. "The latter was impossible!" and when he turned to the former, "*That* was impossible too!" He passed from chamber to chamber in a state of indescribable perplexity and indecision, and he was now in the banqueting-room. 'Twas a glorious apartment! He walked with a stately pace to the end of it, turned round, and folding his arms as he drew himself up surveyed the painted and highly carved and gilded ceiling; the massive marble columns that supported it; the sides, that were lined with broad and lofty mirrors; the doors, of the costliest wood, inlaid with gold; and the furniture, corresponding in elegance and magnificence! His soul felt a movement of pride: 'twas but momentary—Therese stood before him,

and she looked more stately than that stately room ! Hurried was the step with which he paced it back again, and impatient the movement with which he flung open the portal as he went out of it.

The banqueting-room opened upon the gallery of paintings. There were his ancestors, male and female, for twenty generations. One of the latter had been ennobled for her beauty ; which was so uncommon that it made an impression upon the heart of Count Reginald, the fifth of the line, who raised the fair one to his bed, though descended of a plebeian stock. This portrait Count Theodore was always fond of contemplating, it was so beautiful ; and now he drew a chair and sat down before it. It had lost its effect upon him ! In a minute, though his eyes were still fixed upon the canvas, he was poring upon the features of Therese. She was fairer than Count Reginald's wife. His eye fell upon a table that stood within his reach : the book of the family tree was lying on it : he took it, and opened it. There was Count Reginald with half a score of titles ; and, opposite to him, "Therese l'Estrange," without a single one. The fairest female in his line was not mistress of a drop of noble blood ! Strange thoughts passed through Count Theodore's mind as he replaced the book of the family tree, and rose from the chair. The next portrait caught his eye : it was that of the sixth Count Reginald, the son of Therese l'Estrange by her lord—the bravest, the most generous and accomplished of the count's ancestors. His face was his mother's, save that the lineaments were stamped with the richest impress of manhood. Count Theodore smiled at the stately attitudes in which some of his more immediate ancestors were drawn, as, walking out of the gallery, he turned his back upon them, pronouncing twice or thrice the name of Therese l'Estrange.—"And why," said he, as he descended the spacious staircase, "why should not another Therese be grafted on the family tree?"

The count entered his study; he took up a book: 'twas the biography of great and eminent men. He carelessly turned over the leaves without any intention of reading it. "The Duke de ——" caught his eye. The duke's father had been a simple mercer in an obscure village in the province of Normandy; and the son, by his talents, courage, and virtues, had raised himself to the highest rank of nobility. His descendant, in the third generation, was now the most dissolute character in Paris! "So," said Count Theodore; "the ancestor of the Duke de —— was indebted to his virtues for his nobility: they found him a plebeian, and they made him a duke. A pity that with his title he could not have transmitted to his posterity the worth that was the reason of his obtaining it!"

The count took up his hat, went out, and wandered into his grounds; and presently found himself in the neighbourhood of the village chapel. He was close to the burying-ground, where stood the mausoleum of his ancestors. Opening a wicket, he approached it, and read over the names of the silent inmates. The lofty and ample chateau, with its spiral turrets, lay full in sight: he leaned against the last home of his forefathers, and gazed upon the gorgeous mansion. Nineteen of its successive lords were narrowly housed within the building, whose monumental wall was supporting him. He felt as if every thing was unstable—as if there was nothing which he had a hold of—as if the solid earth he stood upon was about to vanish from under his feet. The idea of the one Great Cause came strong upon him, and he felt an awe at the thought of the infinitude of the wisdom and goodness of that Cause. And the final day occurred to him; and he imagined Therese floating up as a bright emanation of that Cause returning unpolluted to its source. His soul was humbled and soothed. He looked at the chateau: he thought that

virtue was statelier, more lofty and more spacious.—“A second Therese *might* be grafted on the family tree.”

He returned back to Paris, and dressed for the evening. ’Twas late when he entered the ball-room. A set of dances had been just concluded, and the company were in groups—some walking, some sitting, and some standing. In one of the latter he observed the Duke de B—, the Marquis R—, and three or four other noblemen. They were stationed at the entrance of the apartment. “Certainly the finest woman in the room!” exclaimed the Marquis R—, “Beyond comparison,” added the Duke de B—. “That air of ease and grace, which indeed are things inseparable—at least the former from the latter—is the result of the most admirable proportion! You have the oval in her face, exact as a mathematician could define it; and mark how her features harmonize with it! Her waist is the circle: I would defy the compass to correct it! But take the entire figure—its outline—how richly and flowingly it undulates!—There is woman in every curve of it. If she is the countess’s attendant, why then Nature has modelled a princess, and left the attiring of her to Fortune, who, in her blindness, has put a vassal’s drapery upon her.” The duke was a virtuoso in the arts. It was his only merit. He was esteemed the best judge of sculpture in Paris, and the works of the finest masters waited for his decision before the standard of their merit could be fixed. On this occasion, however, the count perceived, from the looks of the duke’s auditors, that their acquiescence in the propriety of his remarks arose less from deference than from their own opinion; nor was he astonished at the independence of their judgment, when, following the direction of their eyes, he saw Therese in the act of listening to some instructions which her lady was giving her. She was attired for the occasion, and seemed another and a fairer Therese. He was struck by a sudden

stillness in the room: he looked around him: the groups of walkers had stopped; such of the company as had been sitting had left their places and approached the middle of the room. Admiration and wonder were painted in every face; every eye was riveted upon Therese. He felt a movement of jealousy at the influence of her beauty. He instinctively turned towards the party which he had encountered upon entering: he saw the duke in the same attitude of rapt contemplation. A sickness came over the count's heart as he marked the earnest gaze of the libertine. He felt a want of freer air, and quitted the room.

The count descended into the garden, in which a temporary building had been erected, where the company were to sup. The garden was intersected with walks, down one of which, narrow and thickly shaded, the count accidentally turned. An arbour was at the end of it, upon the seat of which he threw himself. And now he revolved a question which had never occurred to him before—"Was Therese to be won? Was her heart free? and, if it was, could he excite an interest in it?"—for something assured him that, without engaging her affections, 'twas idle to hope for the possession of such a woman as Therese. "She would spurn his title and possessions, as she had spurned their owner! That act of indiscretion too!—What would he not give that he had never committed it! It might have awakened in a mind, so constituted as hers, a feeling of offended pride which would be proof against all offers of atonement!"

He had mused about a quarter of an hour, when his meditations were interrupted by a scuffling at the entrance of the walk. The sound approached: it was that of a person trying to drag another along, who was ineffectually resisting—the count started up at the voice of the duke!

"Resist not," said the latter in a suppressed key, "resist not, but accompany me, and I swear to release you in a

moment: I merely want to speak to you, free from observation."

The count was astonished at the silence of the person whom the duke addressed, and who neither remonstrated nor called for assistance, though still continuing to struggle. The walk was what is called a dark one, but it derived from the more open part of the garden, which was partially illuminated, sufficient light to discern the figure of any one who might approach—after passing a certain angle. Beyond this point the duke and the person who unwillingly accompanied him had now arrived. The figure of the latter was that of Therese! and, from the attitude of the duke, it was evident that, while with one arm he was forcing her along, with the other he held something to her mouth to prevent her from speaking.

"Now you are free!" exclaimed the duke, releasing Therese, and at the same time placing himself between her and the entrance of the walk; "now you are free! but you depart not till you have heard me. Leave this house to-night: my palace receives you, and my fortune is at your disposal!"

The count listened for her reply—Therese returned none. He saw her figure wavering—he heard a convulsive sob—in a bound he reached her, and caught her as she was falling back in a swoon.

"Villain, who are you?" vociferated the duke.

"The foe of a villain!" was the count's retort. "Three miles from the barrier of St. Dennis, to-morrow, an hour after sunrise!"

"I understand you, count," replied the other; "both time and place will suit: I shall be punctual!" and the count was left alone, supporting Therese.

What was to be done? To carry Therese into the house was to discover the adventure—she had swooned, and there were no restoratives at hand. He heard the tinkling play of a fountain—he durst not carry her to it: it was situated in

the open part of the garden, in the principal walk, where the domestics of the countess were passing to and fro. The idea of the harbour struck him: he carried her into it, and laid her upon the seat. A minute, and he was in the room where the refreshments were already spread; another, and he was at her side again, with a vessel which he had filled with water. He set it down, and gently raising the insensible girl, and supporting her head upon his breast, he sprinkled her face and chafed her temples, until a faint sigh or two gave signs of returning animation.

"Let me go!" feebly articulated Therese, when she had come sufficiently to herself to speak, at the same time making an effort to remove the encircling arm of the count. "Let me go, if you are a man!"

"Therese," said the count softly, "'tis I. The villain who just now treated you with violence is not here. I happened fortunately to be at hand to render you assistance, and caught you when you fainted. Be satisfied: I shall remove my arm as soon as you are able to dispense with its support."

"I am able now," articulated Therese with an effort—half raising her head, but immediately dropping it again on the count's shoulder.

"You are too weak yet," said the count. "Remain where you are, and rely upon my honour, Therese! I shall discontinue my assistance the moment it becomes unnecessary."

"Therese," resumed the count, "this morning I offended you; I shall never—never presume to do so again. For a quarter of an hour have you lain insensible on my breast: your lips have been within an inch of mine; I could have pressed them without your resisting me; but I would not—I durst not—for I respect you, Therese. Do you forgive me for what passed in the morning?"

"I do," replied Therese. The count gently pressed the

form that was reclining upon him. "I am better, my lord," said the maid; "I think I can now sit up."

"There," said the count, "you are free!" He half relaxed his clasp: she withdrew herself from it—sat up—rose from the seat—attempted to walk a few paces, and staggered. The count's arm encircled her waist again, and her hand, which she had extended for assistance, was firmly locked in his. "You are still too weak," said he. "Return and sit down for a few minutes longer, and you will be perfectly restored." He drew her back, unresisting, into the arbour.

"I can support myself, my lord," said Therese, as they sat down. He released her hand and waist.

"Would you rather that gentleman were here?" asked the count.

"I know not whom you mean, my lord," was her reply.

"The gentleman who dragged you hither," rejoined the count. "He seems to have conceived a passion for you. He offered you his palace and the command of his fortune, which is ample—would you accept them?"

"No!" said Therese.

"Not if he offered you his hand?"

"No!" reiterated the maid.

"Not if he were a duke?"

"Not if he were a king, my lord!" emphatically exclaimed Therese.

"Surpassing girl!" cried the count, "would you take me if I offered you my fortune and my hand?" Therese made no reply. Both sat silent for a space. "Therese, did you ever love?" inquired the count. Not a word said the maid. "If your heart is free, if you have never bestowed it upon another, and I should ask you to make a gift of it to me as an honourable lover—as a husband, Therese!—should I stand any chance of obtaining it?" Therese was silent still. "Therese!" breathed the count, passing his arm stealthily

round her waist, and gently drawing her towards him, "I love you! Give me an answer to my question—Could you return my love? Look! I am at your feet! Will you be mine?"

"Therese! Therese!" cried half a dozen voices together in the garden. She started up and broke from the count—not, however, before he had imprinted a kiss upon her hand—and with a swift though unsteady step glided out of the walk.

The count and the duke met the next morning; when a flesh wound, which the latter received in the breast, put an end to the affair.

The news of the duel soon spread over Paris, and in a day or two the cause of it also transpired; not through the incaution of either of the principals—each of whom had cogent reasons for keeping the adventure which led to their rencontre a secret—but through the laudable curiosity of one of the countess's attendants.

The day succeeding the ball, the place of Therese—who, from the agitation of the preceding evening, was so much indisposed as to be unable to rise till the afternoon—was filled, though not supplied, by another.

"A duel between the count and the duke!" exclaimed the countess.

"Ay, madam," rejoined the attendant; "and that is only half the wonder, and not the least wonderful half."

The curiosity of the countess was excited: the communicativeness of her maid required little to stimulate it. She had caught a glimpse of the duke following Therese, as the latter quitted the saloon, charged with some instructions to the superintendents of the supper-room: she descended after them into the garden, saw the duke overtake her, accost her, and endeavour to draw her into the walk; and, on her refusing to accompany him, forcibly seize her and half carry

her into it, applying his handkerchief to her mouth to prevent her from speaking: she had followed them into the walk, screening herself behind the trees, and had been an eye and ear witness of all that had taken place, from Therese's fainting in the arms of the count till her precipitate retreat from the arbour. Not a circumstance was omitted. If the adventure gained nothing in the relation, at least it was not a loser by it.

The countess spoke not a word till her attendant had concluded, nor for some time after; then throwing back her ringlets, and looking the latter full in the face—"The count offer marriage to Therese!" she exclaimed: "I must be satisfied of the truth of it from her own lips!"

Therese started up in the bed, when she saw the countess enter her chamber. "Lie down, Therese," said the latter, casting a discontented glance at the half-exposed neck of the disconcerted maid, "lie down, and tell me truly what passed between you and the count last evening in the garden." For Therese to tell any thing was to tell the truth: she corroborated the communication of her substitute in every particular. "Do you believe the count?—Do you love the count?—Would you marry the count?" successively but fruitlessly interrogated the lady. Therese made no reply. "Vain and aspiring girl!" continued the countess, "your silence proves you folly and credulity. But beware that your pride at the thought of enjoying the count's love does not make you the dupe of his artifice. He is a profligate! You should rather have listened to the honest Duke de B——. Understand from him the only terms upon which a domestic may hope for an alliance with a nobleman!" The countess was astonished at the imperturbable serenity with which Therese listened to her. "Confident girl!" she added, "you despise my warning, and may abide the consequences of your presumption! But you are too high for your station! Your engagement with me

expires in a fortnight. Apply to the count; perhaps he may help you to a better one. You are at liberty in a fortnight!"

"Would I had discharged her this very day!" cried the countess to her attendant, upon returning to her dressing-room; "and I should unquestionably have done so, had I but a fault to accuse her of." The latter part of this exclamation was delivered so emphatically that the attendant looked inquisitively in the speaker's face. The countess looked inquisitively at her attendant. "Well?" said the lady.

"Would you like to be furnished with one?" inquired the maid.

"Yes," after a look of conjecture, and a pause, rejoined the countess, and abruptly left the room. She rode about Paris till dinner-time. A hundred stops did her chariot make to receive the compliments of beaux, and interchange civilities with belles—her guests of the preceding evening. She was all animation and volubility; she talked about a thousand things, but thought all the while of nothing but Therese and the count. She was engaged to a party in the evening. Upon going up to make her toilet, she saw the attendant who had officiated for Therese in the morning standing outside her dressing-room door. A look, admonitory of caution, caused her to check her pace and tread more softly. There was a pause at the door—a whisper—a gaze of satisfaction and inquiry—a whisper again, which was answered by a smile—though the brow of the person who gave that smile was any thing but an open one—and the countess, entering her apartment alone, found Therese up, and in readiness to wait upon her.

The countess's toilet was soon made. Little pains did it cost at any time, under the active and tasteful hands of Therese, and now less than ever, for the lady sat passive and abstracted, as though she took not the smallest interest in the operation; but her face was flushed, and languor hung upon

her features. She desired the bell to be rung; a page entered, and she asked for a glass of water. There were only her snow-shoes to tie on; the attendant entered with them, and proceeded to officiate for Therese, who was instantly dismissed. The countess cast a glance at her jewel-case which lay open upon the toilet, and then at the kneeling attendant. Her respiration became uneasy: the page re-entered with the glass of water; she drank it off eagerly, and exclaiming "be quick!" precipitately left the room.

Meanwhile the count was all conjecture. The silence of Therese, when he declared an honourable passion for her, was a mystery which he could not unravel. Did she doubt his sincerity? Did she feel that she could not love him? Were her affections engaged to another? A thousand times that day did he ask himself these questions, nor could he sleep at night with meditating upon them. Never was the sun so slow in rising as he appeared to the count on the morning that followed that night. The fever of incertitude was almost insupportable, and, when at length it was day, scarcely could he transact the customary and not ungrateful occupations of the dressing-room and parlour, or wait for the appropriate hour of repairing to the countess's toilet—which he intended to visit that morning for the last time, and merely to gain an interview with Therese. Scarcely had the clock struck when the count's foot was on the first step of her ladyship's staircase. With a throbbing heart he knocked at the dressing-room door;—it opened;—the countess was seated near her toilet;—behind her stood the attendant—before her was an open trunk, and near it stood Therese; while an officer of justice, who was kneeling by the trunk, as though he had been in the act of examining it, held up, to Therese, a diamond brooch, which he exhibited with an air of low triumph and superciliousness.

"What is the matter?" involuntarily demanded the count, after he had surveyed the group for a moment or two.







Clara de Tenebr

Clara de Tenebr

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE END OF THE WORLD.



"Oh, nothing," replied the countess; "only I have missed a diamond brooch, and the officer has found it in that trunk."

"And to whom does that trunk belong?" inquired the count.

"To me!" said Therese; while a smile—such as lofty scorn would give, provoked by a cause most foul and mean—played faintly on her lip. "That is my trunk," she repeated, "and the brooch was found in it; but the hand that put it there was not mine."

"Insolent!" exclaimed the countess, "your composure is the assurance of guilt, prepared to meet detection, and to out-face it! but you escape, for this time;—you are free to leave my service—I shall not prosecute you. Here are your wages, and begone!"

"No!" said Therese, "I shall neither take your money nor profit by your clemency! I shall go to the place where sooner or later guilt must take up its abode—though it is not always the offender who enters that place! I shall take my trial!—the wise and good judge may find out some means to unravel what, I own, is inexplicable to me!—If not, I must bear the stain of the sin which I never committed;—the punishment, whatever it may be, will be little compared to that!"

The count glanced at the lady Julie—her eye encountered his, and was instantly turned another way. He looked at her attendant—she was alternately folding and unfolding a ribbon, pursuing her occupation with an earnestness to which its importance was wholly disproportionate. He looked at Therese—she appeared more like the accuser than the accused—the judge than the criminal. Calmly, yet sternly, she surveyed the one and the other; and now and then raised her clear eyes to heaven, with an expression of mingled resignation and confidence.

"She is innocent!" exclaimed the count to himself, and with that kind of deep-drawn sigh which, one might imagine,

announces the transition from suspended vitality to resuscitation.

Therese heard it; involuntarily she looked at the count; she read in his countenance, which beamed meltingly upon her, the thoughts that were passing in his soul—he believed that she was innocent! Her cheek coloured till the richest vermillion would not have been deep enough to paint its die;—there were two or three slight convulsive movements of her fair throat—and the maid burst into a shower of tears!

“You may go, sir!” said the countess, addressing the officer: “I am sorry for the unhappy girl, and do not wish the law to take its course.”

“Stop!” exclaimed Therese; “I go along with you!—I am your prisoner!”

“I am forbidden to take you into custody,” said the officer, turning, as he was in the act of going out of the door, “and cannot.”

“What shall I do?” ejaculated Therese.

“Surrender yourself to the mayor,” remarked the count.

“It shall be done,” said Therese, relocking the trunk; and hastily left the room.

Therese surrendered herself to the mayor; the countess and the attendant were summoned and examined; the officer proved the finding of the jewel in Therese’s trunk, and she was committed for trial. And now nothing occupied all Paris but the count’s passion for Therese, and the crime with which she had been charged. Her rejection of pardon, her voluntary surrender, her extraordinary beauty, and the fortitude with which she bore her imprisonment, were the theme of every tongue. The dignity, too, with which she conducted herself towards the Duke de B—— was the subject of encomium and astonishment: he had called to wait upon her, but she peremptorily refused to see him. He had sent the first legal opinion in Paris to her, to undertake her cause; but, the

moment she learned by whom the advocate had been employed, she firmly declined his services. The count, too, applied in vain to see her, until he prevailed on his sister, the Baroness C——, to accompany him; when he was admitted—and by that lady, now, were the legal advisers employed who were to conduct the defence of Therese.

The day of trial approached. Upon the eve of that day, the baroness and the count paid their customary visit to the prison: as they were going in, they were informed that Therese had been engaged all that morning with a stranger, who had the appearance of having recently arrived in Paris, and was still with her; and they were debating whether they should wait or call again—when a remarkably handsome young man, in military undress, issued from the passage leading to the room in which Therese was confined, and hastily passed them, and went out. The count's heart throbbed.

"Who is that?" hastily interrogated he.

"The stranger," replied the person whom he addressed:

"She is now alone."

The count mechanically followed the baroness into Therese's apartment. His passion had assumed a deep and settled character. His lawyers had assured him that she was certain of being acquitted; and he had resolved that the moment she regained her freedom, he would implore her to intrust it to his keeping. He had fully apprised his sister of his intention, who, being a sensible, though a proud woman, implicitly and at once gave in to his views the moment she satisfied herself that it was impossible to divert him from his object—a step of the propriety of which every succeeding interview with Therese still more and more convinced her. Yet was the count uncertain as to the state of Therese's heart, which, as he never saw her alone, he had little opportunity of ascertaining. Seldom she looked at him, or he might perhaps have read it in her eye; seldom she

spoke to him, or the tone of her voice might have given him some insight into it. In short, she maintained a marked and strict reserve towards the count, which was the more irksome to him from the frankness with which she communicated with his sister. The fear of some previous attachment continually haunted him, and frequent were his misgivings, although they were still outnumbered by his hopes. The latter, however, almost vanished when he saw the handsome stranger, who had been all that morning alone with Therese; and he stood before the fair captive speechless and cast down, as one who had been visited by some unexpected and astounding calamity.

"Is any thing the matter?" asked Therese, alarmed at the count's appearance: "Is any thing the matter?" repeated she, approaching him and taking his hand, then instantly dropping it again.

"Nothing," answered the count, with a smile, relieved by the earnestness of Therese's manner: "nothing is the matter: would Therese be unhappy were it otherwise?"

"Certainly," said Therese, relapsing into her usual distance.

The count thought of the stranger again. "You have had a visitor this morning," said the count.

"A friend," said she, with a sigh.

"And nothing more?" inquired the count. Therese was silent. "Come," said the count to the baroness, "I fear we intrude upon Therese—at least my company can be dispensed with. You, if you like, can stay, and I shall call for you in an hour."

"My lord! my lord!" cried Therese, as the count was departing, "you go in displeasure! Something has offended you! What is it, my lord? If the fault lies with me, let me know it, that I may repair it or atone for it."

"You mistake, Therese," replied the count, unwilling to come to an explanation with her in her present circumstances,

especially as his sister was present; and somewhat soothed again by the energetic warmth of her appeal. "You mistake. All's well; only summon all your composure for to-morrow: till then, adieu, Therese!"

But the slight relief which the count had received from Therese's manner of accosting him vanished as soon as he found himself alone. The handsome stranger engrossed his thoughts, and kept him on the rack with conjecture and apprehension. "He was just the man to interest such a woman as Therese! one whom such a woman would be likely to love with all her heart and soul!—to love lastingly—exclusively!" Though it was little more than a glimpse which he had caught of him, yet that glimpse gave the count the impression of a man of lofty feeling and fine sensibility. "If the affections of Therese were engaged, it was he, and he only, who was the master of them;—he was the man!" With some persons surmise is speedily converted into certainty; scarcely does the shadow stand before them, when it fills, or seems to fill, into substance. Such was the case with the count. He wandered through the suburbs of Paris, musing upon the utter frustration of his fondly cherished hopes by the union of Therese with the stranger. "She was lost to him!"—and how every thing else vanished along with her!—title, fortune, relative, friend,—yea, the whole world! In the place of which nothing appeared but a void, without a single object of solicitude to interest or even occupy him. So is it ever with love. Except the woman of our heart, there is not an object of human desire, the loss of which, when the mind is in its full vigour, is attended for the time with a feeling of utter desolation. The death of one hope is the birth of another; from chagrin at the failure of the present speculation, we turn to anticipation of success in the prosecution of a future one, which is ever at hand to engross and solace us: but the mis-carriage of the lover is the missing of a leap which is to carry

us over into some rare delicious spot of fair earth, from which a profound ravine divides us, without any thing to snatch at should we fail to clear it, and with nothing but the torrent or the rock to receive us.

So lost was the count in his meditations, it was not until full three hours past the appointed time that he remembered his promise to call upon the baroness. He hastened back to the prison: "Was the baroness still with Therese?"—"No." "Was Therese alone?"—"No." "Who was with her?"—"The stranger." The count felt chilled from head to foot; he tottered down the steps of the prison, and reached home he knew not how. Dinner was waiting—he could not partake of it. Some friends were expecting him—he could not see them. The Marquis of R—— had been there, and said he would call again in the evening—he must be denied to him and to every body! The count rushed up stairs to his chamber, and locked himself in.

Early upon the morning of the trial was the baroness with Therese. She found her attired in black. "Why not dress in white?" inquired the baroness.

"I wear," replied Therese, "the dress that I shall wear for ever, unless Providence has ordained that I shall take it off to-day."

The baroness asked her how she felt.

"Prepared," was her answer. Ever since she had entered the prison, she had accustomed herself to regard her conviction as certain. "Because," added she, "the efforts that we make to meet calamity as we ought, although it should not arrive, are never thrown away; whereas, by indulging in anticipations of good fortune, we aggravate the pain of disappointment." The baroness gazed upon the beautiful moralist, and was silent. "I have bade good by in time," continued Therese, "to hopes, from which, had I permitted myself to cherish them, it might have cost me my life to

part." Her eyes were cast down while she uttered this; she sighed deeply, and raising them, encountered the kind but penetrating looks of the baroness.

"You are a wonder!" exclaimed the latter, "and deserve to be the wife of a prince!" The maiden's eyes fell again, and a faint blush rose upon her cheek. "Therese," continued the baroness, "I am as confident of your innocence in this affair as I am of my own. I need not tell you what the court thinks of you. We are resolved that the whole world shall see how much we honour you, whatsoever may be the issue of this trial. This is the richest of our family jewels, and is known to all the nobility of Paris, hundreds of whom will be in the court to-day; it is known to be mine; it has not its fellow in France for the weight and lustre of the diamonds. You shall wear it. It stamps you as the object of our love and respect; it proclaims our contempt for the aspersion which has been cast upon you. Take it," she repeated, throwing a necklace of brilliants over Therese's neck, and at the same moment catching the astonished maid, subdued and all dissolved in tears, to her bosom.

They were interrupted by the entrance of the gaoler, who informed Therese that the court was waiting for her.

The summons recalled her self-possession. "In a minute," she said; and in a minute her countenance was clear and smiling.

"You are ready, I see," said the baroness.

"I am," replied Therese.

"Come, then," said the baroness, "I shall accompany you into court."

Never met the baroness such a look as that which was turned upon her by Therese. There was an effort to speak; a smile that acknowledged her inability to do so; a pressure of the fair maid's heart by her hand—a sigh—and nothing more.

The court was crowded. Half the nobility of France was there; many had been attracted from distant parts by the fame of the approaching trial; and thousands, who had

been baffled in their attempts to gain admission, surrounded the building without. The noble friends of the countess were seated in the vicinity of the part allotted to witnesses; opposite to them were the counsel of Therese, with the count, whose looks, pale and languid, bore the traces of the last day's agitation, and of the night of restlessness and fever which had succeeded that day. By all who knew the count, or to whom he was pointed out, this was set down to the interest which he took in Therese, and construed into an unfavourable omen, as to the issue of the trial. At length, upon a movement in that part of the court where the prisoner was expected to enter, the buzz that had been kept up by the interchange of a thousand mingled questions and replies, given in an under breath, subsided, and was succeeded by a dead silence, which became, if possible, more breathless, when the majestic form of the baroness appeared, supporting the fair Therese.

Upon her entrance, the baroness curtsied to the court, with an air which implied rather an assertion of her own dignity than an acknowledgment of deference; she then led Therese to the front, and contemplating her for a moment or two with an expression of satisfaction at the conscious innocence which was eloquently painted in her looks and demeanour, she imprinted a kiss upon each of her cheeks, and retired about half a pace behind her.

The indictment having been read, the counsel for the prosecution opened the pleadings. He was a middle-aged man, more indebted to family influence than to talent for the office which he held—that of advocate for the crown. He stated the particulars of the case; the missing of the jewel by the countess; her suspicions of Therese; the searching of Therese's trunk, and the finding of the jewel secreted in it. He then descanted upon the lady's clemency; and, passing on to Therese's rejection of forgiveness, exerted all his sophistry to invalidate the merit of that act. "Remember," said the advocate, "remember who was present—a nobleman who had

declared an honourable passion for the prisoner—had made her the proffer of his hand!—to ally herself to whose house might have been an object of ambition to the daughter of the most illustrious family in France. What bounds would you set to desperation in a predicament like that, where aggrandisement beyond the wildest dreams of aspiring fancy was to be exchanged for the contempt and desertion attendant upon a blasted character? What chance of retrieval, howsoever desperate, would not be caught at, where death itself was to be preferred to the frustration of hope? Look at the collected girl that stands before you, upon whose youthful nerves that solemn seat of justice—this array of learning and searching deliberation—this crowded concourse, produce not the slightest impression! What might you not expect from the intrepidity—I will not say effrontery—I will not say boldness——” At the commencement of this appeal to the deportment of Therese, the advocate looked full upon the fair prisoner, at whom he had only glanced before. As he perused the ingenuous face, where blandness and beauty sat equally enthroned—as he read in it, traced by the hand of Heaven itself, a refutation, in eloquence surpassing the advocacy of a thousand tongues; his confidence wavered; his collectedness began to forsake him, and he was obliged to turn another way: but a new source of discomfiture awaited him—he saw by the looks of the court that his embarrassment was perceived—scarce a countenance but betrayed the smile that triumphed at its detection. He felt confounded—he faltered—he stopped!—“I feel it unnecessary,” said he at length, “to dilate upon this point; I shall trouble the court no further, but proceed to call my witnesses;” and he sat down.

The countess was summoned. Her examination was brief. That of the officer, who followed her, occupied about the same time. The attendant was the next witness, and underwent a strict cross-examination.

"Do you entertain any ill-will towards the prisoner?" asked the counsel of Therese.—"None." "Have you ever quarrelled with her?"—"No." "Do you truly believe that she deposited the jewel in her trunk?"—"She did not like to think ill of any one." "That is not an answer to my question:—Do you believe that she put it there?"—"How else could it have come there?" "Answer me, Yes or No," said the advocate. "Do you believe that Therese secreted the jewel in her trunk?—Yes or No?"—"Yes!" at last faltered out the attendant. "Now, my girl," continued the advocate, "pay heed to what you say—remember you are upon your oath!—Will you swear that you did not put it there yourself?" There was a pause and a profound silence. After about a minute had elapsed—"Well?" said the advocate. Another pause; while in an assembly where hundreds of human hearts were throbbing, not an individual stirred or even appeared to breathe, such was the pitch of intensity to which the suspense of the court was wound up.

"Well," said the advocate a second time, "will you answer me? Will you swear that you yourself did not put the jewel into Therese's trunk?"—"I will," at last said the attendant boldly. "You swear it?"—"I do." "And why did you not answer me at once?"—"I do not like that such questions should be put to me," replied the attendant.

For a minute or two the advocate was silent. A feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade the whole court; now and then a half suppressed sigh was heard; and here and there a handkerchief was lifted to an eye, which was no sooner wiped than it was turned again upon Therese with an expression of the most lively commiseration. The maid herself was the only individual who appeared perfectly at her ease; even the baroness looked as if she was on the point of giving way, as she drew closer to Therese, round whose waist she now had passed her arm.

"You have done with the witness?" said the advocate for the prosecution.

"No," replied the other, and reflected for a moment or two longer. At length, "Have you any keys of your own?" said he.—"I have." "I know you have," said the advocate. "Are they about you?"—"Yes." "Is not one of them broken?"—"Yes." After a pause—"Show them me!" The witness, after searching some time in her pocket, took the keys out and presented them. "Let the trunk be brought into court," said the advocate.

"Now, my girl," resumed the advocate, "attend to the questions which I am going to put to you, and deliberate well before you reply, because I have those to produce who will answer them truly should you fail to do so. Were you ever in the service of a Monsieur St. Ange?"—"Yes," replied the attendant, evidently disconcerted. "Did you not open in that gentleman's house a trunk that was not your own?"—"Yes," with increased confusion. "Did you not take from that trunk an article that was not your own?"—"Yes; but I put it back again." "I know you put it back again," said the advocate. "You see, my girl, I am acquainted with the whole affair: but before you put it back again, were you not aware that you were observed?" The witness was silent. "Who observed you?—Was it not your mistress?—Did she not accuse you of intended theft?—Were you not instantly discharged?" successively asked the advocate, without eliciting any reply. "Why do you not answer, girl?" peremptorily demanded he.—"If you are determined to destroy my character," said the witness, bursting into tears, "I cannot help it." "No," rejoined the advocate; "I do not intend to destroy a character; I mean to save one—one which, before you quit the court, I shall prove to be as free from soil as the snow of the arm which is leaning upon that bar!" continued the advocate, pointing towards Thérèse.

The trunk was here brought in. "You know that trunk?"—

"Yes." "Whose is it?"—"It belongs to the prisoner." "And these are your keys?"—"Yes." "Were these keys out of your possession the day before that trunk was searched, and the jewel found in it?"—"No." "Nor the day before that again?"—"No." "Now mind what you are saying: you swear that for two days preceding the morning upon which that trunk was searched those keys were never once out of your own possession?"—"I do."—"Will not one of these keys open that trunk?"—The witness was silent.—"Never mind!—we shall try. As readily as if it had been made for it!" resumed the advocate, applying the key and lifting the lid.

"There may be fifty keys in the court that would do the same thing!" interposed the public prosecutor.

"True," rejoined his brother: "but this is not one of them," added he, holding up the other key, "for she tried this key first, and broke, as you see, the ward in the attempt."

"How will you prove that?" inquired the prosecutor.

"By producing the separate part."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the lock!" emphatically exclaimed the advocate.

A groan was heard—the witness had fainted. She was instantly removed.

A smith was the next witness. He proved that he had been employed to take off the lock, in order to ascertain if any attempt had been made to force it, and that, upon removing it, he found a piece of a broken ward in it. The piece was produced, and found exactly to match the key.—The prosecutor gave up his cause; and the waving of handkerchiefs and the clapping of hands announced the complete vindication of the innocent Therese, who, half overcome, stood folded in the arms of the baroness.

Anxiously had Count Theodore watched the proceedings of the day, though other matters had also a share in his thoughts. Immediately upon entering the court he looked round for the stranger—he was not there; and the count

breathed more freely. When Therese and his sister appeared, he was the first individual upon whom the eye of the former rested; she remarked his wan and haggard looks, and there was an anxiety and a tenderness in her gaze, which were balm to his wounded spirit; and he smiled his thanks to her. Nothing could exceed his agitation as the cross-examination of the attendant proceeded, except the tumult of his feelings at the complete exposure of her perjury, by the discovery of the infamous means which she had resorted to, to effect the destruction of Therese. Then it was that, as he thought, Therese cast a look upon him, such as he had never received from her before—a look in which gratitude and exultation shone, but threw forth a beam, too warm and too bright for their own light alone to have produced it. It played but a moment or two upon him, when it was withdrawn; but the glow which it spread through his heart departed not with it. The chalice of happiness, which he thought had been spilled, stood full again before him; and where, an hour ago, he pored upon the embers of extinguished hope, he now beheld nothing but rekindling. He made his way out of court, regardlessly putting aside every individual that impeded it;—he flew to the prison—a step or two brought him to the door of Therese's apartment; without knock, or warning of any kind, he entered—he started back!—she was locked in the arms of the stranger! The shock was too much—the room swam before him, and vanished.

He recovered with the sensations of one who awakes from some horrible dream: the first objects that he saw were the stranger and the baroness standing by him. He looked around for Therese—she was not there! At length he became conscious that he was leaning upon the breast of some person, whose arm encircled his neck: he suddenly turned and looked up; he met the eyes of Therese, fixed strainingly upon him, with an expression that shot life into his soul.

"Is it true?" he exclaimed, withdrawing himself from her,

and at the same time extending his arms:—she threw herself into them, and thrillingly they closed around her!

The stranger was the brother of Therese. He was in the service, and his merit had raised him to the rank of captain. By some unaccountable means, for upwards of five years they had lost sight of one another. A relation, under whose protection he had left her, had recently died, and left her utterly unprovided for; when she sought and obtained a service with the countess. The report of the accusation which had been brought against her, and of the count's passion for her, having spread far and wide, at last reached the ears of her brother: he hastened up to Paris, and found every thing confirmed; but, at her earnest entreaty, kept their relationship concealed till the trial should be over.

"Then she is mine!" in a transport of exultation exclaimed the count.

"She is, my lord!" replied the brother: "nor is this the first honour of the kind that your family has conferred upon ours."

"How so?" inquired the count.

"One of your ancestors espoused an ancestor of my sister's and mine."

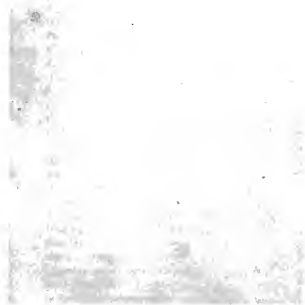
"The name?" eagerly asked the count.

"Therese l'Estrange," was the reply.

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The count's banqueting-room was one blaze of light, and around its sumptuous board were seated the count's illustrious relatives and the choicest of his intimates and friends. They were at supper—the viands were removed, and the nearest of his kinsmen rising, demanded a chalice of gold! 'Twas brought; he filled it to the brim, and, bowing to the lady and the count, he drank "To the bridegroom and bride!" It was the day after the trial; and upon the morning of that day a second and a fairer Therese had been grafted on the family tree.





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GOOD ANGELS.

BY L. E. L.

THE ANGEL OF EARTH.

TRIUMPH, for my task is done—
 Triumph, for my prize is won.
 Angel! who dost keep the gate
 Where the rescued souls await
 For the speaking of that word
 Which doth sheath the fiery sword,
 And reveals to human eyes
 Hope's long promised paradise,
 Bend thine head, and stretch thine hand:
 Place! in thy immortal band,
 For the child I bear above,
 In the strength of faith and love.
 Vanquish'd at my feet, behold
 He the serpent king of old.
 Round us is the burning coil—
 Who may 'scape from such a toil?
 Flashes yet his fiery eye—
 Who may its fierce light defy?
 Who might aid? for vain were here
 Human sword, or human spear.
 Death is on each forked tongue,
 Lightning round each neck is hung:
 But I triumph'd, for I came
 In the Saviour's blessed name.
 Victory o'er the soil and snare,
 O'er earth's crime, and o'er earth's care;

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Over hopes which lead astray,
 Wishes yet more wild than they ;
 Over each delusive sin
 Which the heart takes pleasure in.
 Red ambition, which doth ask
 Kingdoms for its glorious task ;
 Avarice, which hath cast its lot
 'Mid the gold it uses not ;
 Pleasures, which like opiates steep
 Higher aims in idle sleep ;
 Vain affections which control
 All too much the heaven-bound soul :
 These are vanquish'd 'neath my tread.
 See the serpent's bruised head :—
 Angel ! take the child I bring.
 Oh, death ! where is now thy sting ?

STANZAS.

BY THE LADY EMELINE STUART-WORTLEY.

WHEN the sweet bulbul thrills the perfumed breeze,
 And, crescent-crown'd, gleam those pomegranate trees,
 And thy caique shoots through the slumbering seas,
 Remember me ! remember me !
 I passionately pray of thee !

When thou hast left this bright and blessed shore,
 Perhaps to breathe its heavenly airs no more,
 And home seems dearer than 'twas e'er before,
 Remember me ! remember me !
 I passionately pray of thee !

When the last flash of daylight is declining,
When Persian bowers are round thy head entwining,
When Persian eyes are all about thee shining,
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee!

When thou hast met with careless hearts and cold,
Hearts that young love may touch but never hold,
Not *changeless* as the loved and left of old—
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee!

When this world's griefs shall come to cloud thy brow,
When this world's smiles shall charm thee not as now,
When light, life, love, and all are dimm'd below—
Remember me! remember me!
I passionately pray of thee!

When thy proud soul its faults and follies mourns,
And the alter'd heart in thy struck bosom burns,
And memory unto the past returns,
Then most, oh, most remember me!
I passionately pray of thee!

THE NEW KING.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

THE reader probably has perused a pamphlet, published some few years since, entitled "*Memoir Historique de la Negociation en 1778, au sujet de la Succession de la Baviere.*" It relates to events which, in times when the setting up and pulling down of governments were not every day affairs, excited a very considerable sensation in Europe: but since the following domestic episode in Bavarian history will lose none of its effect—supposing it to have any—by being dated at any particular period, it matters very little to what king of Bavaria it refers, or what general is in fact the hero of the tale. It is only necessary to premise that kings in Bavaria, like kings of every other realm, die, when their "time is come;" and that, now things are settled quietly in those parts, they are succeeded in due course by the next heirs to their thrones and dignities.

It may not be amiss, however, from the peculiarity of the circumstance, to observe that, in Bavaria, every new king on commencing his reign seems to be actuated by a powerful desire to do every thing exactly contrary to that which his predecessor might have happened to do during *his*. If the old king chanced to like new houses and small rooms, the new king immediately went to reside in old houses and large rooms: if the old king sat late at night and rose late in the morning, the new king rose with the lark and went to rest with the lamb; and in the case of which we are treating, this Bavarian singularity was most particularly exemplified. The old king loved Baron Slaphausen and Count Snyderkins, and hated

Count Muggenhoff and Baron Stiffincroup;—the new king immediately on his accession to the throne bowed out Snyderkins and Slaphausen, and took to his heart and councils Stiffincroup and Muggenhoff.

This, as we have already observed, being a case entirely peculiar to Bavaria, it is necessary to warn the reader of it, since, from one of those curious oppositions to the taste of his illustrious predecessor on the part of the new king, we are indebted for the following little anecdote; whence we propose to deduce a moral, which, in a prudential point of view, must always be serviceable to the reader, and never of greater utility than when applied to events similar to those which it is our intention now to narrate.

Some years before this history begins and ends—for it is as brief as the life of a butterfly—the old king having taken a particular dislike to his palace of Starenberg, gave the veteran General Klinkenberg permission to inhabit a certain portion of the building. To this quiet retreat the general and his two daughters, Amelia and Caroline, forthwith repaired, and there they resided until the period at which I have the honour of introducing them to the reader.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the ancient warrior, after his active services, than this domicile; and, as for the young ladies, they were absolutely charmed with it: from its beauties and its proximity to Munich, it blended all the enjoyments of the country with all the gaieties of town; nor, to say truth, had its *agremens* been at all decreased during the last four or five months by the continued presence of a certain captain and lieutenant of hussars, who, with part of their troop, were quartered in the barracks to do duty as the “king’s guard” at the palace, although the king had not for several years honoured Starenberg with his royal presence.

In this Bavarian Hampton Court, time passed delightfully;—the mornings were spent much as mornings are when hand-

some accomplished women, and agreeable well-educated men, associate much together; and although Captain Steinfelt and Lieutenant Melfort had not yet ventured to hint at any "*ulterior objects*," the friendship which actually existed between the four happy ones, seemed to require only a *declaration* on the part of the beaux, to convert it into a sentiment somewhat more tender, and infinitely more delightful—and so things went on.

In the midst of this agreeable intercourse, varied by the visits of the general's friends from Munich, and his neighbours at Starenberg, an event occurred which agitated the whole country, and changed the face of "affairs in general"—the King of Bavaria died!

On every side were grief and desolation—the shops of Munich were closed—the great bells tolled heavily—the flags hung half-staff high—the sorrowing creatures of the monarch's bounty bowed their heads and wept—minute guns from the batteries boomed upon the ear, and muffled drums announced the ceremony with which, in all the solemn pomp of woe, the mortal remains of the good king were deposited in the stately tomb of his ancestors. And then all was smiles and congratulations—"tipsy dance and revelry;"—the shops in Munich were opened—the cannon fired salvos from the batteries—the bells rang merrily, the flags were hoisted to the very trucks; and the sorrowing creatures of the old king's bounty dried their tears and doffed their sables, and dressing their faces in smiles, hurried to the palace to beslime its new occupant with their venal adulation.

"What a king we have got *now*!" cried one, who never would have been a judge of kings if the late monarch had not made him what he was.—"What wisdom!" says a second.—"What goodness!" cries a third.—"What taste!" exclaims a fourth.—"How affable!" a fifth.—"How unlike the old king!" a sixth. And thus, not content with taking the good

"the gods provided," they sought to ingratiate themselves with their new master by instituting comparisons between him and their old one; which, to say nothing of the taste of the system as likely to please his majesty, savoured not a little of that, which is sometimes found, even in Munich,—ingratitude.

The new king, in the bloom of youth, handsome, graceful, gay and accomplished, mounted his milk-white charger, and attended by all his court, curvetted and ambled through the streets:—what condescension!—flags and banners were waved on the parapets, and flowers were scattered from the windows. The next day he perambulated the town, accompanied only by his brown umbrella—what affability! His majesty held levees; the palace was thrown open, and the receptions were innumerable; for his late father had been some time before his death infirm and ill, and had therefore lived principally at Nymphenburg, his favourite residence, which he had splendidly decorated and tastefully improved. To Nymphenburg the new king took a decided aversion: it was closed immediately on his accession, and Count Slaphausen, who had regulated all his father's affairs there, was dismissed. Stiffincroup was named prime minister, and Snyderkins, who had never slept from under the palace roof for twenty years, was sent ambassador to the court of Ashantee.

All that the king did, the people approved. He re-modelled the Bavarian code of laws—he corrected abuses in the state—he changed the colour of the pages' pantaloons from pea-green and silver to white and gold—he reversed all his father's decrees—he altered the uniform of the foot soldiers—he granted universal liberty of conscience, and gave a ball once in every week; and, strange to say, great as were the deeds of this illustrious monarch, no act of his royal life is so nearly connected with the subject matter of this little story as the last named manifestation of his royal grace and bounty.

To one of those balls were invited General Klinkenberg and his two charming daughters, an event marked with consequences which none of the parties most deeply concerned, in the slightest degree anticipated, but which, if we have but a little patience, we shall see eventually proved of the highest importance.

General Klinkenberg was no courtier, and at sixty-five no dancer; but the invitation was a command, and even if he had hesitated as to its acceptance, the young ladies would have overruled all objections and overcome all obstacles. Amelia, the elder of the two, was celebrated in her circle for her dancing: her eyes were as bright as diamonds, and her hair, which curled profusely over a snowy forehead, was as black as jet—her figure was symmetrical—her grace proverbial. Caroline, the younger sister, was fair, and her soft blue eyes and gentle demeanour often won hearts which would hold out fearlessly against the bolder attacks of her sprightly sparkling sister.

In the ball-room Amelia attracted all attention, and seemed to revel in the sunshine of the gaze she excited. Caroline shunned, or seemed to shun, the looks which were sometimes rivetted on her mild and gentle countenance—but people live not always in ball-rooms, nor establish their characters in crowded assemblies, and Caroline, in her own home, mild, amiable, and affectionate as she was, drew around her the tenderer and deeper feelings of the heart. Caroline had formed the first, the ruling attachment of her life—Melfort had won her! had gained her esteem, her regard, her love; and these sentiments were founded upon a near and constant observation of his mind and manners, character and disposition. She had no disguise in avowing the feeling he had inspired; she spoke of him, felt for him, thought of him as a brother; it was only when he was absent that she could at all appreciate the value she set upon his society; and when the

royal command to the ball arrived, it pained her to the very heart—that going without *him* was inevitable.

Steinfelt was not invited; but Amelia, although she would have been better pleased if he had been of the party, felt no regret like Caroline's which could for a moment counterbalance the pleasure she anticipated at court—a sphere well suited in her ardent mind for a girl of her birth, appearance, and accomplishments; and she rallied her more sensitive sister upon the regret she expressed, and the sorrow she too evidently felt, at Melfort's absence.

From the moment their going was decided upon, the activity of preparation evinced by Amelia, strongly contrasted as it was by the placid sufferance of Caroline, under the suggestions of the leading *marchand des modes* of Munich, gave strong evidence of her desire for conquest: all the colours of the rainbow were tried, and those in every light, in order to ascertain what “best became her;” friends were appealed to, neighbours called into council; and it was not until the day before the ball, that the dress in which she was actually to appear was finally decided upon.

At length the hour arrived,

“The banquet waits their presence; festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet, and the night,
Illumined by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day;”

and General Klinkenberg handed his daughters into the carriage which was to convey them to the scene of regal splendour.

What the police regulations of Munich were, upon those occasions, history has not recorded, or whether the instructions of the Bavarian green-cloth for the regulation of carriages merely directed that the company should be set down with their horses' heads opposite to their tails; suffice it to say,

that amidst a sort of civil warfare, eminently destructive to the panels, and seriously injurious to the poles, the general and the two Misses Klinkenberg were safely deposited at the palace.

At the foot of the golden and marble staircase, which forms one of the splendid features of this immense building, and which, upon this occasion, was lined by body guards, and plentifully sprinkled over with porters and pages, they were received and ushered up to the great hall, which, together with the hall of antiquities, was most magnificently illuminated; and after passing through a suite of apartments, each vying with the preceding one in brilliancy of decoration and company, they reached the throne-room, in which the visitors were presented to his majesty previous to proceeding to the ball.

His majesty's reception of the veteran general was gracious in the extreme; but when the royal eyes fell upon the animated countenance and sylph-like form of Amelia the king seemed thunder-stricken. His majesty was graciously pleased to express his admiration aloud, and spoke of her beauty in a very audible tone to the Baron Stiffencroup and the Countess of Muggenstien, who were near him. Of Caroline the king said nothing, he merely bestowed upon her one of those gently approving smiles which great personages with white teeth are frequently pleased to confer; but of Amelia he continued to rave—continued to point her out to each new guest with whom he was on familiar terms, until at last, his majesty having gone through the ceremony of opening the ball with her Serene Highness the Princess Wilhelmína of Stump Giggensstien, Amelia found herself approached by one of his majesty's chamberlains, who announced to her delighted ears that the sovereign had been graciously pleased to select her for his partner in the next quadrille.

What the Bavarian *etiquette* upon so striking and singular an occasion actually might be, we do not pretend to under-

stand, but it was by no means difficult to perceive by the looks and gestures of the five hundred beauties of the court, that the royal attention had created a sensation. Its immediate effect upon Caroline Klinkenberg was astounding; for no sooner did Baron Stiffincroup, prime minister in the Bavarian cabinet, perceive his majesty leading the elder Miss Klinkenberg to the highest place in the dance, than he bustled through the illustrious throng, and solicited the hand of the second Miss Klinkenberg as *his* partner in the same set.

As for Amelia, from the moment she felt the pressure of the white kid glove of the right hand of Bavaria upon the sympathetic leather on her own left, she saw nothing, understood nothing that she heard, was conscious of nothing in the world but that she was existing in a sort of ecstatic dream, and that she was still actually on her feet swinging about the palace in company with her sovereign, who, as has already been remarked, in addition to his crown and dignity, possessed a person so fine, a face so handsome, and a figure so elegant, that the court resounded with murmurs of admiration—not quite unmixed with envy—at the beautiful performance of their gracious king and his graceful partner.

To the quadrille succeeded a waltz, and in that gay and giddy round, the beautifully formed Amelia found her taper waist encircled by the arm of the sovereign, and from some very animated expressions of his majesty's admiration just at that most appropriate moment, she began all at once to think it not quite impossible but that at some future period she might claim to share the *royal arms* more permanently.

Baron Stiffincroup, who was tall, solemn, formal, and grey, was not particularly well adapted for waltzing either by age or station, figure or activity; he went through the motions, and Caroline was as well pleased as the baron, when she found herself re-established at her gallant father's side, whence the

premier had drawn her: but Amelia's career was not yet ended; she was destined to be the belle of the evening.

In spite of etiquette, in spite of the various claims which should have engaged the royal attention, the king graciously condescended to place her arm on his, and lead her, "nothing loth," to the room where refreshments were served: here he presented her—he himself—with ice; here offered her a wafer, while she stood the wonder of the gazing company, alone with him, and doing something very like flirting, in the centre of a circle whose sacred verge no subject's foot dare cross.

But even this was not all; in the plenitude of royal grace and condescension, his majesty plucked a half-blown rose from one of the vases which were ranged along the plateau, and, with a speech full of—more than gallantry—sentiment, presented it to his fair partner, from whom it seemed he parted most reluctantly when he surrendered her to the care of her father.

But as the flower blooms which the sun has ripened, even when that sun is set, Amelia, seated by the general's side, attracted crowds of gazers even though the king had left her; and she remained enjoying her triumph and holding affectionately in her hand the rose which had been conferred upon her by the monarch.

Supper was announced, and trumpets rent the air; and as the folding-doors of the banquet-gallery were thrown open, music, the most melodious, burst upon the ear. Amelia lingered and looked around—for what?—presumptuous girl!—she felt dissatisfied and disappointed because the young king did not lead her to table. She forgot that the Grand Duchess of Shuffelhausen would naturally be taken out by his majesty; and that, however much his kind heart and good taste might draw him to her side when *etiquette* per-

mitted, there *were* certain things to be done and performed in his kingly capacity, with which neither kindness nor feeling could be permitted to interfere. Certain it is, that from the moment she saw him seated on his chair of estate, surrounded by the officers of his household, approached with awe, and served with humility, amounting—or rather descending—almost to prostration, she sighed, and felt as if she were wearied with all that was near her: the banquet was tasteless, the music discordant, the gaiety painful.

Caroline, who had been led to supper by her last partner, enjoyed everything she saw and heard: the one alloy to her gratification was the absence of Melfort; and although she looked forward to the morning, when she should describe to him the events of the evening, as the reward of her present privation, she conquered all selfish feeling so far as to establish her character as a delightful companion in the mind of the young nobleman who had danced with her, and to create in *his* bosom, as it should seem, an interest not much inferior to that which it appeared her animated sister had excited in the heart of the king.

Amelia had fallen into a fit of abstraction, and sat with her eyes fixed on the objects immediately around her, still holding the royal rose in her hand, and occasionally smelling to it, as if it were something to worship, when a page gently touched the hem of her garment, and whispered in her ear that the king was drinking to her. In an instant the blood rushed to her cheeks and bosom, her eyes half filled with tears, and her proud heart beat rapidly. What the Bavarian etiquette in *this* case might be, she knew as little as we do now, but she acknowledged the condescension by bowing gracefully, with all due respect and deference, in return for the gracious kindness of his majesty, a kindness considerably enhanced by her beholding the king immediately afterwards

call the attention of her serene highness the Duchess of Shuffelhausen to the lovely object of his notice. Her Serene Highness raised her serene highness's glass to her serene highness's right eye, and smiled in gracious approbation of Amelia's beauty.

Supper over, the company resumed dancing, but the king did not again present himself to the eyes of the fascinated Amelia. Baron Stiffincroup, however, went to General Klinkenberg, and taking him into a window, stated to him that he had it in command from the king to tell him, that his majesty intended to confer upon him the order of St. Hubert; that he could not imagine how his services and merits had been so long overlooked by his late father; and that he expected to see him at the next morning's levee, in order that he might have the pleasure of investing him with the riband. Klinkenberg felt hot, and cold, and bowed, and smiled, and was very much pleased; for singular as it may appear, the late king, for what reason nobody ever could discover, although frequently solicited, never *would* give Klinkenberg the order of St. Hubert. Why he got it *now*, having given the reader some idea of Bavarian politics, we leave him to guess.

Seated in the carriage, on their return, what were the feelings of the three Klinkenbergs?—Amelia was satisfied that the king was at her feet, and that the favour bestowed upon her father was merely a proof of his majesty's sincerity and devotion to *her*; but upon a subject so high she dared not trust herself to speak, so she declared herself tired, threw herself back in the coach, and closing her eyes, saw as it were in a vision, the throne standing ready for her occupation; and while she (almost tenderly) pressed in her hand the withering flower, with which the sovereign had presented her, felt the sceptre of Bavaria within her grasp.

Caroline, who was no more tired than her sister, and who

had no object in affecting to be so, talked over the whole party gaily and happily, and felt more at ease than at any previous period of the evening; and Klinkenberg himself, in high spirits at the result of his visit to court, chuckled at his attainment from the new king of a decoration which the old one never would bestow upon him, and longed to know what Snyderkins and Slaphausen would say when they saw him gazetted a K. S. H.

It would not be correct to follow the Misses Klinkenberg upstairs when they reached home, but if we dared do such a thing, we *could* show how Amelia sat herself down before her Psyche and threw her head back, and then leant it forward, and then smiled, and then twisted her black ringlets over her fair fingers, and then bit her lips to make them "ruddier than the cherry," and placed herself gracefully on a *fautcuil*, queen-wise, and raised her delicate foot upon a dwarf ottoman, as she had seen those of monarchs in pictures placed upon footstools; nor did she conclude these evolutions until a loud yawn from her maid startled her from her waking dream into a consciousness that she was in her own apartment at Starenberg, and that moreover it was half past four o'clock in the morning—sad hours for Munich!

Caroline had been asleep a long time—all that had passed was forgotten in her tranquil repose, and if she dreamed at all, Melfort was the object before her, and she anticipated in her slumber the pleasure of seeing and conversing with him in the morning.

The veteran general went to bed full of visions of chivalry. He recollected the many efforts he had made to get the riband which was now offered him spontaneously; he knew he was engaged to dine the next day at an eminent merchant's in Munich; he should wear the star, and apologize for going *decoré*, on the ground of having been obliged to attend the king; he would visit the opera-house in the evening and select

a box in which he might sit with his left side to the audience; he would get Stumpandbrusher, the painter, to finish his picture for the next Munich exhibition, and have the order painted on the coat. The general was sixty-five, and, as every body said, a man of strong mind, and fit to be prime-minister; but a yard and a quarter of ribund, and a bit of rayed silver enamelled in the middle, were too much for his magnanimity—he slumbered feverishly, and dreamed of St. Hubert.

When morning came and breakfast was over, and General Klinkenberg on his road to Munich, as usual, came Captain Steinfeldt and Lieutenant Melfort: the latter was received by Caroline as he always was—both her hands were extended to receive his, and a smile, such as thrones cannot purchase nor kingdoms repay, greeted the young suitor (if such he might be considered) on his entrance to the boudoir. Amelia was gracious in her manner to Steinfeldt, and stretched forth her right hand, still seated, while her left almost unconsciously rested on a vase in which hung droopingly the royal rose of Bavaria.

Amelia saw that the faded flower had caught the captain's eye; she longed for him to ask some question about it, but she was spared a protracted anxiety by Caroline's calling the attention of both the beaux to the "floral emblem" of her sister's triumph.

"Yes," said Amelia, "the king gave it me last night: we had danced together, and while he was handing me some ice, I happened to say I was fond of roses, and he was good enough to present it to me. It therefore becomes quite an historical rose, and I shall preserve it."

"Less productive of feuds, I hope," said Steinfeldt, "than the rival roses of England."

"And," said Melfort, "have you no royal rose to boast, Caroline?"

"Not I, indeed," replied she: "Amelia was the favoured lady of the night."

"Oh, Caroline," interrupted Amelia, "don't say so! I am sure he was very attentive to the Princess Whilelmina of Stumps Giggenstein."

"Who do you mean by *he*, Miss Klinkenberg?" said the captain.

"Why, Captain Steinfelt," said Amelia, half angry with *him* and half ashamed of herself, "I mean—I mean—the king!"

"Oh!" said the captain, bowing, "I only asked. You seem to have made considerable progress in your acquaintance with his majesty."

"Yes," said the young lady; "and, besides this rose—which *is* faded, I confess;—at this point of her conversation she caressed it, and played with its leaves—" besides *this*, the king has given papa the order of—what is it, dear Caroline?—St. Hubert."

"Indeed!" said Steinfelt, whose thoughts suddenly flew from the order to the abbey of St. Hubert, in the Netherlands, which, at the moment, he did not think at all an unsuitable receptacle either for the king or the general. "Why, you come from court loaded with honours!"

"Oh, he is quite delightful!" said Amelia: "such grace, such manner, so much softness, so much delicacy of feeling! I wonder how such a prince has remained so long unmarried."

Steinfelt looked at his fair friend, and, turning to make some observation to Melfort, discovered that he and the gentle Caroline had quitted the room, and were walking, as they were wont to do, along the walk which led to the pavilion.

"I wonder," said Caroline, "if there is any probability of the king's liking Starenberg?"

"Every probability in the world," said Steinfelt, "for his father hated it."

"That Princess Whilelmina, of Stumps Giggrenstien, is very plain," said Amelia.

"She is to be our queen, I am told," said the captain. Amelia said nothing, but her lip quivered and her cheek flushed. Steinfelt saw what was passing in her mind.

"Some people have destined the king for an English lady," said Steinfelt; "but the objection to the match, which is insuperable, is that she is a subject."

Amelia coloured again, and it was with something like a consciousness, founded, as it should seem, upon what the king had whispered the night before, that she said, "Is that objection insuperable? Our king is very English in his opinions and feelings, and in England kings marry subjects."

"Not now," said Steinfelt.

"Henry the Eighth of England married a subject—Anne Boleyn," said Amelia.

"He did," said Steinfelt, "and cut her head off afterwards."

"And Catherine Howard," said Amelia.

"True," said Steinfelt, "and he cut *her* head off too.

"Ay," said Amelia, "but losing one's head is not the natural consequence of marrying a king."

"No," said Steinfelt, "some ladies lose their heads before they marry kings. Come, Amelia, let us join Caroline and Melfort."

"Oh, I cannot walk to-day," said Amelia; "I am tired—tired beyond belief; besides, I should not like to leave home until—until——"

She would have said, until "I know the king will be engaged at court at the levee;" for she was full of the idea that he would visit Starenberg. Steinfelt took his chaco, and humming a tune, walked to the open door of the boudoir, then played with the jasmines and honeysuckles that twined through the columns of the portico, then stepped down one

step, then down another, and finally walked himself off; his pride was hurt, his heart was pained. In one short evening Amelia seemed to have changed her whole character, and, dazzled by the attentions of her sovereign, appeared to have lost the recollection of all that had been passing during the previous half year. Steinfeld made every allowance for the peculiarity of the circumstances, and the nature of the trial to which she had been exposed, but he could not discuss or argue the topic with her; he did not love her less than he did the day before, but the day before he did not know that he loved her so much; the approach of a rival, and such a rival as a king, gave a stimulus to his feelings, and they overcame him; his only safety at the moment was in a retreat; like a good tactician, he adopted it.

Amelia saw him depart without concern, without emotion: the first advantage she took of his absence was to cross the room and re-arrange those ringlets of hers, before the looking-glass: the king had praised her ringlets and her eyes: and when she heard footsteps in the antechamber, she hurried back to the sofa with a fluttering heart—perhaps he was come—perhaps a chamberlain, an usher, a page—but, no!

When the "beknighted" general returned in the evening, Amelia's inquiries were numerous. The ceremony of investiture occupied about three minutes. The court was crowded, and the king had only spoken a few words to Klinkenberg; but those few words were important, and sounded like the music of sweet bells in Amelia's ear.

"General," said his majesty, "I am going very soon to look at Starenberg. I think I should like it for a summer residence."

These words the general repeated, merely as a commonplace expression of the king's intention. But Amelia read them differently. He had never been to Starenberg—never thought he should like it as a summer residence, until he had

seen *her*—and he was coming *very soon*. It seemed as if her towering hopes were to be realised. Nor could she look at the glittering decoration which sparkled on her father's breast without believing herself to have been the cause of its appearance there.

Steinfelt was not present when the general returned—he had made some plea for being away from Starenberg for two days; during which period Amelia continued in a state of feverish agitation, which none but ladies who have flown at quarries as high as hers can possibly appreciate; nor did the placid happiness of Caroline and Melfort at all disturb her. The rose was quite dead, but yet its withered stalk was her solace; and hour after hour passed in anxious expectation of the event which, as she reasonably enough believed, was destined to decide her fate.

One evening, the fourth after the ball, the general, Amelia, Melfort, and Caroline, were sitting in the garden pavilion, when a servant was seen hurrying along the walk which led to it, holding in his hand a letter. The very sight of a letter, in the existing state of Amelia's mind, threw her into a terrible agitation; but when she heard her father exclaim, as he read the superscription—"from the palace," it was with difficulty she could retain her seat or her senses.

"How did this come?" said the general to the servant.

"By an orderly, general," replied the servant.

"Where are my spectacles?" said the general.

"I will read it, papa," said Amelia, "for you."

"Child," said the knight of St. Hubert, "read it!—it comes from the king's secretary, and is marked 'Private and confidential'—let me see—"

Saying which, the general having placed "his spectacles on nose," read—first to himself, and secondly aloud—what follows:

" Private.

" Dear General,

" The King proposes, I believe, to visit Starenberg to-morrow about one o'clock. He wishes to avoid all ceremony, but as I thought, *under the peculiar circumstances of his visit*, you might wish to be there, I have written to let you know what I believe to be his majesty's intention. It may be as well not to say to any body that I have apprized you of it.

" Ever yours, dear general,

" C. PENANINK."

" To-morrow!" murmured Amelia, in a suppressed tone.

" Now what had we best do?" said Klinkenberg. " I suppose, young ladies, you will take care that a collation is prepared for his majesty?"

" I will take care of that, sir," said Amelia.

" Why," said Melfort, " if the reports of royal visits are at all correct, collations form no inconsiderable portion of the performance. A court party in progress takes more feeding than a steam-engine."

" Oh!" said Caroline, " Amelia and I and our maids will weave garlands of flowers, and make——"

" Oh, come, come!" said Amelia; " come, dear Caroline, let us go and begin our preparations to grace the royal visit."

" Not just yet, dear sister," said Caroline, " for I am engaged to play chess with Lieutenant Melfort."

" Chess!" said Amelia contemptuously.

" Yes," said Caroline, " I am determined to improve in chess: Melfort gives me a queen and beats me; and that I cannot bear."

" Gives her a queen!" thought Amelia: " at *that* game *I* play!" and away she went to communicate to her maid

such directions as might facilitate the preparations for the collation.

"The king would make this place very gay if he came to live here," said the general. "It is very odd—I thought by his manner the other day that he meant to come, but——"

"I think," said Caroline, "gay as the king's residence may make it, we are much happier in truth without him: living in the confines of a court is like living on a tight rope, it requires a constant effort to keep oneself balanced, while an attempt to jump, is most likely to produce a fall."

"Figurative as you are, Caroline," said Melfort, "depend upon it you are right; however, I suspect the palace is not the object of the king's visit."

"What then, Melfort?" said the general.

"It is said, sir," said Melfort, "that Amelia has caught the king's heart."

"Psha, psha!" said Klinkenberg; "pray let me hear nothing of the sort.—Ridiculous!"—and so the conversation ended.

Nobody could adequately describe the hurry and flurry and bustling and scrambling in which the evening was passed, nor the renewal of all the efforts in the morning, of the Klinkenberg family, to complete the preparations for the reception of the king. The Gunter of Munich, on the shortest notice, had before noon spread a banquet in the large saloon which opened into the garden, and the old plate of the Klinkenberg's was paraded upon temporary sideboards in the recesses. The choicest fruits, the finest wines, every thing that could gratify the royal palate, were furnished forth; and by one o'clock it was announced that the king might come whenever he pleased.

Early in the morning, however, Caroline and Melfort had a conversation the most interesting of their lives. The orderly

who had brought the general's letter from Count Penanink, the secretary, had also brought orders from the commander-in-chief to Captain Steinfeld and Lieutenant Melfort to join their regiment, with the troop now doing duty as the king's guard at Starenberg: they were to march the following day. The nature of this conversation the reader may guess. Melfort made the declaration which Caroline had long expected; and, knowing her sentiments with regard to Melfort, there can be little doubt how she received it: suffice it to say that Melfort was the happiest of men.

Steinfeld, who was aware of Melfort's intentions, although too much piqued and mortified by Amelia's recent conduct to risk an interview with her on his return, addressed the following lines to his ambitious fair one:—

"Your sister will probably have informed you, that Melfort and I have received orders to quit Starenberg and join our regiments. The change which I grieved to perceive in your manner towards me on Wednesday, and which I own drove me from your presence, can neither obliterate the recollection of the hours of happiness which I have passed in your society, nor seriously change those sentiments of affection and devotion to which our constant association has given birth.

"That you have reciprocated the feelings which I most sincerely, however weakly, endeavour to express, I believe. Conscious that neither in thought, nor in word, nor in action I have ever done that which could justly forfeit your good opinion or the esteem which you have admitted yourself to feel for me, I throw myself at your feet, to implore you to forgive any petulance of manner which I might have exhibited on Wednesday, and to entreat you to attribute my agitation to the affection which is deeply rooted in my heart.

"We leave this to-morrow. My fate is in your hands.

Write me one line—one word that may decide it ; and assure yourself, beloved Amelia, upon *that* decision depends my eternal happiness or misery.

“ Yours ever, ever,

“ STEINFELT.”

This note reached Amelia as she was putting the finishing touch to her toilet. The guard was under arms, and the murmur of voices in one of the court-yards convinced her that the assembled people were every moment expecting the KING—the KING who was coming to visit *her*—to woo her *perhaps*—and, if to woo, to win her *certainly*. She read the note, and read it without emotion—the day was past when love, honour, gallantry, and merit could excite her feelings or share her affection. Must she answer it *then*?—Did some one wait?—She took her pen and wrote this:—

“ The meekest of her sex could not stoop to accommodate her feelings to the caprice of jealousy. A heart accustomed to kindness and consideration naturally revolts from uncalled-for harshness. I am not aware that any conduct of mine justified your withdrawal from Starenberg. At the present moment I am too much agitated to enter into explanations. I have no desire to deny the feelings I may have at any time expressed: with regard to yourself they are unaltered. When the king is gone I will write more at length ; for the present, believe me, I feel no anger for what is past.

“ AMELIA.”

“ Heartless, cruel girl!” said Steinfeldt, as he dashed this note upon the table. “ She whom I idolized—she who has been all the world to me, and whose faith is as much plighted to me as if we had sworn to love eternally—she, whom it

would have been my pride to have taken into the bosom of my family—she, to whom I looked as the comfort of my life, the——”

“Turn out the guard!” cried the sentry at the gates. Away went Amelia’s letter crumpled into the sabretache; on went the sword and chaco; down stairs ran the captain, and in two minutes, mounted on his pawing charger, he was at the head of his men.

A royal carriage drove into the quadrangle—it was not the king: Count Penanink, Rodantape, the surveyor of the works, and Skaffeld, the king’s architect, were the inhabitants of the vehicle. The guard turned in: the architect and surveyor proceeded up the great staircase, and Count Penanink went to Klinkenberg’s apartments. Penanink was a small diplomatist; he spoke a language only understood in courts; he had an official knack of talking a great deal without saying any thing, and of hearing every thing and knowing nothing.

He was ushered into the room where Klinkenberg and his daughters were ready to receive the sovereign.

“Good morning, general,” said Penanink, bowing graciously to the ladies. “It is”—here he looked cautiously all round the apartment as if he thought somebody might be listening—“it is a very fine morning,” and then he smiled.

“Will the king be soon here?” said the general.

“Why,” whispered Penanink, first closing a door which stood ajar, “I—cannot exactly say—I heard when the carriages were ordered—and—I should presume to think, it will not be any great length of time before they arrive. I hope Miss Klinkenberg caught no cold at the ball——”

“Oh, no!” said Amelia, with a condescending smile, just suited to a private secretary’s inquiry.

“Do you think, count, that the king is likely to reside here?” said Klinkenberg.

“Upon my word,” said the count, “I cannot venture to

surmise at present: there are great attractions here"—Amelia's heart beat—"and circumstances may occur which would render it a very agreeable residence. The distance from town is so convenient—not that I am at all aware what his majesty's intentions are—it was quite sudden his desire of visiting it—I——"

This was all honey and nectar to Miss Klinkenberg, who was just preparing to question the count, when the saloon door was thrown violently open, and one of the king's servants ran in unceremoniously, and exclaimed,

"Count, count! the king is coming!"

Away went Penanink, away went Klinkenberg, leaving Amelia in a state of dreadful agitation, and Caroline in a violent fit of laughing: to see the cold, cautious secretary, who had been measuring out his words with the most precise primness, take a start as if the palace were on fire, and to see her venerable and venerated father regenerated into a racer, by the magical sound of the "king is coming," were too much for her unsophisticated mind, and it was only after a severe lecture from her majesty elect, that she could summon gravity enough to look out of the windows to see the arrival. They saw but little of it; for the king, who was attended in his carriage by Count Krauler and Baron Suck, was driven direct to the great entrance; two carriages followed, which contained other less important personages.

This was the agitating period of Amelia's existence. The servants hurried into the room and concluded the arrangement of the collation. Amelia walked rapidly up and down the saloon; her hands were as cold as ice, her cheeks as hot as fire; never did girl suffer more, nor struggle more to hide what she suffered. Nearly an hour had elapsed, and still the king was occupied in his inspection.

Just as she was involved in a reverie, the door of the saloon was opened, and an officer of the royal household abruptly

entered. Seeing the ladies, he drew back and apologized for the intrusion.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the brilliantly embroidered equerry. "I am in search of Captain Steinfeld: the king wishes to see him immediately—and as he is not with the guard, I thought, perhaps——"

"Captain Steinfeld," said Amelia, almost choking, "is not here, sir."

"I am very sorry I have intruded—I——" stammered the equerry, and so departed.

"Mercy on me!" said Amelia, "how those people flurry one!—What can the king want with Steinfeld?"

"To do him some good, perhaps," said Caroline. "I wish he would send for my poor dear Melfort."

"Hush, hush! I hear them coming," said Amelia;—but they were not yet coming, and another half hour was consumed. At length a renewed noise announced a movement. Amelia just opened the door of the saloon and convinced herself, by the bustling about in the passages, that the inspection was over. She immediately ran first to the glass to have another twist at the ringlets, and then to her sofa, whence she was to rise and receive the monarch, and then took up a book in order to be discovered reading; Caroline having been really and inartificially employed in that pursuit for the last half hour.

At length the moment arrived: Amelia could hear her own heart beat; her father's voice sounded in the ante-room; and forthwith the doors were thrown open, and there entered Count Penanink, Captain Spyhausen, and Major Sneakenburg, the equeries, Mr. Skaffeld, the architect, Mr. Rodantape, the surveyor-general, and Lieutenant Melfort of the king's guard.

Considering these inferiors to be but the leaders of the procession, the head of the column, as her father would have

phrased it, Amelia was all smiles and graciousness; but when she heard her father give directions to throw open the room where stood the royal collation, and Count Penanink came up to her and offered her his arm to lead her to table, she felt overwhelmed with wonder and amazement. Her feelings were too powerful to permit her to be silent.

"Where is the king, sir?" said she to the count, as they passed from one room to the other.

"He is gone," said the count: "he never eats luncheons."

"Gone!" said Amelia.—"Luncheon!"

"Yes," replied the count, "he is quite delighted with the palace, and means almost immediately to take up his residence here."

Amelia felt in a trance—a dream—a dreadful dream.

"Mr. Rodantape!" cried General Klinkenberg, "will you sit next my eldest daughter?"

Poor Amelia! instead of the Bavarian monarch, to have the surveyor-general of the works placed at her left hand!

"I'll thank you, general," said Rodantape, "to let me go into your dressing-room to wash my hands, for I have got uncommon dirty pulling that old tapestry about."

"To be sure," said the general.

"I shan't be five minutes, miss," said the surveyor to Amelia, tapping her on the shoulder with one of the hands which he had just proclaimed dirty.—"I'll be back in a twinkling, miss."

At this period it became a question with Miss Amelia Klinkenberg whether she should faint or not; but still hoping that the king's absence was owing to some etiquette of which she was not aware, she resolved to endure what was actually in progress, and devote herself to the count, from whom she hoped to extract some courtly intelligence.

"You are acquainted with Captain Steinfelt?" said the count.

"Yes," stammered Amelia, rather wavered by the question—"Yes."

"The king has made him a happy man this morning," said the count; "he has given him one of the best appointments he could hold."

"Indeed!" said Amelia.

"And one which will afford him a most delightful opportunity of travelling," said the count, "for he will go on the special mission which is to be sent to bring home our new queen."

To this Amelia made no answer, for she could not utter.

"And though," continued the count, "in consequence of the king's choosing to live here after his marriage, your father will lose the advantage of these apartments, still——"

At this period the option of fainting or not was no longer left to Miss Amelia Klinkenberg—she fell senseless from her chair, and escaped the contamination of sitting next the surveyor-general of the works, even when he had washed his hands, by being carried in a lifeless state to her bed-room.

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In three weeks from that day the king of Bavaria was married: in six weeks from that day Caroline became the wife of Melfort: in three months from that day Steinfeld was united to the wealthy Dowager Duchess of Oldanfatt; and twenty years from that day Miss Amelia Klinkenberg was Miss Amelia Klinkenberg still, and without any prospect of changing her condition for the better.

Proud and poor, the disappointment of hopes which never had any foundation except in her own vanity, and which converted the gracious condescension of a monarch into the devotion of a lover, preyed upon her mind, and induced her prudentially to declare her resolution of never marrying; a resolution which, as the story of her mistake about the king

and her misconduct towards Steinfeld got known, nobody ever persuaded her to rescind; and she passes her time now in preaching prudence to her lovely nieces, with a constant exhortation to them never to give up the certainty of happiness for the chance of splendour, but always to recollect the homely English proverb, that "ONE BIRD IN HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH."

SONNET.

BY LORD HOLLAND.

ON READING "PARADISE REGAINED."

1836.

HOMER and Dryden, nor unfrequently
 The playful Ovid or the Italian's song,
 That held entranced my youthful thoughts so long
 With dames and loves and deeds of chivalry,
 E'en now delight me. From the noisy throng
 Thither I fly to sip the sweets that lie
 Enclosed in tenderest folds of poesy,
 Oft as for ease my weary spirits long.
 But when, recoiling from the fouler scene
 Of sordid vice or rank atrocious crime,
 My sickening soul pants for the pure serene
 Of loftier regions, quitting tales and rhyme,
 I turn to Milton; and his heights sublime,
 By me too long unsought, I strive to climb.





Legend of the Sea - 1894

Legend of the Sea - 1894

Legend of the Sea - 1894



1872

THE REPENTANCE OF NINEVEH.

BY RALPH BERNAL, M. P.

"Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."——

"And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Jonah, chap. 1 and 3.

VAST was that city—fam'd that place,
Where princes sprung from Ninus' race
Their marble halls had rear'd,
Where Baal's lofty temples stood,
And altars stain'd with human blood,
To mock the Lord, appear'd.

Whose giant walls of old renown'd,
With countless domes and towers crown'd,
Rose in majestic force,
O'er fruitful plains, by whose green side
The Tigris pour'd its rapid tide
In fertilizing course.

To those proud walls, by vice defil'd,
When impious man Heav'n's pow'r revil'd,
A prophet's voice was borne;
His accents, loud in wrath, proclaim'd
God's awful name, too long defam'd
By heathen pride and scorn.

"Ye men of Nineveh! awake!
Ye mad idolaters! forsake
Your doom'd and sinful land!
Full is the sad, appointed time
That waits, o'ercharg'd with loathsome crime,
The Lord's avenging hand!"

Thus spake the holy man of God
As through the gorgeous streets he trod,
In angry haste, his way;
The dreadful warning quickly spread
From house to house, ere Jonah fled
In solitude to pray.

Uprose a deep yet thrilling cry
Of anguish—through the lurid sky
The forked lightning glar'd;
While rolling thunder drown'd the shriek,
The stoutest heart grew cold and weak,
The wisest mind despair'd.

With speechless terror, pale and wild,
The mother clasp'd her startled child
To her protecting breast;
Hush'd was each sport,—hush'd ev'ry strife,
Within that city's walls, where life
Assum'd a death-like rest.

The warning reach'd the palace gate,
Where sat in vain and regal state
The high Assyrian chief;
He trembled in his humbled pride,
He cast his purple robes aside,
And bow'd his head in grief.

Attended by an eager crowd
Of nobles, priests, and warriors proud,
Of men of rank and worth;
In deepest mourning garb array'd,
With ev'ry sign of wo display'd,
The troubled king went forth.

It was a grand and fearful sight,
When in the wild, unearthly light
Of the red lightning's glare,
Thousands upon the bended knee
Deplor'd God's stern but just decree
In one united prayer:—

“ Oh, Lord of Hosts! whose Mighty Will
Can surely save, as surely kill,
Thy fatal curse remove!
Receive our penitence and tears,
And turn a people's guilty fears
Into their grateful love!”

That prayer was heard!—In mercy, Great,
The Lord repress'd his vengeful hate
Tow'rds those who pardon crav'd.
The prophet griev'd; but heav'nly peace
Bade murmur'ing end and mourning cease,
And Nineveh was sav'd!

Ages have pass'd!—The Tigris flows,
In rushy bed and calm repose,
Through wide and lonely plains;
But not one single stone, to tell
Where monarchs rul'd and nations fell,
Of Nineveh remains.

THE FORTUNES OF A MODERN CRICHTON.

BY T. H. LISTER.

It has been frequently remarked that the present age is less rich in men of first-rate talent than we have reason to expect, and that their number and eminence is not so considerable in proportion to the aggregate amount of intelligence as it was in former and less enlightened times. Intellect may have had its "march," but it has been a march upon the level. The base of the mountain of knowledge may have been enlarged, but fewer adventurous spirits have placed themselves proudly on its summit. These reflections on the present age are, perhaps, not to be received implicitly. Many have a perverse pleasure in railing at the times we live in; many will unfairly compare the collected genius of a whole century with the living examples of the present moment; and some will overlook the fact, that greatness must be judged by comparison. Men, like mountains, are estimated by their relation to the objects near them (and we have no trigonometrical process to correct our false impressions of the former); therefore it may happen that men of the most exalted talent lose something of their apparent elevation by the improvement of the classes beneath them, and look less to our eyes because we now view them, not, as it would once have been, from the lowly plain of former ignorance, but from the table-land of general enlightenment. In spite of these necessary reservations, there is nevertheless some little truth in the above-mentioned assertion. Our present array of first-rate men does not bear its former proportion to the aggregate mass of inferior

talent. This circumstance may be attributable to chance, for genius is the gift of nature; but still there is a possible cause which may have had a certain influence, and that is—our admiration of versatility. While the sphere of knowledge is becoming every year more extended, we are becoming more desirous that every one who would win our admiration should know something, at least, of whatever lies within that sphere;—we are ambitious of universal accomplishment in ourselves, and too prone to require it in others. We seem more than ever to despise the man who, however eminent in his line, is *merely* any one thing. We have acquired vast ideas of the capacity of the human intellect, and require that it shall comprise not only that which it possesses in perfection, but a great deal more that belongs more peculiarly to others. Who has not heard it said that such-a-one is a *mere* lawyer? Another is a *mere* political man of business—lives in committee-rooms and the House of Commons, and is seldom seen or heard of out of it. A. writes delightful books; but then he is a *mere* author—good with his pen, but nobody in society—and does not talk half so well as B., who never wrote a line worth reading. B. is railed at as a *mere* talker—pleasant in society, but what has he *done* to justify his claim to talent?

There is no imputation which depreciating envy so gladly fixes upon any man who excels in any one particular, as that he can do *merely* that, and is capable of nothing else; and perhaps there is no imputation which, while it ought to be so lightly regarded, the generality of men are more anxious to disprove. I was led into these reflections by the sight of a well-known handwriting: it was that of a once familiar friend, who was eminently endowed with a too seductive versatility of talent, and rashly ambitious of the reputation of universal accomplishment—one whom I pitied while I admired him, and yet whose errors and weaknesses, keenly as

I felt them, seemed ever insufficient to lessen the interest with which he inspired me. Cleveland (for so will I name him) was one of those highly gifted mortals who seem calculated to obtain from all classes the tribute of admiration, and to obtain it not by slow degrees, but by a *coup de main*. All who knew him confessed how favourable were their first impressions. He had those external advantages of mien which all can appreciate, and he had a hardihood, activity, and strength which enabled him to excel in all manly exercises. The frequenters of the chase, the *battue*, the cricket-ground, and the fencing-school, all concurred in naming him among the first proficient in their favourite sport. Nor were his mental powers inferior to the skill he displayed in all bodily exercises: he had a quick and most retentive memory, acuteness of comprehension, a brilliant imagination, and remarkable readiness and felicity of expression both in speech and writing. My acquaintance with him commenced at Oxford. I found him the idol of his contemporaries, and I soon became one of his warmest admirers. He seemed to be the person who was universally allowed to do every thing better than any body else, and yet of whose superiority nobody must presume to be jealous. Indeed it was impossible to resist the cordial vivacity and modest good-humour of his manner—so agreeably free from assumption, so seemingly unconscious of possessing that first place which all accorded to him. He had high spirits, and there was no frolic or amusement proposed by the gayest and idlest in the place which he was not ready to promote. The feuds of Town and Gown found in him a champion or an umpire. No man went farther to covert, or rode harder when there. Men would go to see a match at tennis because Cleveland played so beautifully. The eleven of his side at cricket were supposed to owe their success mainly to his skill; and the boat of his college beat the others, thanks, it was said, to his good steering. In the midst of these successes

among the idle part of the university, Cleveland was announced one day as the victorious candidate for the Newdigate prize, and his tutor was heard confidently to predict that he would take a first class degree. I shall never forget the enthusiastic burst of applause which greeted his appearance when he came forward at the commemoration to recite his prize poem. To my young imagination his situation seemed at that moment the proudest that mortal could enjoy; and I thought there was none in the world whom I had rather be than Cleveland. My excessive admiration of him induced me to lose no opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance: he seemed pleased by the homage of my preference, and we became intimate friends. I had now frequent opportunities of studying his character; and the insight, though it did not make me less relish his society, abated somewhat of my respect. I found that, contrary to appearance, Cleveland was in fact intensely vain. He had high spirits and good-humour; and his superiority was so universally admitted that his vanity was never mortified, and he always considerably abstained from mortifying that of others. His was, therefore, an inoffensive vanity, and to many was scarcely perceptible; yet was it the prevailing passion of his life. His one great object was display: he lived but for the applause of others: he valued every pursuit, every thing in which he laboured to succeed, not in proportion to its intrinsic merit and utility, but for the sake of the temporary applause which it could gain for him. Cleveland, like many other vain persons, studied contrast, and knew how to avail himself of its effect to extend the wonder of those around him: he liked to seem to unite incompatible qualities—to be at once the man of pleasure and of study, the loungeur and the mathematician, at once trifling and profound. Though not habitually a coxcomb, it was observed that he bestowed more than usual care upon his toilette, and was even finically *recherché* in his attire

in the event of a college examination, that he might be most strikingly contrasted with the dusty book-worms with whom he competed, and whose plodding industry was to be defeated by the careless superiority of his intuitive mind. It was to all a marvel at what times Cleveland read, for that he could dispense with all study was impossible; and yet he was always found among the idlest followers of mere amusement—the most light-hearted partaker in all their pleasures, scouting with derision the notion of study—professing to disregard it for himself, and dissuading it in others. Nevertheless I for some time suspected that Cleveland did not neglect study so entirely as he pretended, and accident discovered to me his secret.—One night, when a party of us had kept up our merry vigils till far into morning, I, who had staid about half an hour after Cleveland, remembered that I wished to see him again to make an appointment for the following day, and accordingly I went to his rooms, which I entered as unceremoniously as usual. I found Cleveland with all the apparatus of study about him, sitting with a wet handkerchief bound round his head, deeply engaged in reading. He started when I came in, and colouring with a look of shame and vexation, hastily pushed the volume from him. “I could not sleep,” said he, in a tone of apology, “so soon after that noisy party—I must first amuse myself with a book.” Though he had put it aside, I had seen the title:—“And you amuse yourself,” said I, “with Aristotle?”—“I take it as an opiate, and I know none better,” he added, looking vexed at my discovery, but trying to laugh. “Nay,” said I, “confess you are reading for your degree.” He did confess it, but unwillingly; and then, with an earnestness which surprised me, and I own much lowered him in my estimation, begged that I would keep the fact a secret. “But why,” I asked, “should you disguise it?” He scarcely knew—it was a whim—I might surely indulge him—he liked society—he did not

wish the reputation of studiousness—he hated pedantry—he did not pretend to application—he did not wish to be expected to succeed—he did not expect it, and did not choose that his failure should be embittered by the additional mortification which too sanguine friends might cause him: such were some of his specious excuses: but I knew that success was not so indifferent to him as he pretended; and it grieved me to see him thus labouring under the bitter toil of supporting false appearances; sacrificing health to a worthless bubble; wasting hours in boastful idleness, while he denied himself the rest he needed, that he might devote that misappropriated time to intense and baneful study. Sometimes when alone with him I remonstrated, but without effect.—“I have chosen my line,” said he, “and I must pursue it: don’t fear—I *will* succeed.”—“I don’t doubt that; but consider the price: you are losing health daily.”—“Perhaps I am; but it is not long,” said he, “till the day of trial.”

Many became aware before that day that it was the intention of Cleveland to distinguish himself. None less doubted of his success than I, and none more deeply regretted the cost at which he would have so unwisely bought it. I saw him two days before the day of examination: he was full of confidence, and he inspired me with the same for him. The next day was a hunting-day. The hounds met at ——. Cleveland went out with them. It was the day before the examination; and I knew him well enough to feel sure that he wished to give *éclat* to his anticipated triumph of the succeeding day by showing how little was his anxiety to secure it—to make his scholarship and sportsmanship mutually adorn each other. He was well mounted, and rode as gallantly as usual. There was only one man then at the university who was considered, among the collegiate sportsmen, as good a rider as Cleveland. He was in the field too; and Cleveland, who always burned for an opportunity to surpass him, was now

incited by the spirit of rivalry to a degree of recklessness which I had seldom seen him exhibit. An opportunity arrived, and I was near enough to witness it. A difficult fence lay before Cleveland and his rival. The latter, without approaching it, turned off in the direction of a distant gap; Cleveland went straight forward, and tauntingly invited the other to follow. The challenge was declined, and I and others shouted out a warning: it was disregarded, and in another instant horse and rider fell to the ground. We rode up and found Cleveland lying under his horse, from which we immediately extricated him. He was insensible, and had fractured a rib and his collar-bone. He was carried back to college, where he lay many weeks on a bed of sickness; and the morrow to which he had looked forward for literary distinction was lost to him through his ill-fated ardour for the less substantial glories of the chase.

Another opportunity arrived similar to that of which his accident had deprived him. The period of examination came again, and Cleveland was at liberty to strive once more for the honours which he had previously coveted. But he had been enfeebled by sickness, had been for a long time incapable of application, and felt so much less equal to the test than when he had intended to encounter it before, that, oppressed alike by the consciousness of inability to ensure to himself a distinguished place, and scorning to be satisfied with one that was inferior, he refused to enter the lists, and left the university without taking a degree.

I lost sight of Cleveland for about two years, but I heard of him frequently in society, and of the popularity which he had acquired. I came up to London, and found him at his rooms in the Albany. We talked long, and with the confidential tone of friendship; and I found that his disposition was by no means changed, and that he still thirsted as much as ever for every imaginable variety of success. To be popular

in society and approved among the fashionable were evidently among the objects of his present ambition ; but they afforded a success scarcely signal or definite enough to gratify his longing for unquestionable distinction. His pursuits were still as multifarious as ever, and he still as much affected contrasts. He put into my hand a half-written essay on one of the most difficult questions in political economy, while he gave audience to his tailor, to whom he was very scientifically minute in his directions on the construction of a collar. He afterwards allowed that the essay had received only a small share of his attention at that time ; for that, beside the great claims of society, and the necessity of knowing daily the newest current gossip of the clubs, he was then much engaged in studying his part for the — theatricals, in which the principal character was allotted to him ; and he was also practising for two bets which were to be decided within a fortnight—one a pigeon-match at the Red House, and the other to play two games at chess at once, and win without seeing either board. We went together to look at a gun which he was having made expressly for his match ; and he then asked me to accompany him that evening to a debating society in which it was his turn to open the debate. I asked if he was intending to prepare himself for parliament.—“ Yes,” said he ; “ nothing less interesting will satisfy me long. I foresee that I shall soon be tired of the idle life I am leading now ; for, busy as it is, it is idle still—at least it seems so whenever I look back upon it.” I expressed a hope that whenever he had obtained so useful and honourable an occupation as parliament would afford, he would confine his attention principally to that, and not allow himself to be diverted from it by the thousand pursuits which seemed to occupy him now. Singleness of purpose, I added, was in every undertaking the best surety for success. “ If you mean,” he answered, with a laugh, “ that I should become a mere member of parliament—a pre-

sender of petitions, and drudge in committee-rooms—I assure you I have no such intention. Singleness of purpose is a very good phrase, and means, I presume, that one should think of one thing at a time. That is what I always do. I have many purposes, but I keep them separate, and I have little respect for him who cannot.” “That may be—but the time bestowed on many objects had better be given to one.” “No, no!” said he. “Are men endowed with various talents, and would you have them lavish all their time on one? I am not for wasting any gift I may happen to possess.” “If you are ambitious,” I answered, “as I believe and hope you are, you will select one object worthy of your ambition, and enable yourself, by singleness of purpose, to arrive at excellence in that.” “I believe,” said Cleveland, “that every body is capable of doing some one thing better than any body else, if he will only apply himself to it to the exclusion of every other pursuit; and he may acquire such proficiency in this one pursuit as will make him an object of wonder to others. But is this the ambition you would teach me? No single object is sufficient for any but a low ambition.” “Not a statesman’s!” “No, nor a commander’s: the greatest men have been both: there must be many who are not destined to be either, and to them nothing but *variety* of success can compensate for the want of importance in the objects.”

I forbore to argue further, though Cleveland’s arguments were more plausible than valid. A short time afterwards, I heard that he was a candidate for the vacant representation of the borough of ——. I heard also with regret that there would be a contest, and that the rival candidate was rich and well known in the place, and determined to spare no expense for the accomplishment of his object. I was not present at the election, but read with deep interest the accounts of its proceedings. The contest was long and stubborn, and Cleveland had ample opportunities of displaying his electioneering

talents and attractive popular eloquence. His rival was, though not deficient, greatly inferior to him in these requisites, and it was decidedly the contest of popularity and eloquence against the influence of wealth and connexion. I knew that the disadvantages under which he laboured were to Cleveland the principal incitements, and that he might easily have been returned elsewhere at an easy rate, if he would have chosen to forego the *éclat* of such a victory. I trembled for the result; but talent and address triumphed, and Cleveland was successful. I saw him soon after his return, and warmly congratulated him. "You would hardly congratulate me," said he, "if you knew the price I have paid for victory: the contest has almost ruined me." It was too true. He had been deceived by vague promises on the part of his supporters to return him free of expense, and he now found that a share, and only a trifling share, of the expenses would be borne by them, and that by far the greater part must be defrayed by himself. These tidings grieved me much; but I was consoled by the prospect of the distinction which would probably await him in parliament. I was not deceived. He made, soon after he took his seat, a splendid speech, which was talked of about as long as any subject can be talked of in London, and excited great expectation of his future eminence. I had, however, soon reason to wish that his speech had been less praised, for I thought he was too well satisfied with this temporary success, and began to exhibit his usual unfortunate perversity in determining, whenever he had succeeded in any one attempt, to do all he could to convince the world that his powers were not limited to that alone, but that he could also succeed equally in pursuits the most opposite. Soon after making this successful speech, he began to neglect the House of Commons, and to show himself much more in society than he had of late. I remonstrated with him, but to no purpose.

He said he could not bear to have his faculties locked up even in St. Stephen's; and that the best means of rendering himself worthy of that arena was to liberalize his mind by seeing a little of what was passing in the other divisions of the world around him. After a while he was incited to another parliamentary effort, and it was totally dissimilar to the first. The first was on a popular subject—a speech full of brilliancy and eloquence; the second was on a dry and intricate subject of finance. The first showed imagination, the second judgment and research. Within the same week he rode a steeple-chase and published a poem; and all three exploits were talked of in society at once. Some said, perhaps ill-naturedly, that financiers most admired his poem, and poets his finance; but it is certain that in this instance his versatility diminished rather than added to his fame, and that he would have appeared in a brighter light if he had not been seen by the world in so many lights at once.

A brilliant and unexpected opportunity for greater and more permanent distinction than he had yet obtained was offered to Cleveland at that time. He had spoken and voted on the side of government. His power of speaking had been noticed and admired. Habits of business it was thought might be acquired by one of his ability, and at any rate he would be a good debater. A vacancy occurred, and the place was offered to Cleveland and accepted. It was subordinate, yet at the same time among the most honourable and important that could be expected to be given to one of his comparative youth and inexperience.

Cleveland was gratified by the appointment; and I was glad to think that perhaps an occupation was at last found which might fix his versatile and discursive mind. During the two first months of his official life I saw little of him, and I hoped he was steadily engaged in the prosecution of his present important duties.

One morning I called upon him, and found him immersed in papers. He looked harassed, but his countenance brightened when I apologised for my intrusion; for mine was only a social visit, and could not plead the excuse of business. "Thank God," he said, "I see at length some living soul who does not pester me with business." We talked awhile; and in the course of conversation I mentioned some amusing circumstances which had lately occurred in society, and alluded to one or two interesting books which had just come out. "I know nothing of all this," said he, in a tone of mortification; "see nothing—hear nothing of all that every body talks about: my senses are buried in these cursed papers: I am becoming every day more stupified by this mill-horse round of official drudgery." I adverted to the recompense of success. "Ay," he added, "and for that, I would undergo double labour; but where is the success of an underling? however well he executes his humble labours, the *chef* alone gets all the credit. Success!—pshaw! what can mine be? As well talk of the success of the South American mining slave, who carries up the ore on his shoulders to be examined by the inspector at the top. There may be much that is valuable in those papers, and so there is in the slave's basket; but my share of honour in the enterprise of extracting it is to my feelings much like his." "But your parliamentary duties."—"There, again!" said he, in a bitter tone—"another source of mortification! I have no leisure to succeed there; and if by accident I can give my attention to any subject, and try to deliver my sentiments upon it, I find I am cramped, and fettered, and thwarted, and expected to run in leading-strings in a manner that to any man of an independent mind, who can form the least fraction of an opinion for himself, is degrading and disgusting. The other night, you may have seen, I spoke on the — bill. I answered A—, and I had hoped well. I know that I was much cheered, and I believe

said some strong things—things that *told*, and were rather new. Well, afterwards up comes —, with his grave cold face, and tells me drily, that he thinks it would be discreet to adopt a more moderate tone, and that the government are not prepared to go quite the length which certain expressions of mine would intimate. He ended with the considerate assurance that he took all the blame to himself for not having given me fuller instructions, but he would be more careful in future. I answered, that if he could find some trustworthy person who would deliver a written speech verbatim, I would vacate my seat for him immediately. I wish I had opposed the government from the first. The opposition is the only side of the house where a young member can distinguish himself."

After this conversation I was not surprised when at the end of a few more months Cleveland quitted official life. Impatience of control, and increased disgust at the engrossing claims of an occupation which afforded no opportunities for immediate distinction, and his consequent inattention to its duties, produced a disagreement with his superiors in office which eventually led to his retirement. Cleveland at first rejoiced at his emancipation from the trammels of office, but he was not prepared to find that he was so generally considered to have failed. It was with the utmost surprise and mortification that he discovered the opinion of the world to be—not that the office he had held was unworthy of his powers, but that he was unworthy of the office; and the sense of injustice done him, and the imputation of failure and disgrace, sunk deep into his proud spirit. But acutely as he felt this novel humiliation, he could not seem to feel it. He sought society more than ever, and laboured to amuse himself with the passing trifles that float upon its surface. He also sought interest from another source—equally to be regretted for his sake, and for that of others.

Among the most admired in London society at that time

was Charlotte Darnley, the daughter of a man of large fortune, much known and respected in the world. She had considerable beauty, and was amiable and accomplished; and many suitors had hitherto aspired in vain. One, however, at length appeared for whom all augured success: none in the whole circle of society could be considered more unexceptionable, more deserving of every suffrage. Cleveland heard these confident auguries, and he resolved, in the pride of his heart, to supplant this redoubtable personage in the affections of Miss Darnley. With this view he now began to seek her society, and exercise with diligence and address all his varied arts of pleasing. He succeeded in gaining the affections of Miss Darnley, and in causing the rejection of his rival.

I was informed of the proposal and rejection by Cleveland, and with an air of conscious triumph, as if he knew that this rival had been rejected for *his* sake. The sequel is melancholy, and I will not dwell upon it long. The victory being achieved, Cleveland was soon aroused to the mortifying consciousness, that for the gratification of his own blind vanity he had been ensnaring the affections of one whose love for him he could not return. He felt that he ought to offer her his hand if he would not exhibit himself in her eyes, and in those of the world, as a selfish, capricious, heartless coxcomb; but this redeeming step he could not resolve to take. He had not the courage to incur for her sake the risk of poverty. Miss Darnley had very little fortune, and his own, which had never been large, was much reduced, partly by his election-contest, and by many other species of extravagance. He knew that were his means still more straightened Miss Darnley would willingly accept him, and encounter poverty for his sake. He dared not to apply this test of her affection, which he was conscious would be proved far more pure and constant than he deserved or wished to find it. He therefore silently withdrew himself without any declaration, striving to hush the

upbraidings of his selfish heart by telling himself that he so acted on her account—that for her he would forego the blessings of an union in which he had only poverty to offer her, unsweetened by that affection on his part which was merited by her rare attractions. In vain did he endeavour to persuade himself that he had not behaved ill: but the verdict of society was against him, and the altered eye with which he was regarded soon plainly indicated its opinion. He could not encounter the slow, cold, constant infliction of its silent censure; and he withdrew to foreign lands to try if he could fly from the evil which he must ever carry with him—the inward scourge of an upbraiding conscience.

It was during the summer of the following year that in the course of a tour through Switzerland I arrived at Chamouni. I was informed, soon after my arrival, that an English gentleman was lying there dangerously ill. He had a short time before ascended Mont Blanc, which feat he had accomplished in less time than it had been done by any person before; that the incredible exertions which he had used had caused the breaking of a bloodvessel, followed by a violent inflammation of the lungs, by which he was reduced almost to the verge of death. I listened with much interest to the account given me by the *aubergiste*, and anxiously inquired the name of the suffering traveller. The *aubergiste* could not pronounce it accurately, but brought me the book in which all travellers inscribed their names, and I there saw, in a well-known hand, the name of Edward Cleveland.

Much affected at this confirmation of my worst fears, I desired to be conducted to the apartment of the invalid. I saw him, and it was Cleveland—but how changed from him whom I remembered! His face was thin and ghastly pale, and it seemed as though the hand of death was upon him. He appeared to be revived and cheered by the sight of an old friend, and a little of his former spirit returned. He spoke

with a tone of pleasure and of triumph of his unfortunate exploit, which, much as it had cost him, he had not the heart to repress. "If it is to be the last act of my life," he added, "they cannot say that it was not a successful one. I have done more than any traveller has done before me. There is only one thought that haunts me. Others may hereafter accomplish the same feat in less time still. If I could only be sure that I had done more than any other person ever *would* do, I should die satisfied, but I know I cannot have this assurance.—Ah! you look as if you would say, 'What would it profit me if I had it?'—Alas! little—perhaps nothing! We are poor creatures at best; and there are times when human ambition seems mean and idle." "Except," said I, "the ambition of doing good." He answered only with a sigh; and, for a while, I left him.

I saw him soon again, and, alas! he was much worse. "You have been indulging," said I, "too much in gloomy thoughts." "Yes," said he, "in no cheering retrospect—that of my own past life. Oh! it has been a vain and needless one! If I had never been endowed with any talents, I should have less reason to regret its uselessness; but what have I done?—Nothing for which the wise or good can hereafter remember me with satisfaction; and yet the means were mine—and madly, miserably have I abused them for the temporary gratification of an insatiable vanity. I might have made my name far, and long, and honourably known; and now, if it is remembered, it will be remembered only as a warning. Yes," he added, after a pause, "let it be a warning. Thus, at least, it may perhaps effect some slight portion of that good which I have too long neglected to do. Let it be your care to make my story known. Write it—publish it, if you will; state every trait—every circumstance you know; spare only my name—let that be buried in oblivion." A few

days after this melancholy injunction, the accomplished and talented Cleveland breathed his last.

In compliance with his request, I have presented the foregoing sketch of his brief and brilliant career, in which I have suppressed his real name and substituted that of Cleveland. That it will afford that useful and impressive warning which its dying subject had anticipated, the writer cannot venture to expect, but he trusts that the deficiency will be attributed, not so much to the circumstances related, as to the inadequate and unskilful manner in which he may have conveyed them.

STANZAS.

BY THE COUNTERS OF BLESSINGTON.

THERE is a time—a dreary time,
When life's illusions fade away,
Like music's faint receding chime,
Or like the Sun's last parting ray.

Ah! then how shrinks the lonely heart,
When all its cherish'd flow'rs have died;
And Hope, the latest to depart,
Has e'en her farewell requiem sigh'd.

What now remains our path to cheer,
That path which leads but to the tomb?
'Tis the blest thought, it brings us near
The loved—the lost—to share their doom.

AN EARLY PASSAGE IN SIR JOHN PERROT'S LIFE.

BY L. E. L.

There is a very curious and rare biography extant of this accomplished knight and courtier, and it was placed in my hands by Mr. Crofton Croker, who thought that I should find a variety of subjects for poetical illustration in Sir John Perrot's adventurous and romantic career. The present incident he especially marked as very characteristic of the picturesque tone of the age. To Mr. Croker I beg to inscribe the ballad, and trust the rest of its readers will partake in his sympathy for the memories of our ancestors.

THE evening tide is on the turn; so calm the waters flow,
There seems to be one heav'n above, another heav'n below;
The blue skies broken by white clouds, the river by white
foam,
The stars reflect themselves, and seem to have another home.

A shade upon the elements, 'tis of a gallant bark,
Her stately sides fling on the wave an outline dim and dark;
The difference this by things of earth, and things of heav'n
made,
The things of heav'n are traced in light, and those of earth
in shade.

Wrapt in his cloak a noble knight stept to and fro that deck,
Revolving all those gentler thoughts the busier day-hours
check.

A thousand sad sweet influences in truth and beauty lie,
Within the quiet atmosphere of a lone starry sky.

A shower of glittering sparkles fell from off the dashing oar,
 As a little boat shot rapidly from an old oak on shore :
 His eye and pulse grew quick, the knight's, his heart kept no
 true time
 In its unsteady beating, with the light oars' measured chime.

"Thou hast loiter'd—so, in sooth, should I—thine errand be
 thy plea;
 And now what of my lady bright, what guerdon sent she me ?
 Or sat she lonely in her bower, or lovely in the hall ?
 How look'd she when she took my gift ? air page, now tell
 me all."—

"I found her with a pallid cheek, and with a drooping head,
 I left her, and the summer rose wears not a gladder red ;
 And she murmur'd something like the tones a lute has in its
 chords,
 So very sweet the whisper was, I have forgot the words."

"A health to thee, my lady love, a health in Spanish wine,
 To-night I'll pledge no other health, I'll name no name but
 thine."

The young page hid his laugh, then dropp'd in reverence on
 his knee :—

"In sooth, good master, that I think to-night may scarcely be.

"While kneeling at your lady's feet another dame past by,
 The lion in her haughty step, the eagle in her eye.

'And doth the good knight barter gems ? God's truth, we'll
 do the same.'

A pleasant meaning lit the smile, that to her proud eyes came.

"She took the fairest of the gems upon her glittering hand,
 With her own fingers fasten'd it upon a silken band,

And held it to the lamp, then said, "Like this stone's spot-
less flame,
So tell your master that I hold his high and knightly fame."

Low on his bended knee, the knight received that precious
stone,
And bold and proud the spirit now that in his dark eyes shone:
"Up from your sleep, my mariners, for ere the break of day,
And even now the stars are pale, I must be miles away."—

The spray fell from the oars in showers, as in some fairy hall
They say in melting diamonds the charmed fountains fall;
And though as set the weary stars, the darker grew the night,
Yet far behind the vessel left a track of silver light.

They saw again that self-same shore which they that morn
had pass'd,
On which they'd look'd as those who know such look may be
the last:—

Then out he spoke, the helmsman old: "I marvel we should go
Just like a lady's messenger on the same path to and fro."—

"And 'tis to see a lady's face this homeward task we ply,
I wot the proudest of us all were proud to catch her eye.
A royal gift our queen hath sent, and it were sore disgrace
If that I first put on her gem and not before her face."—

On the terrace by the river side there stood a gallant band,
The very flower of knight and dame were there of English land.
The morning wind toss'd ostrich plume, and stirr'd the silken
train,
The morning light from gold and gem was mirror'd back again.

There walk'd the queen Elizabeth, you knew her from the rest
More by the royal step and eye than by the royal vest;

There flash'd, though now the step was staid, the falcon eye
 was still,
 The fiery blood of Lancaster, the haughty Tudor's will.

A lady by the balustrade, a little way apart,
 Lean'd languidly indulging in that solitude of heart
 Which is Love's empire, tenanted by visions of his own—
 Such solitude is soon disturb'd, such visions soon are flown:

Love's pleasant time is with her now, for she hath hope and
 faith,
 Which think not what the lover doth, but what the lover saith;
 Upon her hand there is a ring, within her heart a vow:—
 No voice is whispering at her side—what doth she blush for
 now?

A noble galley valiantly comes on before the wind,
 Her sails are dyed by the red sky she's leaving fast behind;
 None other mark'd the ship that swept so eagerly along;
 The lady knew the flag, and when hath lover's eye been
 wrong?

The lonely lady watch'd, meantime went on the converse gay,
 It was as if the spirits caught the freshness of the day:
 "Good omen such a morn as this," her grace of England
 said:
 "What progress down our noble Thames hath Sir John
 Perrot made?"

Then spoke Sir Walter Raleigh, with a soft and silv'ry smile,
 And an earnest gaze that seem'd to catch the queen's least look
 the while:
 "Methinks that every wind in heav'n will crowd his sails to fill,
 For goeth he not forth to do his gracious sovereign's will?"—

With that the bark came bounding up, then staid her in her flight,

And right beneath the terrace she moor'd her in their sight.
 "Now, by my troth," exclaim'd the queen, "it is our captain's bark :

What brings the loiterer back again?"—her eye and brow grew dark.

"Fair queen," replied a voice below, "I pay a vow of mine,
 And never yet was voyage delay'd by worship at a shrine."—
 He took the jewel in his hand, and bent him on his knee,
 Then flung the scarf around his neck where all the gem might see.

His white plumes swept the very deck, yet once he glanced above,

The courtesy was for the queen, the glance was for his love.
 "Now, fare thee well," then said the queen, "for thou art a true knight ;"—

But even as she spoke the ship was flitting from the sight.

Wo to the Spaniards and their gold amid the Indian seas,
 When roll'd the thunder of that deck upon the southern breeze;
 For bravely Sir John Perrot bore our flag across the main,
 And England's bells for victory rang when he came home again.

LADY EVELYN SAVILE'S THREE TRIALS;

BEING AN

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MR. S. OF CHARLCOTE-PARK.

Charlcote, May, 1827.—How well I recollect my poor mother assuring me, among her parting exhortations on my leaving her for Christchurch, that unless I exerted myself to subdue the wayward and sensitive irritability of my character, I should live to become the most miserable of human beings, and to alienate the regard of all my friends. I should not have endured such an accusation from any one but herself; but a presentiment at that very moment warned me she was in the right, and experience is beginning to confirm the lesson. Why—why can I not be satisfied with the events of life as I find them,—with the feelings I excite and see excited, without examining too curiously into their nature and origin?—Why should I care for aught beyond the surface of things in this most superficial world?—Because my spirit is endued with a tone of refinement, and my bosom nerved to a degree of morbid sensibility, which is at once the most exquisite and the most painful inheritance of nature. The thrill of ecstasy derived from the spectacle of a noble landscape,—from the attunement of a fine anthem pealing among the arches of an ancient cathedral, or the still more delicious music of a generous sentiment uttered by lips which are dear to us,—from an atmosphere laden with the fragrance of summer,—from a beautiful countenance or graceful figure,—is, after all, a poor compensation for the impatience arising from the every day monotony of life; for the disappoint-

ment of baffled affections, and the irritating doubts of an insatiable attachment.

Have I a right to be thus discontented?—Rich as I am in all those tangible gifts of Providence which limit the ambition of ordinary men, have I an excuse for murmuring?—Could I, with all my selfish indolence, have braved a life of hardship, or endured a compulsory association with the low-minded and the mercenary?—Well, well,—after all I believe I *have* some reason to congratulate myself on the possession of Charlote, with its park and forest,—its library and picture-gallery,—its conservatories and fountains; and above all, with its rent-roll, and the ancient and honourable name which renders these things my own.

And yet—fool that I am!—it was the extent of these very possessions which first moved my misgivings, and prompted my ungenerous doubts of the motives and characters of other people. My old guardian, Sir Horace Savile, even before I quitted Eton, was perpetually reminding me that a man—and still more,—a *boy*—with an estate of forty thousand a year, is predestined to the snares of designing companions; and took care that every book he placed in my hands should confirm the precept. Would to heaven he had left me to become a dupe! What would have been the sacrifice of half my fortune, compared with the jealous caution and anxiety he succeeded in instilling into my mind? Companion after companion, associate after associate, was I tempted to dismiss from my regard, under an apprehension that my horses and hounds, my equipages, and preserves, and comfortable quarters at Charlote, formed the secret inducement of their predilection for my society; and boyhood which, with all its guileless impulses and ready adoption of the pleasures and follies of the hour, is usually a season of so much spontaneous enjoyment, was to me etn-hittered by a premature mistrust of myself and those by

whom I was surrounded, such as pertains of right to the callous epoch of middle age.

But, alas! what were these sacrifices,—what was my reserve towards my fox-hunting companions and Oxford friends,—compared with the vexatious alarms I was soon to derive from the still more wary admonitions of my poor mother? Little did she suspect, when I parted from her at Charlcote to pass my first season in town a few months previous to her own decease, how fatally her counsels were calculated to embitter my future destiny; while *she* thought only of unveiling to my knowledge the artifices of her sex, and warning me against the sordid ambition actuating the conduct of half the women in the world—or rather of the world! Experience would have taught me such wisdom soon enough; and in a manner which, while it disgusted me with the sordid egotism of a single object, might have left me free to hope that there still existed pure and gentle hearts to be wooed,—frank and honourable hands to be won. As it was, arriving in London with a prepossession that every mother at Almack's was on the watch to entangle the young owner of Charlcote and its thousands for some daughter or niece educated and brought out for the express purpose of forming a good establishment and strengthening the family interest, I taught myself to overlook the charms even of the loveliest face, and to despise the fascinations of some of the most high-minded women in England. I was convinced, for instance, that Lady Mary Blair, the sister of one of my chosen Oxford friends, was exerting all the arts of coquetry to make Charlcote-Park her own; when, as I afterwards discovered, she had been for many years betrothed to an absent cousin: and during a whole season I amused myself with tantalizing the expectations and exciting the hopes of pretty little Charlotte Howard by a violent flirtation, with the idea of driving her to despair by the eventual disappoint-

ment of her speculation, without once suspecting that she was using *me* as a mere screen to disguise from her family her attachment and engagement to poor Charles Rawdon, of the Guards.

It was however this very mistrust of the manœuvres to which I was exposed, that carried me to the feet of my dear Evelyn. The world was pleased to assert, with its ordinary liberality, that my addresses to Lady Rydal's daughter were prompted by the ambition of allying myself with the premier earl of the kingdom; but my real inducements, although scarcely less selfish, were of a very different nature. I knew that Evelyn, educated in all the gorgeous splendors of Castle Rydal, was unconscious of any other mode of existence than the brilliant profusion of her father's house; that her total ignorance of the world and its ways confirmed the natural disinterestedness of her character; and the very pride which might have been expected to deter me from an alliance far above my own degree, was in fact the original motive of my attachment to the young and lovely Lady Evelyn Beaufort. What were to her the caskets and settlements I had it in my power to offer?—A mansion, a thousand-fold more magnificently appointed than mine,—diamonds a thousand times more precious than those of the Savile family, had been glittering in her eyes from infancy; and I knew and felt with a most bewildering throb of triumph when first I pressed her to my bosom, that the concession was bestowed upon Edward Savile for his own and single sake,—not upon the proprietor of Charlcote. Another point, too, was strong in confirmation of the involuntary and fervent nature of Evelyn's affection. She loved me not only in spite of herself, but in spite of her parents; she, who had been from her birth the most submissive of children, ventured to brave and finally succeeded in overcoming Lady Rydal's reluctance to the match. Who—who could have withstood the tears

of Evelyn? Even her authoritative mother found them irresistible; and while the voice of society accused Lady Rydal of withholding her consent from her daughter's marriage "with a commoner," that daughter honestly confided to me that my own jealousy of temper and waywardness of character were the true source of the disapprobation of her family.

They are mistaken, I can assure these Beauforts, if they fancy that *their* opposition is likely to school me into a more gentle frame of mind.

And yet I do not think I have given poor Evelyn *much* cause to regret the consent which her persevering attachment wrung from her parents: comparing myself with the generality of husbands, I cannot fancy that I have displayed *much* perverseness of temper or inattention to her wishes. From the day I first beheld her taming down the sportive vivacity of her footsteps to the sober pace of the stately countess among the shrubberies of Rydal Castle, I registered a vow within my heart that I would render her future life an uninterrupted tissue of prosperity and joy;—that I would make her the envy of the world, and the glory of my own existence,—and I trust I have fulfilled the promise.—I ask only in return,—is it too much?—an unqualified feeling of acknowledgment that her happiness is derived from me, and me only; and a degree of tenderness which would induce her to abandon all things—home, country, parents, friends, associates—for the sake of her husband. Such is the law of God in the institution of wedlock—such should be the law of man!—But although I may congratulate myself on having attained this paramount influence over her feelings, it sometimes occurs to me that Lady Evelyn is less cheerful and unconstrained in my presence than she used to be; and that although her will is a law at Charlote, where my hourly efforts are devoted to the forestalment of her wishes, she is

occasionally tempted to regret its distance from Castle Rydal. What can she find to like in that grim, obscure old place?—What has it to offer in comparison with the modern elegance and luxurious refinement of her own abode?—Does she miss the noisy round of country hospitality in which Lord R. delights to take refuge from the nothingness of his own mind?—or is it—*can* it be—that she pines after the soothing idolatry of her doting mother?

Let me strive to recall the occasion on which I first noted an expression of sadness on her countenance.—Yes! it was on our wedding-day!—that sweetest holiday,—that brightest respite from the cares of life,—which ought to be unclouded as the luxurious sky of an eastern climate—unruffled as the glassy waves which sleep beneath. I had prepared for that morning a surprise which I expected would excite the eager delight and gratitude of my Evelyn. She had often asked me for my picture; and I, with my accustomed contrariety, had as often affected to decline the task of sitting for a portrait, although a celebrated artist was at that very moment engaged in the accomplishment of her request. Day after day I had seen her turn with indifference from the strings of pearls and sparkling gems collected by my ostentatious vanity as marriage gifts, and already I luxuriated in an anticipation of the rapture with which my last and simplest offering would be welcomed; when, half an hour previous to the ceremony which was to make her mine for ever, I sent to demand a private interview. How angrily did my heart recoil from the common-place worldliness of the reply!—“Lady Rydal’s compliments, and Lady Evelyn Beaufort was engaged with the hair-dresser.” I could have crushed the fellow who delivered the message; and was half inclined to jump into my travelling-carriage and quit Castle-Rydal for ever. I contented myself, however, with whispering to my beautiful bride when I led her into the castle

chapel, "And can you venture, Evelyn, to pronounce a solemn marriage vow in the presence of God and man, after the frivolous manner in which you have prepared yourself for so sacred an institution? Had you *really* loved me, you would have been contented to approach this altar with tresses less trimly arrayed, rather than wound the heart of your future husband by such untimely levity." Even amidst the tears which burst from her eyes, and the sighs which escaped her lips, I could distinguish the words, "Forgive me, Edward!—it was my mother!" And I *did* forgive her;—but I could not so easily pardon myself when, on seeking her to press our departure for Charlote an hour or two after the ceremony, I found her in the favourite boudoir of her beloved home,—her hair dishevelled, her crown of snow-white roses cast upon the ground, and tears streaming from her eyes. No, no!—there should not have been a tear on Evelyn's cheek upon her wedding-day; it should have been bright as the dawning of summer sunshine! And as we passed the lodge-gates of Charlote on our entrance into her new residence, I whispered, in my turn, "Forgive me, dearest,—forgive my petulance this morning!"

"I do, I do!" she faltered, taking the miniature from her bosom, as if it offered an apology for all my faults; "but remember, love, this has been *your Evelyn's first trial*."

Charlote, January, 1829.—How strange that I cannot get a single order attended to in my own house. There are bonfires enough blazing yonder on the Wrotesmore Hills to bring all the county hither with their fulsome congratulations; and yet it is full an hour since I despatched a messenger on horseback to stop the ringing of the bells in the village. I have no doubt the blockheads are fully aware of my vexation at finding my hopes frustrated, and are triumphing in an opportunity of insulting me. But thank Heaven!

though Charlcote has lost its heir, my Evelyn still lives—my poor, patient, tender, suffering Evelyn!—thank Heaven, I have yet years in store which will enable me to atone for my rash harshness towards her.

That a few short hours should have sufficed to crush the precious expectations I have so long, so vainly cherished! It is all Lady Rydal's doing. Had she not interfered with her officious parade of maternal solicitude, I should certainly have attended to Evelyn's suggestions; but I have no idea of being hectored into submission on any point of domestic arrangement, either by Lord Rydal or his consequential countess. I fancied, too, that from the first they evinced an unreasonable and groundless disinclination to my standing for the county. Was it *their* affair if I chose to expend fifteen or twenty thousand pounds on the acquirement of a distinction which has become almost hereditary in the Savile family? The interests of their daughter and her unborn child could not be materially affected by such a trifle; and in allying myself with the Beaufort family, I never covenanted to subject either my financial projects or my political principles to their authority. What, too, could be more natural than that I should desire my lovely, my sympathizing Evelyn to witness and adorn my triumph?—How worthless and importunate would have been the plaudits of the multitude, or the gratulations of cordial friends, had I not been certain that they reached *her* ear! Lady Rydal, with her old woman's tales of fatigue and agitation, and the delicacy of her daughter's constitution, only moved my impatience; and when I replied to Evelyn's own confessions of alarm, that I should consider her absence on such an occasion a proof of the decline of her affection for her husband, I spoke with a sincere conviction that their terrors originated in the mere nervous susceptibility of fine ladyism.

Still it was the duty of that accursed coachman to fore-

warn me how imperfectly broken was the new set of horses sent down for the occasion by my inconsiderate friend Lord Blair. He *must* have been aware that they were totally unfit to stand the tumult of an election riot,—the flags, and streamers, and drums, and all the other intolerable nuisances attendant on such an occasion. I own I entertained not the slightest apprehension; and although on passing the carriage on our progress to the hustings, I noticed that Lady Evelyn amid all her smiles looked deadly pale, I attributed her emotion to the over-excitement of her sympathy in my success. Great God!—shall I ever forget the tumult of my feelings, when a messenger first contrived to render himself audible to my ear through the uproar of the scene, in order to acquaint me that the Charlcote carriage had been seen dashing at full speed along the High-street, and that an accident was apprehended! It was full a quarter of an hour before the intelligence reached me; another had nearly expired before I could disentangle myself from the mob, and obtain a horse. I beheld nothing—I heard nothing till I reached the outskirts of the town; but when at length I *did* attain the private road leading towards Charlcote-Park, I distinctly saw the bank broken down by the violence with which the carriage had been dragged along by the infuriated horses. Agonized by the spectacle, I put mine to its full speed; till three miles further on I was stopped by an importunate tenant, who pointed out to me the spot where my coachman had been thrown from the box, and a neighbouring cottage where *his body* was lying.

“And the carriage—Lady Evelyn?”

“The carriage kept the road towards the hall: we have heard nothing yet of my lady.”

I galloped on—I reached the lodge—I saw the broken carriage lying against the iron gates.—Again I breathed the name of my wife.

"Her ladyship had been carried up insensible to the hall."

Never did the park I had to traverse appear so extensive to me before; but when at last I came in sight of the house, and obtained a full view of Evelyn's chamber-windows, it seemed to my impatient bosom that the least consideration for my feelings would have induced Lady Rydal, or one of the family, to exhibit some ostensible token of the state of things,—of the life or death of all that was dearest to me in existence. As if any one had leisure to think of *me* at all in such a crisis!—unless, indeed, as the perverse author of the evil which had befallen.

A single question burst from my lips, when the house-steward, with a face as pale as ashes, met me in the vestibule—*"Was she alive?"*

"Her ladyship is still living, sir; but——"

I heard no more,—the shock was too much for me;—and on recovering my consciousness I found myself seated in a hall chair beside the window, surrounded by a herd of wondering servants; and had scarcely sufficient strength to support myself up the great staircase, and crawl along the corridor leading to Evelyn's apartments. A dim light was admitted into my wife's chamber, and a low moan of pain was the first sound which struck me as I entered: but that light was sufficient to show me the touching smile which overspread her ghastly countenance on beholding me, and that mournful tone of anguish proceeded at least from the lips of my living wife. I drew nearer to her bedside, and saw that she was surrounded by strange faces; that, extended on the coverlid, beside her swollen arm which had been broken and mangled in the recent accident, lay the body of a dead infant, which she was caressing; and as I stooped over her, and mingled my tears with the damp dews that hung on her discoloured brow, she whispered, "He would have been

the image of my dear Edward—the lips, the forehead, are exactly like your own;—but I must not talk—I must not exhaust myself. Remember, dearest, this is *your Evelyn's second trial!*”

February, 1829.—Surely there never was any thing so tediously protracted as Lady Evelyn's recovery; surely so much caution and seclusion is neither customary nor necessary on such occasions. I am convinced Lady Rydal has managed the affair so as to prolong all the mischief of the case before my eyes, and afford me what she considers a useful lesson. Not an annoyance nor a mortification has she spared me;—one day exhibiting letters of condolence from an intended royal sponsor;—another, ostentatiously laying aside some of the splendid preparations for this unfortunate babe; and at all hours and seasons lamenting over its loss as if it were the first and last of her family. She says she *had* hoped to look upon a child of her darling Evelyn's previous to her own decease,—but that it is now too late; and although I can see no symptoms of disease or decay about this tiresome pragmatical old woman, I own the thoughts of possessing my dear Evelyn beyond all further reach of her mother's interference and influence would have afforded an additional joy to the birth of our child. But the triumph of proving me to have been in the wrong, and of finding her prognostications fulfilled, will doubtless suffice to recover Lady Rydal from all her imaginary ailments.

It is now six weeks since the unfortunate occurrence, and she has enjoyed the luxury of sullen resentment ever since. This is the day we had set apart for the christening of our firstborn; and it was to have been solemnized by prodigious rejoicings among the tenantry; and by the opening of two school-houses erected under Evelyn's auspices in the village. Of this latter part of the ceremony it would have

been impossible to defraud the horde of wondering wide-mouthed savages of the liberties of Charleote:—were half my family exterminated, they would still think it high treason against their rights that a few score of their ragged urchins should be compelled to rehearse their alphabets and catechisms for another half-year in the old cottages. But if Evelyn possessed a particle of that warm sensibility for which I formerly gave her credit, she would not have selfishly left me to go through this odious ceremonial alone. She must have been fully aware of the exaggrated regrets and sympathy which would be poured upon me on such an occasion, and which her presence would have sufficed to silence. I went among these blockheads to perform an act of munificence towards them positively with the air of a culprit; and all because Lady Rydal thought proper to assert that the damp air of one of the finest spring mornings that ever shone would prove too much for her daughter!—There is such a parade of sensibility and solicitude between them!—Evelyn is perpetually desponding over the declining state of her mother's health; and I am scarcely ever left for half an hour alone with Lady Rydal, that she does not take occasion to beseech I will watch carefully over my wife after her departure; and to predict that, without the most vigilant attention, Evelyn will fall a sacrifice to the consequences of this disastrous affair. Was ever any thing more absurd! One would think, as old Lord Lindsay says in "The Abbot," that "women's flesh were grown as tender as new-fallen snow."

I fancy, however, I have at last discovered a method of silencing the old raven's forebodings. Yesterday morning as Lady Evelyn was slowly approaching us through the conservatory, pausing to take breath at every step, (and had not that *exigante* Lady Rydal been sitting near me in the saloon how eagerly should I have rushed forward to tender her the

support of my arm!) Lady R. thought proper to whisper the thrice-told tale of her maternal alarms lest my wife should never wholly recover her youthful strength and spirits; hinting that there was a pulmonary affection hereditary in the Beaufort family.

"Does your ladyship really apprehend any thing of hectic symptoms?" I inquired. "In that case I shall give up my seat in the House without a moment's hesitation. Italy is our only resource; and we should lose no time in setting off, that we may avoid the inconvenience of travelling during the summer heats."

I shall never forget the shudder with which Lady Rydal recoiled from me at this unexpected announcement. "No!" she replied, in a concentrated whisper, "you could not be so inhuman;—*even* you could not be so inhuman as to separate an only child from a dying parent! My physicians have acknowledged to me, Mr. Savile, that I have not six months to live. Do not render my last moments desolate;—do not provoke on her deathbed the malediction of a bereaved mother!"

Lady Evelyn's entrance put a period to the conversation; and I trust I have also terminated Lady Rydal's groundless predictions: but I may yet find occasion to make her atone for those insolent words, "*even* you could not be so inhuman!"

July, 1829.—How delightful to date my diary once more from Charlcote;—to find myself once more in my own old familiar home; to look up to its towering oaks and massive chesnuts, and remember the day-dreams which I first learnt to cherish beneath their deep and impressive shade! *Here*, too, she is mine again!—The world cannot reach her here;—society cannot surround her with its contaminating whispers, nor that endless tribe of haughty Beauforts intrude their importunate claims on her time and regard. Here I

shall have her for my own. We shall ride, walk, read, converse in the same solitary nunn which blest the first months of our marriage. Evelyn will sing to me, listen to me, chide me, love me, with all the intensity of her early affection!—What a summer of joy and enjoyment is before me!

During the tedious season we have been passing in town how little have I seen of my wife! Lady Rydal's real or fancied indisposition has been the means of drawing her daughter incessantly from home; and whenever she could be released from her attendance on her mother, there were drawing-rooms to be attended, or family connexions to be kept up by formal hecatombs of hospitality, or some high mightiness of the tribe to be propitiated by the endurance of a stupid concert or ball. But Heaven be thanked it is over. We can now live exclusively for ourselves, or rather for each other;—we can now exist as if the world were but a name. And such should ever be the destiny of *love*. Less than all is nothing to its insatiable exactions. For my own part I recognise no gradation in its impulses between the intense and absorbing ardour of passion, and the coldest torpor of indifference. I feel myself capable of passing from the utmost bigotry of religion, the holiest inspirations of a martyr, to the darkness of atheism:—I know no medium in such things.—

An express from Castle Rydal! Is it not too irritating? Must I resign all my precious schemes of happiness in favour of the caprices of that fantastical old woman? I see how it is—they will positively drive me from England, that I may enjoy Lady Evelyn's society unmolested. Is it not written that a woman shall leave father and mother and cleave to her husband?—and must my own hearth be deserted, and my own feelings set at nought, every time Lady Rydal's finger chooses to ache?—Yes, she shall go: on this occasion, and for the last time, I will overcome my own wishes: but

I warn them that our return to Charlote shall only be the signal for Evelyn's departure for Italy.

Beauvais, September 4th.—Thank Heaven I am at last released from the house of bondage!—thank Heaven my own efforts have at length unclasped the embrace of that clinging Old Man of the Sea!—I really began to fear that I had promised myself too much in undertaking our departure; but perseverance—ay, or obstinacy, or obduracy, or whatever Lady Rydal pleases to call it—has effected my purpose. And now the Garden of Eden lies before us; and more than all the happiness and triumph I ever anticipated in the confiding union of domestic life will be mine, while I devote myself to guiding my beloved Evelyn through the noble scenery of Italy—that labyrinth teeming with the treasures of art which enraptured me even when I wandered amid its fascinations in all the uncompanionable dreariness of my earlier years:—there she will insensibly recover her health, her animation, her tenderness towards that husband who swears to devote his every thought and every moment to the task of aiding her recovery. No! she shall have no occasion to regret those endearing solitudes of Lady Rydal's which she has taught herself to prize so highly.

I can scarcely fancy we are within a day's journey of Paris. Never did I approach that city before without feeling, and observing in my companions, a degree of excitement and exhilaration such as the vicinity of no other spot, no other city, is capable of affording; and now I not only perceive that Evelyn is oppressed by the prospect of mingling in its giddy scenes, but, were it not that I have so determinately formed my plans for introducing her to all its beauties and diversions, I could myself be well content to pass on at once to the South. Perhaps it is that my spirits were over harassed by all the scenes I had to endure at Castle Rydal—all Lord R.'s remonstrances and hypocritical

allusions to the desolation which would fall on his gray hairs on the approaching loss of his wife and during the absence of his child. I scarcely ever heard persons advanced in years allude to their own "gray hairs," unless for some cajoling purpose; and as to Lady R.'s danger, I am convinced she indulges in all sorts of exaggerations for the sole purpose of proving to the world how insensible I have shown myself to her distress, and to the feelings of Lady Evelyn. But the struggle is now over!—I can hold my wife to my bosom in unwatched and unmolested affection; and her mother, deprived of all motive for further dissembling, will gradually recover, and persuade her fashionable toady of a physician to reverse the fatal decree she had bespoken for herself.

Lausanne, October.—It is very strange,—but the nearer we approach the south, the more Lady Evelyn's dechility increases. She takes no interest in the new objects which force themselves on her attention; and although, in answer to the allusions by which I strive to attract her notice and divert her from her silent reflections, she labours to appear more cheerful, and occasionally utters some constrained inquiry, it is evident that her thoughts are far away. On arriving in any new town or city, her first question is concerning the English post. I wish she would learn to dress her artificial smiles with somewhat of a less melancholy expression;—she *must* be aware that at present they convey daggers to my bosom. Such, however, is the perversity of woman's nature, even in the exercise of her best affections! It is not that she fractionsly or unnecessarily complains—let me do her justice—but that in those involuntary bursts of tenderness which once rendered our exclusive companionship so enchanting to my soul, she no longer attempts to disguise her conviction that our union is drawing to a close. Last night, on returning from a dinner party at the villa of her cousin, Lord B., which she had excused herself from attend-

ing on the plea of indisposition, I found the saloon deserted, and stole softly into Evelyn's room, believing that she had retired to rest; but I found her seated beside the window, with the curtains drawn aside and her eyes fixed in eager contemplation on the clear depths of the starry autumnal sky.

"I am trying to interpret yonder omens," she whispered, while I pressed my lips gently to her cheek. "I am trying to decipher in their mysterious aspect whether it is appointed to me to become an orphan—whether my dear mother will pass before me into the sanctuary."

"And your husband, Evelyn?" I exclaimed, interrupting her; "has he no claims on your consideration, that you indulge in this unreasonable depression?"

"Hush!" she faltered, laying her delicate hand on my lips; "this is too sacred an hour for chiding. I tell you, dearest Edward, that my doom is sealed. I feel it—I know it. Nothing is left for me but the grave—and, alas! a *foreign grave*! I shall not lie in the tomb of my fathers; I shall not rest where my beloved, and those he will in future learn to love, repose together in the dust. Alone—desolate—forgotten—the withered leaves of a strange country will come fluttering down on the turf that covers the broken heart of Evelyn."

There is something in her countenance at all seasons, but more especially when she indulges in these wild bursts of emotion, so bright beyond all human expression, so irradiated with the impulses of an immortal nature, that the harsh words of reproof I premeditate often become silenced on my lips as I gaze upon her face: yet on this occasion I ventured to reproach her with want of generosity towards me, even while she concealed her face in my bosom, with the tears of her ill-requited tenderness stealing down her cheeks.

"Trust me," she murmured between her broken sobs,

"trust me, dearest, these warnings are not spoken in bitterness. I wish but to say a few words—a *very* few words—which may linger in your memory when I shall be at rest. Edward—my own Edward!—when you shall wed again, and *that* time in spite of your incredulity will surely come, let it not be with the child of living parents—with the idol of a numerous family. Let your future wife be one who has experienced no domestic happiness such as you can suppose her capable of comparing with that you are inclined to bestow; and sometimes,—sometimes amid the transports of this new passion, think upon your poor lost Evelyn—upon her early faith, her early death—think upon her counsels, Edward, and do justice to the truth and tenderness of her love!"

My heart was too full to admit of my uttering more than a few incoherent sentences in reply; and probably they appeared harsher than I could have wished,—for I was apprehensive that by giving way to my feelings I might afford a confirmation of her presentiments.

Lausanne, 19th.—The physicians strenuously recommend that Lady Evelyn should pass the winter at Naples, while *she* is as obstinately bent on remaining here. Her connexion with the family of Lord B., whose brother has recently been appointed ambassador at Paris, ensures her a more constant communication with England than she could command elsewhere. It appears that poor Lady Rydal is about to undergo an operation of some danger; and her daughter is ill prepared to endure at such a crisis the delays and uncertainties attendant on all foreign correspondence. Yesterday, when she found that I had already set on foot the preparations for departure, she threw herself into my arms, and implored me to delay our journey towards Naples. "Do not, do not take me hence!" she exclaimed, with convulsive anguish. "Believe me I shall not much longer tax your patience. A

few days—a week—a fortnight at furthest, will bring me the intelligence of my poor mother's safety or release. Should she recover this terrible effort, trust me your Evelyn will require no southern climate to expedite her recovery: should she *perish*, do not condemn me to encounter my *third trial* among aliens and strangers. No! do not compel me to quit Lausanne." I cannot however sacrifice the precious health of my wife, perhaps her very life, to such idle presentiments. The English physicians assure me I have not a day to lose; but I will suffer her to accuse me of caprice and unkindness rather than give her the slightest reason to suspect the truth.

Domo D'Ossola.—Again, and for the thousandth time, I recognise the impotency of human wishes,—the vanity of earthly prospects. Instead of enjoying side by side with the object of my idolatry, the glorious scenery amidst which we have been loitering, I rejoice only that the Simplon is passed, and that we have proceeded thus far in safety. Standing once more upon the threshold of Italy, I begin to miss the charm with which I once found it invested; and the atmosphere positively affects me with a more baleful charm than even that of Castle Rydal. There is a feeling of oppression in the air, and a degree of languid torpor in my own frame, as if the Genius of Misfortune were wandering abroad to menace or destroy; and although I sometimes express my displeasure at Evelyn's ill-concealed despondency, I own I am beginning to acknowledge a similar influence. In a few days we shall be among the lakes which in times of old excited such pleasurable emotions in my bosom; and before I quitted Paris I promised Sommariva to pass a day or two with Evelyn at Isola Bella. If any local influence can dissolve the fatal spell enwoven round our journey, it will be the aspect of that enchanting spot.





1. 100

2. 100

3.

Isola Bella, October 26th.—Yes! here indeed we find that balminess of nature which Milton assures us is

“Able to cure all sadness but despair.”

Never did I behold a scene so exquisite, never inhale an atmosphere so musky with the fragrance of the departing summer, as that which greeted us on reaching the island this morning. Yonder mountains maintain their rugged dignity as if in contrast to the ornate and luxurious cultivation of the oasis lying at their feet:—the nearer hills,—clothed with mournful olive groves relieving the bright foliage of the chesnut, the mulberry, and the wandering vines which unite them into a bower of verdure,—are enlivened by the spires of countless villages;—while the lake reflects as on a crystal mirror the skiffs which traffic between the Toccia, the Tesino, and its beautiful shores. But who can describe the charm of our approach to *Isola Madre*—with its palm-trees extending their mysterious foliage as if to invite us towards a refuge from the fervour of the autumnal sun,—its exotics flinging up their masses of blossom from amid the fissures of the rocks into the brightness of day, and seeming to exult in the consciousness of beauty?—Drawing aside the awning of our boat, that Lady Evelyn might enjoy with me the aspect of the unruffled lake and the bright Borromean gems which seem to float upon its surface, I pointed out to her admiration the clear deep blue of the heavens, and felt satisfied that even her depression of spirit must give way to joyful emotions at such an hour in such a spot. But instead of replying to my enthusiasm, she extended her pale thin hand towards a single cloud,—a solitary dark speck on the verge of the horizon. —

“This is mere waywardness,—” I began, in an angry voice, while, with a mournful smile, she motioned me to silence.

"I love the sunshine," she faltered, "for it is for my beloved;—I welcome the cloud, for it is for Evelyn."

"Is this a scene for discontent?" I exclaimed: "think you that affliction can find its way to a seclusion so bright as this?"

"Yet even here," she replied, "must your Evelyn encounter her third trial—her last." I turned away—I would no longer listen to her peevish forebodings.—

27th.—Do I live to write it?—Yes! it is fitting that such records should not pass away.—Let me subdue the anguish of my heart till all is told,—and then—no matter!

We stood—*we*—O word of agony, which I must breathe no more!—on the marble terrace of the villa, watching the vessels as they wandered like living things upon its waves. She leant heavily on my arm—she raised her hand to my shoulder—she pointed out to me an approaching boat, apparently steered by the peasants of the country.—

"It bears my destiny!" she murmured. "I can discern Lord B.'s confidential servant seated in the stern. He promised to forward to me at this place the first letters that might arrive from England. Edward, Edward,—he would not have despatched that man, had not the news been fatal!—All is over!"—

I prayed her to be calm, but her agitation increased as the felucca approached the landing-place. For a moment she became rigid and motionless as marble in my arms,—while the steward of Lord B., stepping from the boat, placed a letter in my hands.—It was sealed with black!—In another moment I was covered with the life's blood of my Evelyn;—and that throbbing heart was at peace!

And now she is mine again—mine only and for ever!—
O what a refuge is the grave! * * * *

A PARTY OF PLEASURE UP THE RIVER TAMER.

BY THE COUNTESS OF MORLEY.

" —Proudly riding on the azure realm,
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes—
 Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm—
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That waits in grim repose his evening's prey."

GRAY.

THE clock strikes nine—nor has the sun,
 Since from the east his course begun,
 Deign'd once to show his face;
 Low on the hills the mist descends,
 A certain sign which rain portends
 Ere he has run his race.

Fie, Phœbus, fie! on such a day,
 Thus spiteful, to withhold thy ray
 Seems at the best suspicious;
 But if that frown betrays intent
 In thee t' oppose the government,
 'Tis surely most flagitious.

That thou, the sky's great potentate,
 Shouldst scowl on ministers of state*,
 Appears such strange behaviour!
 One would have thought the brightest beam
 That from thy summer's smile could gleam
 Had shone to show them favour.

* A Secretary of State was one of the party.—Ed.

That morning many a lovely eye,
Bright as thyself, beheld the sky
 With doubt and trepidation;
And many a gay and gallant spark
Contemplated the horizon dark
 With undisguised vexation.

But souls like ours, of courage high,
Will triumph, though prosperity
 Seems threat'ning to desert us.
Let black'ning clouds the skies deform,
Dauntless, we have the gathering storm,
 "In arduis viget virtus."

See then the gallant bark nnmoor'd:
Graceful the ladies step on board;
 (What lovely themes for sonnets!)
Those airy forms and beaming faces
Have quite the ton of Nymphs and Graces
 Disguised in cloaks and bonnets.

Proud Egypt's queen might boast of old
Her royal galley deck'd with gold—
 We venture not to blame her,
Though we suspect her far-famed crew
Had dowdies been, compared to you,
 Ye ladies of the Tamer.

Flow on, fair stream! thy rapid tide
Swiftly the painted bark will guide
 Along thy sinuous way,
To where high banks of tufted wood,
And tow'ring crags o'ershade the flood
 From the broad glare of day.

That day, alas! such shade was vain,
 As umbrellas from the rain
 Was all the shelter needed;
 For still the pelting torrent pours,
 And Tamer's wild and woody shores
 Were pass'd in fogs unheeded.

Council was held, and all agreed
 'Twould show more spirit to proceed
 Till we had reach'd Pentilly,
 Than dastardly to turn the boat;
 As going back, when once afloat,
 Would seem so very silly.

Ply then your oars, ye gallant crew!
 For see,—Pentilly full in view,
 Rising from yon dark wood,
 Majestic from the mountain's brow,
 Frowns on her battlements below,
 Reflected in the flood.

Steer for yon little shelter'd glade,
 Where underneath the mountain's shade
 That lonely cottage stands;
 Some light repast of milk and fruits,
 Such as that lowly dwelling suits,
 Our famish'd state demands.

But, lo! beneath the humble shed,
 Surprised we find a banquet spread
 Of dainties quite patrician:
 The *Baron* there of beef the prime,
 And stately *Sir Loin* tower'd sublime,—
 But where was the magician?

No magic power was here exerted,
Or nature from her course diverted :
 A tourist from the east
Had saunter'd out to take an airing,
Just whilst his servants were preparing
 For *him* this tempting feast.

Fain would I here a fact conceal
Which truth compels me to reveal,
 To this conclusion leading :—
That e'en amidst the most polite
There's no controlling appetite—
 Hunger devours good breeding.

Dishes so savoury and alluring
Increased our hunger past enduring,
 Till, to refrain unable,
We all at once, like hungry hawks,
Pounced on the meal of Mr. Fawkes,
 And quickly clear'd the table.

Scarcely had we finish'd, when on high
The sun in cloudless majesty
 Shone forth on saint and sinner :
It really seem'd as if, in spite,
He only shone to bring to light
 That dark and guilty dinner.

And conscience-stricken off we flew,
To gain the boat ere yet in view
 The injured Fawkes appear'd ;
And quickly as the dashing oars
Bore us from those unhallow'd shores,
 Straight for Cotele we steer'd.

The clouds in airy tumult fly,
And opening show a dappled sky—
 (An omen inauspicious) ;
And that bright sun-beam on the flood,
Which gilds the water, rocks, and wood,
 Is treacherous—not propitious.

Onward we go—the rapid tide
Lashes the vessel's painted side,
 And bubbles round the keel ;
Whilst lovelier still the landscape grows,
Through which the mazy river flows,
 Which leads us to Cotele.

We land—and up the steep we climb,
To gain that ancient pile, where time
 Vainly asserts his rights ;
We view those gloomy-vaulted halls,
The winding stairs, the tapestried walls,
 Fit haunt for ghosts and sprites.

In such a scene, 'tis not surprising
Our thoughts should turn to moralizing
 On fleeting earthly pleasure—
On human vanity and pride ;
Though for such thoughts the ebbing tide
 Left us but little leisure.

As on our voyage homeward bent,
Some ominous presentiment
 Seem'd to oppress the party ;
Flatter and flatter grew the jest,
Fainter the laugh, and lost the zest
 For punning and ecarté.

The hollow wind, midst rushes sighing,
Brushing the wave, the sea-mew flying—
 All shook our resolution ;
For, thinking on that stolen repast,
We fear'd, whilst listening to the blast,
 The hour of retribution.

More loud and dread the storm approaches,
And gloomy twilight fast encroaches
 On the fair light of day ;
Anxious we spread the fluttering sail,
But court in vain the changeful gale
 To speed us on our way.

That fatal dinner ill-digested,
With direful qualms the fair molested,
 Who, pale, despairing, lost,
Stretch'd on the deck await their doom,
Like roses, in their op'ning bloom,
 Nipt by untimely frost.

Awful to hear the wild wind raging,
And with the waves' dread warfare waging,
 As darker grows the night ;
The blackening clouds in torrents pouring—
When, lo ! to cheer a scene so lowering,
 Behold a distant light.

The ladies from their lowly beds
Like drooping lilies raised their heads
 To hail that beam of hope ;
So, when he first emits his ray,
Turns fondly to the lord of day
 His cherish'd Heliotrope.

That scene so dismal, dark, and dreary—
Ourselves so frighten'd, wet, and weary,
Seems now a troubled dream;
Hope smiles where lately frown'd despair,
And joy assumes the place of fear,
All by that magic gleam.

And nearer as the beacon blazes
Eager the weary seaman gazes,
And briskly plies his oar;
Whilst we, despising dangers past,
Scorning the billows and the blast,
Triumphant reach the shore.

But who shall paint the joyous faces,
The greetings, chidings, smiles, embraces,
Which our return awaited!
The eager looks, the exclamations
Of anxious friends and dear relations
At all we then narrated.—

MORAL.

Learn hence, ye fair, on pleasure bent,
When guilt allures, that punishment
Treads closely on his heel:
Not all that tempts the greedy eyes
Or hungry stomach 's lawful prize—
'Tis better starve than steal.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LORD BYRON.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

DIFFICULT as it often is to trace human actions to their real motives, it has been deemed safer to estimate the characters of individuals by their conduct than by their professions. With regard to the active part of mankind this mode, if not infallible, is at least commonly successful; and if our decision be formed from the solid testimony of general behaviour, and not from a partial attention to some isolated action, we shall rarely find the sentence at variance with truth and equity.

The lives, however, of poets, philosophers, and men of letters, frequently involve so little incident and so much promulgation of sentiment, that it becomes unavoidably necessary to elicit their character from the latter; provided it be not contravened by an obvious inconsistency with the former. Where writings are didactic they must be supposed to speak the opinions of the writer, and whether they proceed in form of lecture immediately from himself, or are made to issue through the mouth of a fictitious personage, the responsibility of the author is pledged to their moral tendency. Philosophy, true as well as false, doubtful of what reception she might meet, has often shrouded herself in the veil of allegory, and claimed an exemption from any censure while she assured herself of any praise resulting from the doctrines she thus promulgated. But this delusion is easily detected, and the author who aspires to immortality should reflect that when the trivial events of his life shall

have faded from the memory of time, the record of his sentiments may still exist, may still be a subject of discussion, and bear the approving or condemning witness which at the bar of posterity will decide its fame or infamy.

Poets indulging in greater latitude than professed lecturers, do not conceive themselves amenable to the same laws; yet poetry is no ineligible mode of conveying the precepts of wisdom, and many religious and metaphysical writers have adopted its language as most fascinating and impressive. Among the latter class Lord Byron stands pre-eminent. No poet ever blended his own moral tenets so intimately with his writings; no poet ever identified himself so perfectly with the heroes of his tales. Other bards invent new characters—Byron gives his own as the greatest novelty. Other bards have looked abroad, and with the ingenuity of the Rhodian artist, by a concentration of various excellencies or various vices, have created a consistency, which, whether it is of vice or of wickedness, never existed in nature. Byron has searched but his own heart, and has found “that within” which at once pleases and astonishes—dazzles and terrifies the beholder. To the forms which his imagination bodied forth, his poetry has not only given a “local habitation and a name,” but his life has given an illustration. To the wild dreams of his youthful fancy—beautiful in their very wildness, and splendid in their most eccentric aberration—he first conformed himself, and

Then with a master's hand and poet's fire
Touch'd the deep sorrows of his lyre.

to give his portraits to the public. The writer of numerous epics, he is one of the few who have contrived to please with little variety. He knew human nature well; he knew that the development of the workings of one powerful mind must be interesting, and with good reason be preferred the

exposure of his own. Childe Harold is acknowledged to be himself—Conrad, Lara, the Giaour, and even Selim, are an exhibition of the same mind, wrought upon by various circumstances, and differing only in that proportion in which every character differs occasionally from itself; for it is art and not nature, as we before intimated, that describes man as uniformly and immutably consistent.

The countenance of Lord Byron, whether beaming with the intelligent earnestness of conversation, or "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"—whether eloquent of the changes of love, or partially concealing under—

"The lip's least curl, the slightest paleness throws
Across the govern'd aspect"—

the operation of darker passions was still, what every reader will attach to the Corsair, the feudal chief and the renegade of his story. The confession of the first—

"My God I left in youth—he leaves me now,
And man but works his will to lay me low;
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
Wrung from the cowering-crouching of despair;—
It is enough—I breathe and I can bear!"

will be too readily recognized as the ruling principle of his lordship's conduct.

If the Corsair is represented as well instructed in the art of compelling the admiration of the vulgar,

"For well did Conrad know to awe the crowd
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud,"

who can deny to his original the same attribute? If, notwithstanding his general haughtiness of demeanour, a few words from the Pirate,

"When echo'd to the heart as from his own,
In deep but tender melody of tone,"





MYRON'S DREAM.

London: Published for the Proprietor by H. Colburn, 25, Abchurch Lane, 1844.



were sufficient to conciliate the enemies whom his pride had irritated, who can fail to perceive in this another characteristic of his prototype? In the Youth of the green and gentle hill, in the Boy of the antique Oratory, in the Wanderer in the wilds of fiery climes,

"Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them;"—

who but recognizes successive portraits of their gifted author?

Indeed to point out the many traits which apply especially to Lord Byron and the heroes of his poems, would be to adduce every passage which describes their character or speaks their sentiments. To each he has given the same high but erring intellect which distinguishes himself; to each he has allotted misfortunes which could have happened only to the lordliness of vice; and to each he has attached the strange compound of dignity and meanness—the aspiration of the eagle and the crawling of the worm;—which invariably attest the fellowship of genius and infidelity.

That this identity should not be destroyed, we must vindicate Lord Byron from the charge of inconstancy in affection, though at the risk of involving him in deeper guilt.

Of Conrad's passion he affirms—

"Yes, it was free—unchangeable, unchanged—
Felt but for one, from whom he never ranged."

The Giaour declares that in this respect he differs from the eagle:—

"'Tis true, I am like that bird of prey
With havoc I have mark'd my way;
But this was taught me by the dove—
To die!—and know no second love."

And Byron in his assumed character of Childe Harold—

" Had sued to many, though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his."

But we dare not venture further into this melancholy history, though he himself has wilfully removed the veil from that vice and misery of which perhaps an early affection, misplaced or unrequited, has been the primary cause.

We return to his works:—

Possessed in an eminent degree of all the faculties and attainments which constitute a poet;—gifted with a fancy fervent, fertile, and incessantly busy in prompting, comparing and combining original ideas; with a memory accurately retentive and deeply fraught with a richness and variety of literature; with a taste for selecting, with peculiar felicity, the most appropriate records of observation and remembrance; with an opulence of language which readily conveys to his reader the warm and vivid impressions of the poet's mind, Lord Byron has obtained and well merited the title of the brightest genius of his day. It remains therefore to inquire, whether with these qualifications to enrich the literature and adorn the morals of his country, he has fulfilled the end for which they were bestowed. Has he consecrated his intellectual endowments by engaging them on the side of truth? Has he put forth the arm of genius to uphold the sacred ark of morality and religion?—or has he approached it only to profane its sanctuary and corrupt its worshippers? I fear the perusal of his lordship's works, and the effect of those works on the multitude of his admirers—for never was poet more the idol of popular idolatry—will give but an unsatisfactory answer to these queries.

" Ah, me! the laurel wreath which murder wears,
Blood-stain'd and water'd with a nation's tears,
Seems not so foul, so blasted, and so dread,
As waves the night shade o'er the sceptic's head."

Byron may indeed wear the bays, but it is the deciduous laurel of a chartered libertine, who, in the pride and perversion of genius, tramples on the flowers of virtue in order to produce a momentary fragrance grateful to their destroyer only as precursive of their decay. It is true that his exhibitions of the passions are terribly just, and that his illustrations of virtue are sometimes beautiful, but instances of the latter are rare; their selection is difficult, and their better effects are rendered abortive by some concomitant description of brilliant error. We must not forget that Lord Byron writes not only to the firm and fervent Christian, the well-judging and well-practised philosopher, but to the whole of his countrymen, in all their diversity of knowledge, taste, and character; and that, as youth is perhaps the most poetical period of existence, his most determined readers will be found in a thoughtless multitude, whose giddiness, gaiety, and inexperience, unfitting them for solid judgment, conspire to make them but too susceptible of his general impressions. It is true he shows the indulgence of evil passions to be productive of misery, but under his colouring, passion appears so splendid, and misery so dignified, that ambition pants for the painful pre-eminence. Thus the Giaour, in the extremity of his sufferings, expresses no remorse for his crimes, but only sorrow for his guilty pleasures—pleasures, the remembrance of which are at once his tormentors and his comforters, and which,—while they leave the mind in doubt whether torture or consolation predominates in their result,—certainly tend to seduce the enthusiast to their commission, by the vivid beauty in which their enjoyment is painted, and by the hope of negative blessedness in that eternal rest, which the poet presumes to be alike the fate of voluptuous vice and continent virtue.

"I would not, if I could, be blest;
I seek no Paradise but rest."

Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil,
 And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was and would be still.
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem,
 My memory now is but the tomb
 Of joys long dead, my hope *their* doom."

For parallel passages we need only look to the Epitaph on his dog; his description of sleep in the first canto of *Lara*; the meditations on a skull in the second canto of *Childe Harold*, and to the tenor of all his works.

In this review of Lord Byron's poetry we have been less anxious to point out its beauties than to guard the reader against its immoral tendency. These beauties are indeed thickly strewn over all he has written, and are too manifold and too conspicuous to escape the attention of those who have the slightest pretensions to poetical taste. If to be strongly imbued with that sensibility which makes

"All nature beauty to the eye
 And music to the ear;"

if to possess in an almost incomparable degree the faculty of communicating the same sensations to others; if to combine the most intimate acquaintance with the human heart, with the most fervent apprehension of natural and material beauty, can entitle an author to the palm of poetry, the claim of Byron is indisputable. Whether we accompany him through the city or the forest, whether we tread with him the various haunts of associated man, or retire with him to his Alpine solitudes, we shall feel the mastery of his superior spirit, and be loth to part with a fellow-traveller so wayward but so gifted. From his soul, dark and sullen as it is, and brooding over his imagined wrongs, there flashes every minute a meteor, rendered more brilliant by the darkness whence it emanated, and there are times, though these rarely occur, when all the clouds seem to break away from his

mind, and exhibit it in all the warmth and sunshine of his commanding genius. Among the happy efforts of his purer muse, we may remember the dedication of his principal poem to Ianthe, than which I doubt whether any thing in the English language can be produced more delicately beautiful. As an example of correct taste, and of a combination of the natural and sentimental sublime, we would bring forward his definition of solitude, his admirable distinction between the solitude of the heart, which may be felt every where, and the retirement of the mind for the purposes of improvement and contemplation. The well-known simile of modern Greece to a body newly dead; of incontinent beauty to a wounded butterfly; of a guilty mind to a scorpion encompassed by fire, and many other passages in some of his poems, are as excellent in morality as they are perfect in composition. These are instances of the pathetic and the sublime which would not fail to do the highest honour to the poet, the scholar, the philanthropist, and the Christian. In conclusion, I would offer for Lord Byron's faults the apology he himself proposed for the aberrations of a kindred spirit.

"But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of falling genius gives a base delight,
Men, who exult when minds of heavenly tone,
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause.—Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd *vice* might be but *use*.
Hard is his fate, on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise,
Repose denies its requiem to his name,
And fully loves the martyrdom of fame."

THE SAVOYARD.

BY THE HONORABLE HENRY LIDDELL.

A LONE and friendless Savoyard, far from my native home,
 With my mandolin and marmozet about the town I roam;
 And though my voice may raise the song, my bosom heaves
 the sigh,
 And though my lips may seem to smile the tear-drop fills my eye.

I think on Savoy's sunny skies, on Savoy's sounding floods,
 Her lakes and icy mountains, on her vines and olive woods;
 Where first I struck my mandolin, and sung with childish glee,
 Ah! wo betide that minstrel art, it brought hut wo to me.

As late I sat me down upon the stranger's threshold stone,
 A gentle voice above me said, "Rest, rest, poor wearied one."
 And a female form appear'd, with an angel's face divine,
 Who gave me alms, and strove to cheer my heart with bread
 and wine.

And as I drank again she spoke, in my own Italian tongue,
 And soft and sweet upon mine ear her gentle accents rung;
 By Mary and the saints be that lovely stranger blest,
 When I am gone, where soon I go, to everlasting rest!

For bitter blows the winter wind, and chilly falls the sleet,
 As I falter with my mandolin along the icy street;
 And my shivering little marmozet within my bosom's fold,
 Will creep for warmth in vain, for ah! my very heart is cold!

My heart is cold, but fast and high my burning temples throb,
Nor can my struggling bosom now repress the frequent sob;
Through my thin and feeble hands the languid veins I trace,
While hot and bright the hectic flush lights up my fever'd face.

And ever in my slumbers, a voice you cannot hear,
My mother's voice addresses me in whispers soft and clear;
And a vision of the sunny hills, and vineyards of Savoy,
Comes to bless the dreaming spirit of the lonely minstrel boy.

STANZAS.

BY LORD MORFETH.

Who has not felt, 'mid azure skies,
At glowing noon, or golden even,
A soft and mellow sadness rise,
And tinge with earth the hues of heaven?

That shadowing consciousness will steal
O'er every scene of fond desire,
Linger in laughter's gayest peal,
And close each cadence of the lyre.

In the most radiant landscape's round,
Lurk the dim haunts of crime and care;
Man's toil must plough the teeming ground,
His sigh must load the perfum'd air.

O for the suns that never part,
The fields with hues unfading dress'd,
Th' unfaltering strain, th' unclouded heart,
The joy, the triumph, and the rest.

THE BRIDEMAID.

A SKETCH.

BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

HAPPY are those who can in solitude gaze on the lengthening shadows of a still summer evening, with the calm consciousness that their own feelings are in harmony with the soothing influence of the scene. There is no surer test by which to probe our inward state of mind, than to analyse the nature of the reflections which such a situation causes to rise unbidden on the surface of our thoughts.

If all is well within, it produces but a tranquil glow of gratitude for the mere fact of existence. If, on the other hand, the feelings have ever been deeply lacerated, though the distractions of society may have served elsewhere to deceive as to the extent of the cure, all is here of no avail. However the actual cause of our sufferings may have been chastened by reasoning, or softened by time, a craving sense of indefinite despondency will appear to gather strength even from this most serenely beautiful aspect of nature.

It was, however, with no such feelings of despondency that Louisa Barford, on a cloudless evening towards the end of June, watched the sun gradually sinking in that western horizon, which there rose to meet it in the far distant forms of the Welsh mountains. Yet Louisa had indulged in half-formed hopes which had not been realised, and that very bower, at the farther extremity of her father's park from which she then was gazing, had been the scene of their first excitement. These hopes, vague in their nature, had been suspended, not destroyed; and at nineteen it requires more

than the mere negative absence of confirmation to reduce lingering expectation into settled disappointment. Her eyes rested on the deepening shades of the tranquil landscape before her; the air impregnated with that sweetest of perfumes, "the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay;" when the unmarked sound of the distant murmuring stream of running water was broken in upon by the measured pounding trot of the regular stable-drudge, which performed its daily duty of fetching the post-letters from the neighbouring town. Louisa ran to meet the messenger, and received, amongst many business-like looking epistles for her father, one which was evidently addressed to Miss Barford, though the rest of the direction, post-town and all, did great credit to the deciphering powers of the sorters at the post-office. In one corner of the cover there was a little ill-disciplined corps of scrambling perpendicular scratches, with two thick horizontal lines drilled through them, which was meant to represent the signature of Lord Wessex, and to show that it had been franked by the young marquis of that title. The contents were from Louisa's cousin, the Lady Honoria Pentland, and if within she had any difficulty in making out what was meant, it was not from any such graphic defect—for Lady Honoria wrote a most legible hand—but arose rather from a certain confusion of ideas which occasionally prevailed in her giddy ladyship's head. The letter began,

"MY DEAR LOUISA,

"It has at length happened just when I expected it: mama thought he ought at the breakfast last week, but that was nonsense, for it rained and we were all jammed together in the conservatory, and he could only speak to me across the two antediluvian Miss O'Gresseses, who, linked arm-in-arm, formed a *cordon sanitaire* between us; besides, my hair was quite out of curl, and I have no doubt I looked deplorable, and the corner of the buffet was a very good occa-

sion, particularly as Lady D., who said he never would, was standing just opposite, could not help guessing what was going on, and opening her eyes instead of her mouth, dropped half her strawberry-ice on her white *gros de Naples*. You may imagine how happy we both are, though Wessex says my *futur* is the worst joy-taker he ever saw. However we are soon to get over that part of the story; for I have been about the *trousseau*, and she has promised them in three weeks. Now, dearest Louisa, what I have to ask of you as the greatest favour, is, that you would be my bridemaids. I really will take no denial, and you see you have no time to lose in coming up. My mother will be delighted to see you, and I shall have great pleasure in presenting you to him.

“ Ever yours,

“ HONORIA PENTLAND.”

There was one very extraordinary omission in this singularly confused epistle, which will doubtless have struck the reader, as it did Louisa, when she received the original. The name of the bridegroom was never mentioned, and she was thus left in ignorance of what is generally the pith of such communications; but Honoria had been so much occupied with the progress of her own flirtation, which had also in no small degree occupied that world of London, in which alone she moved, that she never could have imagined the ignorance on the subject in which Louisa's utter seclusion had left her. She therefore accidentally he'd and him'd her *futur* through the whole letter, without conveying any information on the subject beyond the negative inference that Lord Wessex was not the man; and though “she” of the *trousseau* might easily be identified with Maradin *sub audita*, there was no clue by which to guess at the “he” who was to perform at least as important a part in the ceremony to which she was invited. On looking again at the envelope she per-

ceived that the date had been altered from "twenty-one" to "twenty-nine," under guard of the W., or flank company of the hieroglyphical corps which stood for *Wessex*. By this she guessed that her careless cousin had neglected to forward the communication when finished, and that she had by that means lost more than a week of the interval before the time fixed for the marriage, which she would have liked to have used in obtaining further particulars before she positively accepted the invitation to London.

However, upon mentioning the subject to her father, who was a confirmed invalid, and who regretted the confinement thus entailed upon him, principally upon his daughter's account, he urged her so strongly to avail herself of such an opportunity of visiting London, under the protection of his sister, who was Honoria's mother, that she could no longer hesitate, particularly when he added the probability that she would be able to return in company with her only brother, who had been two years absent on the continent, and was expected back every week. Louisa thought this return rather *malapropos*, knowing as she did what had escaped her father's observation, that there had formerly been a strong flirtation between her brother and his cousin Honoria Pentland. But Louisa was the less surprised, thus abruptly, and without any allusion to the past, to find him superseded in her affections, that she had always thought Honoria's was not a character in which attachment was likely to stand the test of absence, particularly when unsustained by any adventitious support in the nature of an engagement. She endeavoured, too, to excuse her cousin on the score of the length of time that had since intervened, but here she found her own feelings unfortunately indisposed to admit the sufficiency of such a defence. Could six months more, make so complete a change in her? Two years and a half had elapsed since her brother's departure, and within six months after that, an event had

happened in her otherwise uniform life, leaving an impression on which time had as yet failed to exercise any of that power on which she founded her cousin's justification.

It sounds an unsentimental opening to such an adventure, but late in the season of 1827, the ——shire hounds had an extraordinary run—a most extraordinary run—for they actually skirted the whole of Mr. Barford's property, which was quite out of their usual line of country. Most of the numerous and brilliant field were but just seen and gone again, accustomed to "come like shadows, so depart;" the only impression they left was the unfavourable one of their horses' feet in the farmers' spring corn; but one, unmissed, remained behind, the young Sir Frederick Fitzallen, the handsomest man, the best rider, and the pleasantest companion in the hunt. In attempting, on a tired horse, to clear Mr. Barford's hitherto inviolate park-paling, he pitched upon his head, and having received amongst other injuries a concussion of the brain, it was many weeks before he could be removed from Barford Hall, to which he had been immediately conveyed, and where he was tended with the greatest care. And when at last he could have been removed, many, many more weeks elapsed before he thought so. To one who, however young and unsuspecting, could not entirely conceal from himself that he had hitherto lived in a world of hollow professions, there was something peculiarly engaging in finding himself the exclusive object of the artless attentions of so attractive a person as Louisa Barford. And on her side, inexperienced as she was, Sir Frederick was likely under any circumstances to have made a favourable impression; but the probable danger of such an impression was much increased when the person, whose precarious state had first rendered him interesting, became in the progress of recovery every day more captivating by the gradual restoration of his powers both of body and of mind. Sir

Frederick had always a great facility in adapting himself to the society in which he was; and soon became almost as great a favourite with Mr. Barford as with his daughter. Thus doubly secure of a continued welcome, he lingered on long after the evening breezes of the early summer, in the bower mentioned above, had contributed to revive that appearance of health which his protracted confinement had injured. At length, however, the college friend who was to be his companion to the Continent became impatient, and he departed, verbally, professedly, no more than a grateful and attached friend.

Such might more and more become the character in which he considered himself whenever the recollection of Barford Hall crossed his mind in the midst of the ever-varying objects of his hurried tour. But such, unfortunately for her peace of mind, was not the character in which Louisa selected for her solitary rambles those spots they had most frequented together; and though she never thoroughly analysed her feelings, she could not but look forward to the temporary change effected by this journey to London, as if it might produce a fortunate relief to the state of vague expectation in which she had so long lived. She answered her cousin's letter, accepting the invitation and requesting to hear more particulars, but she only received three hurried words in reply, mentioning the day on which the ceremony was to take place. It was on the eve of that day that Louisa arrived in town, as ignorant as ever as to the connexion her cousin was about to form, when, upon entering her dressing-room, even with the first embrace, she naturally repeated her question of who the bridegroom was: she was utterly unprepared for the stunning shock of that reply, which conveyed the name of Sir Frederick Fitzallen. Fortunately the premature dusk which prevailed in the draped boudoir prevented the effect of the communication from being ob-

servable, even if her cousin had not been too much occupied with the various paraphernalia which were scattered about to give more than a momentary and divided attention to her guest. The fatigue of the journey, too, afforded Louisa a natural excuse against joining the family party down stairs, for which she felt utterly unequal. No one who has not been first rendered aware of the intense and exclusive nature of an all-absorbing passion at that very moment which extinguishes hope, can form any idea of the overwhelming nature of Louisa's sensations when first left alone; there was, though, in the suddenness of the shock, that which gave a preternatural tension to her feelings, and furnished her with the necessary resolution to go through the subordinate part in the ceremony of to-morrow which she had arrived to perform.

Who can attempt to describe the manifold incongruous contradictions of a London fashionable wedding? The great and gay collected at—to them a most unusual resort; the late and lazy roused at—to them a most unseasonable hour; the narrowest back lane thronged with the most brilliant equipages; the small tiring room of cassocks and of surplices crowded with the newest fashions and the most *soignées* toilettes; relations, distant in every sense of the word, collected together the first time perhaps for years. The various grades, in which these assembled on the happy occasion, are “a little more than kin and less than kind,” from the most indifferent, who only growl over the rest that has been broken, or the rheumatism which may be increased, to the loud and eager congratulations in which are dressed the slighted charms of elder sisters—the blighted hopes of younger brothers.

On this occasion the connexions on both sides were numerous, and the *cortège*, which at length was formed in the segment of a circle, round the altar (peculiarly hymeneal)

of St. George's, Hanover-square, consisted of the *élite* of London. The ceremony was as imposing as to such a congregation lawn sleeves and a loud voice could make it, but it was also discreetly curtailed, and before those, whose attention had not been intently fixed upon it, expected, it came to a conclusion; and in the midst of the low buzz of felicitation which succeeded, the bridegroom turned to give his hand in succession to the attendant bridesmaids, and then first discovered that the figure which had knelt still and apparently emotionless behind him was Louisa Barford. No tear trembled in her eye; no nervous tremor quivered on her lips; but when she firmly stretched forth her hand to meet his, there was that peculiar icy death-like coldness in the touch, marking that the chill is of the heart, which made him shudder beneath it, and long did he remember the tacit involuntary reproach of that momentary touch with a force which no verbal remonstrance could have left behind.

Upon the return of the wedding party after the ceremony, Louisa anxiously sought to conceal, in the privacy of her own apartment, the agitating effects of the inward struggle which, as long as necessity required, she had sustained with success. The apartment in her aunt's house to which she had been removed upon the present vacancy, she found was that which had hitherto belonged to the bride, and there were still scattered about it some of the traces of its late occupant. The event she had just witnessed had, in Louisa's case, been so sudden and utter an overthrow of all her long cherished hopes, that it appeared beyond the power of local association to add a pang to her sense of bereavement. But one trifling circumstance, in the position of an apparently unmeaning object, disturbed that composure she had hitherto succeeded in maintaining, and the tears trickled down her cheeks as she gazed on a withered rose-bud, which had been carelessly dropped on the marble slab by the door. In the course of

that constructive flirtation she had for months maintained with Sir Frederick, the successive flowers of spring and early summer had been efficient agents in pointing their meaning—at least so in her simplicity she then thought—and that indifferent acts to indifferent people had in their case a peculiar sense. “And this rose-bud,” thought she, “his last gift to her before all things were to them as now in common, was no doubt as thanklessly accepted as evidently it was heedlessly thrown aside the moment she re-entered her apartment. But why should Honoria attach any value to such a trifle? she who had so many more substantial proofs of his regard. By me it would have been cherished, because it was on such vague inferences, so derived, that alone I lived.” This led her to considerations the most dangerous to her tranquillity; she still would not question the extent of Fitzallen’s attachment to Honoria, that the sacred engagement he had just sought and ratified seemed to place beyond a doubt; but she could not, though distrusting her own opinion on such a subject, help a lurking suspicion that Honoria was not worthy of him. She had known her cousin long and thoroughly, particularly in those years when the character is gradually but irrevocably formed. Nor was she mistaken; Honoria Pentland was entirely without guile, but nature, which had gifted her with all external advantages—the brightest eyes and every grace of manner—had denied her a heart; her every action bore the stamp of self: though hers was a selfishness of the most supportable sort, for it took the line of seeking to please others as the means of extorting universal admiration. This power she had unsparingly exercised through one whole season upon all who successively came within her sphere. It is true that, being naturally of a delicate constitution, though a fine commanding form, the first bloom of freshness had somewhat suffered in the protracted campaign; but a

quiet autumn and winter had done wonders for her when Sir Frederick Fitzallen, who had only just returned to England, first saw her that spring. He was a new man, and universally *répandu*; but what principally gave zest to her desire to captivate him was, that he appeared at first pointedly indifferent to her. It is impossible ever to speculate accurately beforehand upon the fortuitous chances which so often influence connexions for life, yet in Honoria's case enough has been said to render the result probable as far as she was concerned.

But how can one account for Fitzallen's conduct? He had left England sincerely attached to Louisa Barford; through all the distractions of which his absence had seen the varied commencements and terminations, he had retained an undiminished sense of her merits. How, then, can one account for his having so readily fallen the victim of Honoria Pentland? I fear I can give no more plausible reason than that he had steadily determined not to do so—a resolution which, when the parties are a susceptible young man of one-and-twenty and a beautiful girl of nineteen, is very apt to tend to produce that very effect it proposes to avoid.

But there was another actuating cause—though no man in the world would more indignantly have spurned the idea of marrying for money than Frederick Fitzallen—yet his fortune was by no means on a par with his other advantages. This was peculiarly felt by his mother, Lady Fitzallen, whose consequently limited jointure had induced her to live for some years in the south of France, from which she had just returned with her son. Lady Honoria Pentland, on the other hand, was one of the greatest heiresses of her rank in England. Her family was unfortunately subject to an insidious complaint, which having untimely destroyed two brothers and a sister, left her the only living representative of the title and fortunes of Pentland. Now Lady Fitzallen

was aware that this, if baldly stated as an inducement to her son, might, in his wavering state, only repel by wounding his delicacy ; she therefore, skilfully enough, merely used it as fortunately affording the most satisfactory proof of her disinterested attachment to him ; that eagerly sought as she was on this account by many his superiors in worldly station, her preference for him was so evident. And certainly it did appear evident, for piqued as she was in the outset by his indifference, she perhaps assumed more than she really felt. By these means he got gradually and almost imperceptibly entangled to that point at which to escape or incur an irrevocable engagement, depends almost entirely upon the occurrence or avoidance of dangerous opportunities. Yet even during the eventful scene at the huffet, described by Honoria to her cousin Louisa, the recollection of that bower in which the account was read by her to whom it was addressed, would confusedly obtrude itself, and the words had passed his lips before he clearly estimated their binding import.

Sir Frederiek and his bride did not remain long absent—the period of honeymooning, as of mourning, having been much abridged in modern days ; but the time, such as it was, seemed to have been sufficient to have enlightened them both as to their fitness to depend exclusively upon each other for society. Sir Frederick resumed his parliamentary duties, in which, since his return from abroad, he had much distinguished himself ; and Lady Honoria appeared by no means inclined to retire on half pay, as one of the reigning beauties of the day. This intention she contrived to make very clear to her cousin Louisa, on whom she forced a pseudo-confidential interview, by closeting her with herself in her dressing-room, and in the course of many incoherent communications, she showed her plainly that every former source of interest had survived her marriage except that she had previously

derived from him who was now her husband. In the midst of this conversation a gentle tap at the door demanded admission. Honoria answered, "Oh no! by no means—not now—I have a stranger with me." Louisa well knew the sound of the receding steps which followed this denial. "A stranger!" thought she: "yes, henceforward we should indeed be strangers."—And from that time to this at which I am writing they have only thrice seen each other. Each meeting was abrupt, hurried, and accidental, and yet no events in the intermediate space left half so much impression upon the mind of either as did these three distant meetings.

That they did not oftener see each other was not the result of studied avoidance, but arose naturally from the circumstance of Louisa being little in London, and Sir Frederick, though much in town, going little into what is called the world. Lady Honoria too had latterly much less eagerly sought her cousin's society; but this arose from a cause with which Sir Frederick was not by any means connected. Lord Wessex evidently admired Miss Barford; and if there was any thing which could at all discompose Lady Honoria's usual prosperous equanimity it was the idea of a rival. When I say a rival, let it not be supposed that she herself cared for Lord Wessex. It was only that, as part of her share of universal admiration, she had long considered that she had an absolute right to the refusal of his undivided attentions, and therefore any tendency on his part to devote himself to her cousin excited her jealousy—if that can be dignified with the appellation of jealousy which arose merely from alarmed self-love, and a desire of preserving the disreputable *éclat* of monopolizing his *petits soins*. But if in England some characters are annihilated by an irresistible explosion of passion, how many more are wounded by the small-shot of vanity; and at this petty *guerilla* warfare no one was more expert than Lord Wessex: his attentions had acquired, no one

knew why, a sort of fictitious value from fashion ; they were always peculiarly demonstrative : he seated himself by his victim in the most acute angle of flirtation, and whispered mysteriously sentiments which the town-crier might innocuously have proclaimed. The consequence in Lady Honoria's case was, that though their intimates knew, as they said, that there was nothing in it, the uninitiated set him down as her property ; and she therefore resented what she, without the slightest foundation, considered as her cousin's attempts to inveigle him.

The first time Sir Frederick and Miss Barford met was the night before she was to leave town at a celebrated *fête*. She was leaning on Lord Wessex's arm, who was leading her to the dance, and he was escorting an eager female politician to the refreshment room. Their eyes for an instant met, whilst there were still many intervening heads in the crowd between them. At that moment gladly would each still have avoided the rencontre, but the natural course of the stream, and the efforts of their two partners, brought them into close contact, just in the doorway through which they had severally to pass. A few commonplace words passed between them. It might be that "It was hot—it was crowded:" why should I attempt to record that, of the purport of which they were unconscious when they uttered it? But they *had met*, though theirs had been but a greeting of cold courtesy. This was to each, an event of such moment that in vain Wessex muttered soft things—in vain the politician suggested severe things—the attention of their two companions was now completely lost to them ; though luckily the self-complacent vanity of the one speaker and the eager party feeling of the other prevented either from perceiving the effect. Miss Barford left town the next morning, and as Sir Frederick rarely went out into the world, he was not aware how Honoria was gradually undermining both her constitution and reputation, neither

of which were robust enough to withstand such an incessant career of dissipation.

The next season Louisa, at her father's request, accepted an invitation from her nearest neighbour, the county member's wife, to accompany her to town for a few weeks. This lady, occupied with her husband's career in parliament, one night obtained access for herself and companion to that concealed spot, from whence, though the brightest eyes are for the time of no avail, a quick feminine ear may be regaled with the varied displays of parliamentary oratory. It so happened that just as Louisa began to think that the pleasure to be derived from so uncomfortable a position was a little overrated, a well-known voice riveted her attention. Sir Frederick Fitzallen always spoke well, but this night the subject was one which excited the sympathy of his hearers, and roused his own energies. And as every successive cheer responded to his efforts, and Louisa felt her own heart beat in agitated triumph against the partition, on which she leant, she thought she had never known so happy a moment. Long separated by every prudential consideration from a still beloved object, she had now found an occasion, whilst he was unconscious of her vicinity, when she might fervently sympathise in his success.

As they were preparing to depart, Sir Frederick chanced to meet them; through the obscurity he thought he could not be mistaken in the figure, and exclaimed, "Can it be possible! Miss Barford, you here?"

"Oh, Sir Frederick! answered her companion, "you can't think in what raptures this foolish child has been."

Fitzallen answered this merely with an earnest gaze at Louisa, in which surprise and pleasure were blended with an anxious appeal for confirmation. But though Louisa's recently excited enthusiasm was certainly not extinguished by the presence of him who had kindled it, still she felt

it difficult, almost impossible, to satisfy herself with any manner of expressing *to him* in words what she had felt, and whilst still hesitating, they were separated by the anxiety of her companion to depart, and the suspense in which he was thus left by a manner which might bespeak either struggling interest or settled aversion, caused this momentary interview to leave behind it a still more durable impression.

In the few months which followed this second meeting a decided change for the worse took place in Lady Honoria's health; that recklessness of all care of herself which she had always shown, at length produced its inevitable effect upon a frame constitutionally so subject to decay. Her beauty had for some time been prematurely on the wane. Some stray admirers were still attracted by the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, but the attentions of Lord Wessex faded away with those natural roses, which were now supplied by artificial aid; and though she still clung to London and its attractions, the opinions of her physicians were imperative, that nothing could save her but an immediate appeal to a warmer climate.

The untimely end of one so young and lovely as Honoria can never be contemplated without regret. Yet in her short and brilliant career, she had tasted all of happiness of which perhaps her character was capable, and she might perhaps thus be spared a future of mortification. She had no sins but those of omission to answer for. She had not fulfilled all the duties of a wife, but she had not violated any. She was not calculated to be respected in all the relations of life, but though spoiled by a wayward childhood of self-indulgence, she had never wilfully inflicted pain on any human being, and her faults arose rather from an imperfect understanding of what her conduct ought to be, than an intentional departure from it.

It was early in the winter of the same year, that in one of

the wildest parts of the romantic pass of Olioulès which intervenes between Marseilles and Toulon, the loud cracking of postilions' whips, which in this spot resounded with peculiar force from rock to rock, announced the approximation of two equipages coming from opposite directions. When they met, in spite of the vociferous and confused remonstrances of the servants on each carriage, blended with English oaths, the several postilions, having on each side performed about half their post, stopped, apparently decidedly determined to change horses. In the carriage returning from the south was one young man alone, dressed in the deepest mourning, attended by servants in the same. In the other was one young lady, accompanied by an aged and apparently infirm man. The young man, roused by the altercation between the servants and postilions, leant forward to observe the other carriage, and then hastily leaping out, advanced to address those who were in it. The young man was Sir Frederick Fitzallen returning after the melancholy termination of that disorder, to check whose progress the aid of climate had too late been sought. The tenants of the other carriage were Miss Barford and her invalid parent, for whose complaints, as every other prescription had failed, a winter in the south had been recommended.

Fitzallen looked worn and harassed with the afflicting scenes he had lately witnessed, and there was on both sides much in the peculiar circumstances of this meeting which rendered it embarrassing, and even during the short time occupied in changing horses both felt at a loss on what subject to speak. Yet on parting, as they were about to separate far and for long, Fitzallen ventured to press Louisa's gloveless hand, and there was in that unexpected contact an incident which reassured him, and powerfully influenced his feelings for the future. In the early days of their intimacy he had presented her with a ring; with what feelings offered we will

not analyse, but ostensibly given for her attentions during his protracted confinement. There was something in the form of this ring which made it distinguishable to the touch; and as he gently pressed her hand, he felt she wore it still.

Thus they separated—they have not since met—the year of mourning has not yet expired. What the next *Annual* may have to communicate the reader must be left to conjecture.

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

(NOT IN 1831.)

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 A single horseman paces Rotten-row;
 In Brookes's sits one *quidnunc* to peruse
 The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;
 At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
 To see two empty hackney coaches pass;
 The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
 To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor-square;
 From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,
 And seeks—oh blies!—the *Molly*—a *tempora fandi*:
 Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
 And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
 Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
 Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
 The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
 Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
 The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun
 Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun.





Engraved by J. T. Smith

Original by the artist



DO YOU REMEMBER IT?

BY L. E. L.

I.

Do you remember that purple twilight's falling,
 As if it were the atmosphere of some fairy land?
 One pale star to its lingering kindred calling,
 Was alone in the sky of all night's spirit band.
 To and fro, mournfully the oak boughs were swinging,
 For a soft warm wind put the branches aside;
 Afar a little river wound through the meadow, singing
 To the tall grass and wild flowers hanging o'er its tide.
 Down at our feet the blue violets were growing,
 We saw not their blossoms, but we felt that they were fair,
 For the fresh and fragrant rain of young April's bestowing,
 Fell from their leaves as they opened to the air.
 Deep fell the shadows round, each could see only
 The dark outline softening of the other's face;
 Thick closed the trees above, earth held no such lonely,
 Nor, as we then deem'd, so lovely a place.
 Sweet was the silence, but sweeter was it broken
 By words such as Love whispers once in his youth,
 When leaf, star, and night, are each taken for a token,
 And a witness, though we doubted not, of such stainless truth;
 Hope with its fever, and memory with its sorrow,
 Came not o'er a moment, whose joy stood alone:
 There are some days which never know a morrow,
 And the day when Love first finds utterance is one—
 Do you remember it?

II.

Still the blue violets by the oak are shaded,
Time in that quiet grove has left no trace ;
But as the colours of this picture are faded,
So are the colours the heart threw o'er the place.
Passion and picture were each a fair delusion,
Tears have washed the brightness of each away ;
Why should we wake from such beautiful illusion,
To know that life's happiness was lavish'd on a day ?
And yet we are not false mid absence and mid strangers ;
Mid trial and mid time, how dearly we 've loved on ;
Faithful through all that the faith of love endangers,
Though we feel that the dream of our earlier love is gone.
We have heard the heart's religion, its holy truth derided,
And the sneer, if not admitted has yet profaned ;
By the world's many busy cares our thoughts have been
divided,
And selfishness has harden'd whatever ground it gain'd.
When I think how that affection is bless'd beyond all measure,
The last best trace of heaven our earth retains,
I marvel how ambition, or vanity, or pleasure,
E'er have power to relax, or to break its gentle chains.
My spirit ponders mournfully, my eyes are dim with weeping,
Aside for a moment all life's worldliness is cast ;
The flowers and the green leaves their summer watch are
keeping,
And I dream beneath their shadow of the shadow of the
past.
Do you remember it ?

THE FAMILY OF DAMMEREL.

A TALE.

BY RALPH BERNAL, M.P.

THE period of the reign of George the First, which is comprised within the years 1720 and 1723, is one, from the contemplation of which, every reflecting mind must turn with feelings of displeasure, if not with disgust. It presents a succession of melancholy examples of men of elevated rank and station sacrificing all regard for honour and character to the sordid love of gain. The historians and biographers of those times have described, in strong language, the alarming progress and extent of the shameless profligacy and immorality then prevalent in England, the vicious and fraudulent speculations countenanced by many whose names or titles were amongst the most distinguished, and the consequent ruinous delusion under which a majority of the nation unfortunately laboured. Nor was this, the only calamity which then afflicted the land: the parliamentary annals of that date afford decisive proofs of the debasing intrigues and blind personal animosity which continually influenced both the public and private conduct of political men. Undoubtedly, the tide of party was at that time, deep and violent, but the considerations of fair dealing and equity were too easily forgotten or abandoned. The tenure, by which, the House of Hanover then held the crown of Great Britain, was but of recent origin; it might be said to have been precarious, appearing, as it did, to depend more upon the overheated and devoted enthusiasm of a party, than upon the general goodwill and favourable disposition of the nation at large. The unceasing restlessness which agitated those adherents of the

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cause of the Stuarts who were resident within the kingdom, was increased, as well by the declarations of many influential persons, professing an open and determined dislike to the Hanoverian succession, as by the active and zealous efforts of the partisans of the Chevalier de St. George, who were dispersed throughout Spain, Italy, and other parts of Europe. If the ministers of George the First availed themselves of this condition of affairs, to create and disseminate alarm in the country, and by exaggerating the extent and danger of rumoured conspiracies, to acquire a greater degree of influence within the two houses of parliament; it must, nevertheless, be conceded, that schemes and enterprises of the most perilous tendency to the tranquillity of the kingdom had been entered into, by the friends of the House of Stuart, and connived at, by some foreign courts. Many of the leading families in several of the counties of England were secretly implicated in these designs; but their attachment to a doubtful cause, proved weaker than their fears of hazarding the security of their rich and ample possessions, while the vigorous and even arbitrary measures of the minister left them but little opportunity for hesitation.

It was towards the close of a wet and stormy day in the spring of the year 1722, that two travellers arrived at the door of a small inn, which stood on the side of a cross-road in the interior of Devonshire. Their horses appeared jaded by overriding, and the only attendant who accompanied them, being the owner of the beasts, and from whom they had been hired at a town some fifteen miles from thence, complained of the speed, with which they had been pressed. Having satisfied and dismissed this man with a suitable remuneration, the travellers entered the humble parlour of the inn, and sought such refreshment as could be provided for them.

The elder of the two, was evidently a foreigner, for

although he conversed in English with ease and fluency, yet a marked accent betrayed, that it was not his native language. He was tall and commanding in height, with handsome but sunburnt features, and a soldier-like manner and bearing, while his general appearance indicated, that his age little exceeded the prime of life. His companion was several years younger, and, indeed, might have almost passed for his son, if the unrestrained familiarity of their conversation had not disproved the existence of any such degree of relationship.

When the landlord removed the remains of their repast, he was interrogated by the younger of his guests, as to the distance between Dammerel Castle and the inn, and as to its owner Sir George Dammerel being then resident in the country: the reply given was, that the distance was only five miles, that Sir George was at the castle, and was high-sheriff for the county of Devon. Upon the travellers being left to themselves, an animated discussion ensued between them; in the course of which, the younger of the two, with much vehemence and repeated exclamations of surprise, commented to his companion, on the information they had received.

"Heavenly powers, Vitelli! I cannot yet believe it possible;—Sir George, the sheriff of this county! there must be some mystery in this, or miracles have not ceased even in my protestant land."

"No, no—Henry Gerald," his companion replied; "you heretic English require no miracles to force you to worship the ruling powers of the day. *Santa Madre de Dios!*—Gold and peace are better than Toledo blades and honour."

"Always sarcastic and unjust," said Henry Gerald, "in your thoughts and words, towards my countrymen; I could almost resolve to quarrel with you: but I will set off instantly for the castle, and inquire how matters really stand."

"*Hijo de diablo!*" Vitelli exclaimed. "What! go at once into the enemy's quarter!—for what purpose? Let us rather proceed without delay to the metropolis, and communicate with Laver and his friends."

"No!" said his companion: "you must be aware that it is of importance, we should ascertain how affairs are situated in the western districts. I must myself see Sir George Dammerel; you, Vitelli, can remain here, until I return in the course of the morrow."

"Well, Henry, if you are determined, let it be so: but I suspect the attractions of that lovely Caroline, in whose praises you have been so eloquent, have had the chief weight upon your decision. Be cautious!"

"On the faith of a soldier," Henry answered, "you mistake me. Surely, before we journey to London, it behoves us to be well informed upon the state of our prospects in this extensive county."

After some further conversation, Henry Gerald procured a guide, and set out on foot for the castle, leaving Vitelli to the solace of the capacious fire-side of the inn; and while the parties are thus occupied, we cannot do better than give a brief account of the characters already introduced to the notice of the reader.

Sir George Dammerel, the possessor of the castle and large estates of Dammerel, had become entitled to the same and to his baronetcy, under the limitations of an old family entail, upon the death of a distant relative within the last few years. When that event occurred, he was living in his native county of Lancaster, and he then bore the name of Marlowe, which, in compliance with the conditions of the entail, he had changed for that of Dammerel upon his accession to his title and property, but it was only within four years that he had quitted Lancashire to reside altogether in the west of England. Sir George was a widower, and had

but one child, a daughter. Her mother having died shortly after her birth, the natural claims upon a father's love, derived from this circumstance, increased force and tenderness. Caroline Dammerel, who had attained her twentieth year, lovely in disposition as in person, was an object of mingled pride and affection to her parent. Her personal charms and sweetness of temper had attracted a crowd of admirers, and the knowledge of her being the presumptive heiress of the estates of Dammerel, doubtless contributed to retain them; but it was a matter of surprise to all the county, that although many were the suitors of rank and distinction who offered, not one could have been named who had met with the slightest encouragement from the fair maiden. The baronet was fond of society; his style of living was distinguished by great splendor and ostentation; and it was generally reported that his various expenses fully absorbed the income, large as it was, which he enjoyed.

Henry Gerald was the only son of the sister of Sir George Dammerel, who had married against the wishes and consent of her brother, and unsuitably to her station and to the expectations of her family. Henry was left an orphan at the early age of six years, and was then thrown on the bounty and protection of his uncle, who accepted his charge with readiness and kindness, and educated and treated him always as one of his own family. Four or five years formed the difference between the ages of Henry and Caroline, Henry being her senior. The playful intimacy of childhood had long since ripened into a more powerful and permanent feeling, and the two cousins were bound to each other, by the ties of a fervent and devoted attachment. Of this, Sir George was by no means ignorant; indeed he had always appeared to countenance this attachment, and to treat his nephew as the destined or betrothed husband of his daughter. The baronet's presumed inclination and intention on this point

occasioned some little astonishment within the circle of his acquaintances. Those of calculating minds and opinions could not refrain from declaring that it was most unwise on the part of Sir George Dammerel to discard all the advantages which the chances of his daughter's union with a man of rank and importance might command, and to encourage her youthful prepossession in favour of one, who, to the demerit of poverty, added the failing of obscure descent, at least on his paternal side. Sir George Dammerel, in the earlier part of his life, had been an eager follower of pleasure in every form; his habits of thoughtlessness and love of ease and gaiety had not deserted him in his more mature years: these causes perhaps prevented him from engaging very actively in the political struggles of the day; but within his domestic circle, and amongst his intimate connexions and acquaintances, he had never disguised his sentiments, which breathed a strong inclination to the cause of the exiled Stuarts. Indeed it was asserted, that he had been privately engaged in various intrigues connected with the plans for the restoration of the descendants of James the Second, and that he had scrupled not, to advance large sums of money upon different occasions, for the service of their cause; and he had always been regarded at the court of the Chevalier de St. George, as an important and stanch adherent. Henry Gerald was brought up in, and accustomed from his first entrance into his uncle's family, to these opinions and principles. His mind and temper were naturally ardent and impetuous, and the political feelings and sentiments which early associations and habits had implanted in his breast, were cherished by him, with a degree of enthusiasm and steadiness far surpassing the more deliberating zeal of his uncle. At the age of twenty, Gerald, with his uncle's permission, went abroad, bearing with him letters of introduction to most of the principal personages who then

figured at the mimic court of the Pretender. Possessed of considerable quickness and talent, and joining thereto the advantages of a handsome person and appearance, Gerald soon recommended himself to the favour of the Duke of Ormond, and obtained a commission in the service of the Chevalier de St. George, with promises of speedy and honourable advancement. Gerald, in consequence, took part in the expedition which sailed from the shores of Spain in the year 1718, and of which, the fruitless issue is so well known. Since that period he had continued absent from his native country, following the desperate fortunes of the prince, to whom he had attached himself, still maintaining a correspondence with his relatives in England, where his warmest and tenderest wishes and thoughts were centered. The letters which he had received from time to time from his uncle, were not of a nature to harmonize with the glowing and heroic feelings of the youthful soldier of fortune: they had been of late, almost uniformly silent on the topic of the cause and restoration of the exiled prince; and if any slight allusion had been ever made to such a subject, the expressions used, savoured strongly of a want of confidence and energy. Henry was partly disposed to attribute this to the state of affairs, which required that such a correspondence should be carried on with prudence and discretion; and he was more than consoled by the epistles of his fair cousin, which were dictated by the same pure and youthful fervency of affection that had thrown a hallowed charm over the past, and now, amidst every disappointment and deluded hope, gilded the future with unfading visions of brightness.

But it is time to revert to Henry Gerald's present occupation, whom we left on his way to Dammerel Castle. Five miles on foot, in a wet and cold night, through miry and intricate lanes, neither depressed the bodily or mental activity of

the adventurous soldier and ardent lover. His rustic guide could not conceal his admiration at the pedestrian powers which he had displayed, upon their arrival at the gates of the castle.

In answer to Gerald's inquiry whether Sir George was within, the porter informed him that his master was engaged with a small party of friends whom he had been entertaining at supper, but in the mean time, Gerald was ushered into one of the reception apartments, while a servant carried to the baronet a few lines which Gerald had hastily written to apprise him of his arrival. Gerald could not avoid noticing the extraordinary magnificence which prevailed throughout such portion of the castle as he had been enabled to obtain a glimpse of. Well acquainted, as he had formerly been, with his uncle's fondness for show and expense when he resided in Lancashire, yet he was surprised at the appearance of splendour which now met his eye in every direction. Furniture of the most rare and costly materials and workmanship, numerous domestics in gaudy liveries, massive articles of gold and silver plate scattered heedlessly about, all clearly denoted that the means which could support such a confused accumulation of luxury and ostentation should be princely and boundless in their extent. Gerald's meditations were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. His heart beat quick. He dared to indulge a hope that Caroline, having heard of his arrival, had hastened first to welcome him to her father's home. The door opened, and his uncle alone appeared. Gerald sprung forward to meet him with warm and grateful feelings: Sir George Dammerel, receiving the proffered hand of his nephew, changed colour, and addressed a welcome to him, cold and measured in its expressions. Gerald felt chilled by the manner of his relative, who evidently was more and more embarrassed, while the meeting and conversation became restrained and almost

painful. Upon inquiring for his cousin, he was informed that owing to a slight indisposition, she had retired to her chamber for the night.

In reply to his uncle's questions, Gerald mentioned that he had not long since quitted Spain, and had landed at the port of Lyme in Dorsetshire with a single friend, having been charged with a mission of considerable importance to the interests of the Stuart family; and he was proceeding to enter upon some explanation connected with that subject, when he was interrupted by his uncle, who, observing, that it was then too late to converse upon matters of such delicacy and consequence, formally invited him to join the company he had quitted; Sir George Dammerel at the same time cautioning his nephew to preserve a strict incognito, and by no means to drop any hint of his pursuits, plans, or destination. Gerald bowed and followed his uncle in silence to the banquetting-room, where he found some eight or ten gentlemen assembled round the festive table, which was covered with a supply of every refined dainty and with every elegant ornament that wealth and profuse hospitality could produce. He was introduced to the guests as a relative of their entertainer, but then lately arrived from a foreign tour; and he soon found, from the conversation which they resumed, that his uncle's caution had not been improperly given. The party appeared to consist of country gentlemen and magistrates residing in the neighbourhood; and one of them, a very handsome young man named Reresby, was the lieutenant-colonel of the county militia regiment. The topics of their discourse were the leading political occurrences of the day, the rumoured plots and expected hostile attempts of the friends of the Pretender, and the means and preparations which had been adopted to defeat them. The language and sentiments of the company were universally and decidedly those of sincere loyalty to the monarch who then sat on the

British throne : whig principles were uttered and whig toasts pledged, followed by many a taunt in derision and many a threat of contemptuous defiance of the power and claims of the house of Stuart. Colonel Reresby, who seemed to take an undisputed lead in the party, and to pay great respect to Sir George Dammerel, and to receive an equal share of attention from him, at last interrupted the political tone of the conversation by expressing in anxious terms, his hopes that Mistress Caroline Dammerel's indisposition would prove but alight and temporary ; while another gentleman requested permission to propose the lady's health in a bumper of claret, and added (as he glanced a significant look at Colonel Reresby), her future prosperity and happiness likewise.

Gerald, who had hitherto sat in silent and musing mood, which his companions had attributed to fatigue, could not refrain from turning his eyes inquiringly towards his uncle, but the latter evidently and studiously avoided his gaze. The conviviality of the party became by degrees free and boisterous. Gerald had already seen and heard sufficient to excite a train of disturbed and harassing feelings within his breast ; and pleading the want of rest consequent on a long journey, he withdrew to his chamber without attracting any particular remark. When he reflected on all that had passed in the society which he had just left, he found no one consoling thought to alleviate the painful doubts and surmises that banished sleep, and with an aching heart he looked forward to the morrow, when necessarily he should have to seek a full explanation from his uncle. The morning came, and Gerald quitted his apartment at an early hour to ramble through the noble park surrounding the castle. He was turning over in his mind the possibility of obtaining at once an interview with his beloved Caroline, when, to his surprise and joy, he beheld his fair cousin seated under one of the wide-spreading oak-trees that adorned the demesne. One

simultaneous and unrepressed exclamation of delight and astonishment, and the lovers were fondly clasped in each other's arms. Question succeeded question in rapid progress; the occurrences of months were compressed into the space of minutes; vows of fidelity and affection of other and past days were again renewed and interchanged with all the freshness and tenderness of first and early love. When Gerald ventured to contrast the gratifying nature of this meeting with the cold and equivocal reception which he had experienced on the preceding night from his uncle, Caroline burst into tears, and passing her arm through her cousin's, she observed that matters were sadly changed since their residence in Devonshire. The explanation that Gerald requested was frankly but sorrowfully afforded by his cousin. The substance of it was, that her father, though he continued to lead a life of splendid gaiety, had for some time past, become restless and uneasy when alone at home, and reserved or confused in his communications and intercourse with her. Caroline added, that her father's former political feelings and opinions appeared to have undergone nearly a total alteration; that he had eagerly accepted the office of sheriff, and had courted only the society of that portion of the gentry of the country who were remarkable for their attachment to the Hanoverian succession. But Gerald was fated to bear a pang of still keener anguish, when his afflicted cousin, in accents of undisguised grief, declared that her father had some time back expressed to her, his opinion and determination that the prospects which he had once certainly encouraged of a union between herself and Gerald must be altogether abandoned, assigning no reason, but asserting in the most emphatic though general terms, that this conduct was absolutely necessary. Caroline with tears further informed her lover, that Colonel Reresby had solicited permission to pay his addresses to her; and that, notwithstanding her avowed and

repeated rejection of his suit, her father had persisted in inviting him continually to the castle, and in affording him every encouragement. She also mentioned, that in the course of a conversation which she had lately held with her father, he had rather unguardedly let fall a hint that Alice Wilson (the present housekeeper of the castle, who had nursed Caroline from her birth, and who possessed a great influence over her father and over every thing connected with the family), could corroborate the reason and justice of the determination which he had announced to her; and Caroline added, that she had been so much impressed with what had thus dropped from her father, that she had resolved to attempt to obtain from Alice Wilson an elucidation of her father's obscure remark and meaning.

The statements which Gerald thus received, he heard with grief and indignation; they fully confirmed the suspicions already engendered in his mind; but conjecture and regret were alike useless, and the lovers separated with an agreement, that while Gerald should control his angry feelings, and should demand from his uncle an explanation of this unexpected change of intention, Caroline should, on her part, extract from Alice Wilson a solution of the apparent mystery which prevailed over her father's conduct. An opportunity very shortly afterwards offered itself to Gerald for the private interview which he was anxious to hold with his uncle. For the present, we must omit detailing what passed at the same, in order to return to Gusman Vitelli, whom we left at the fireside of the little roadside inn.

Vitelli retired at an early hour to rest. The hardy and rugged habits of a soldier's life rendered the miserable accommodations he obtained, even palatable to him, after a sea voyage and the exertion of that day's journey. He was sleeping soundly, though the first beams of a cheerful spring morning made their way through the casements of his room,

when the trampling of horses, mixed with the loud clattering of the heavy-booted steps of their riders as they dismounted at the outside of the inn, suddenly awoke him. Vitelli started up hastily from his pallet. The long-practised ear of the soldier soon recognised the tramp and distinguishing sounds of cavalry. Throwing his dress speedily on, he looked through the window, and ascertained that a few dragoons under the command of a non-commissioned officer had halted at the inn, apparently for the purpose of a short refreshment. Some of the party having entered the kitchen underneath, Vitelli with light tread carefully opened the door of his chamber and listened to the subject of their discourse. He was only able to catch a few disjointed sentences now and then; but he clearly discovered that this party was a small advanced guard of a considerable detachment of dragoons which was likely to arrive in the course of a few hours, and that the greater portion of the whole force was on its march to the sea-coast, but that some of the soldiers of the squadron then on their road were to be dispersed throughout the neighbourhood, their object being to intercept several persons, officers and emissaries of the Stuart cause, who were expected to attempt a landing on some part of the western coast. Vitelli, much disconcerted, and the more so, deprived as he was, of the counsel and assistance of his friend Gerald, awaited with anxiety and impatience the departure of this detachment of cavalry; and when he had convinced himself that they were entirely out of sight and hearing, he sallied forth, and, discharging his reckoning, asked his host the road to Dammerel Castle, whither he proceeded without delay or hesitation, inquiring from time to time, the right and nearest path of such peasants as chance threw in his way.

When Caroline Dammerel quitted her cousin, she went straight to Alice Wilson's apartment. This had formerly

been a small hall, used in other times for the reception of the tenants: it had since been comfortably fitted up and arranged in every respect for its present occupant, who exacted and enjoyed no small share of attention and deference from all the inmates of the castle. Caroline found her old nurse seated as usual, in the genial sunshine of the window, her back turned to the mailed and plumed effigy of one of the ancient lords of Dammerel, which stood armed cap-a-pie in an arched niche of the apartment. Caroline, affectionately kissing her nurse, seated herself by her side. Alice Wilson perhaps was never so appropriately placed or employed as when, enthroned in her venerable arm-chair, she found herself at liberty to narrate to a silent and attentive circle of retainers and dependents, the family traditions and chronicles of olden times, and to dilate upon the achievements and importance of the houses of Marlowe and Dammerel. But Alice Wilson never experienced a degree of happiness equal to that, which she enjoyed, when the fair heiress of Dammerel, who was to her more as a child than a mistress, condescended to grace her retreat with her presence, and to display to the delighted eyes of her nurse, that loveliness of mind and person, which, Alice had from the earliest days of infancy faithfully watched over, until it had gradually expanded into maturity and perfection. Caroline, after the accustomed salutations of the day, drew Alice into conversation on the subject of her cousin's unexpected arrival, of which Alice was already apprized. The unhappy girl confided to her humble friend the grief she had sustained, owing to the complete and singular revolution in her father's original intentions and sentiments. Alice, by kind and affectionate remonstrances, succeeded in some measure in calming the vehemence of Caroline's feelings, but she did not fail to assure her that her father judged and acted discreetly in this instance. In vain the beloved child of her cares and

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW-YORK
FROM
1609 TO 1812



Painted by J. M. W. Turner

Engraved by J. G. Kneller

The original of this painting is in the collection of the Earl of Arundel.

Engraved for the collection of the Earl of Arundel by J. G. Kneller.



affections protested against the justice and propriety of being persuaded to listen to the proposals of Colonel Reresby. Her aged mistress looked grave and sorrowful, when, pressing with one hand the arm of Caroline, and raising the other towards the warlike effigy of Sir Gaveston Dammerel, she slowly and emphatically addressed her youthful and attentive auditor in these words :—

“ From that noble warrior, who fought at the field of Agincourt, these castle walls and all the broad acres of Dammerel have descended through a long line of illustrious ancestors to your father. The whole of these estates are entailed upon him and his issue; and in failure thereof, they are given to the next heir, who, as you well know, is your cousin Gerald. Whatever once might have been the chances and prospects of the exiled Stuarts, or your father’s former prepossessions and sentiments, he has had sufficient experience to learn that their cause is now ruined and hopeless. Your cousin’s devotion to that unfortunate family is known to the authorities of this country: his safety, his very existence, are in danger, and a connexion with him could only expose to irretrievable destruction, the interests, possessions, and prosperity of every branch of the Dammerel family.”

When Caroline pressed her nurse eagerly with other and more minute questions, she was informed, much to her surprise, that although her father had been in the receipt of a considerable income from his estates, yet that, in consequence of his profuse and extravagant expenditure, and of some heavy speculations which he had engaged in, and which had been attended with great loss, he was largely in debt and embarrassed, and that, as far as the entail would allow, his estates were subjected to many charges and engagements. Alice Wilson, moreover, mentioned, that Colonel Reresby was not ignorant of the state of Sir George Dammerel’s affairs, that he was a gentleman of established

fortune and reputation, and had made his proposals for a union with Caroline upon the most liberal and disinterested footing. When old Alice Wilson had pronounced these praises of Colonel Reresby's conduct and feelings, Caroline could with difficulty repress the utterance of an angry reproach; as it was, she interrupted her informant, and impetuously exclaimed, that such liberality and disinterestedness were questionable, since the worldly expectations of the heiress of Dammerel were well known throughout the county: that as to the idea of her father being in any manner indebted to Colonel Reresby for assistance, it was ridiculous; for ere long, she would attain her majority of twenty-one years, when she would be enabled to enter into legal arrangements in concurrence with her parent, which would tend to his comfort, relief, and advantage. Alice Wilson, now betraying signs of strong emotion, entreated her beloved charge not to press the subject further, gently informing her, at the same time, that she was in error; but Caroline persisted in the course of argument and remonstrance which she had commenced, when her weeping nurse, warning her of the pain which the disclosure now extorted from her unwilling lips would occasion, entered upon a detail of circumstances which we will not here repeat: suffice it to say, that before Alice had finished her narration, Caroline had fainted, and her alarmed and tender nurse was fully occupied in endeavours to restore her without calling for the assistance of any one of the attendants.

We left Gerald determined upon having an immediate interview with his uncle. For this purpose, he sent a servant to his master, requesting permission to wait upon him. Gerald found his uncle in the library, engaged in the perusal of some letters or papers which had been just brought to him by a messenger, who, booted and spurred, waited at hand, apparently for an answer. This man having been despatched on his errand, Gerald, without any unnecessary

comment or apology, at once stated to his uncle, in respectful but manly terms, his sorrow, surprise, and indignation at what he had heard and witnessed since his arrival at the castle; and he earnestly entreated a full and candid explanation of this unlooked-for change in his uncle's sentiments and conduct, reminding him that when he (Gerald) had last quitted England, attachment to the descendants of James the Second was not at least in the family of Dammerel considered a dishonourable or an unwelcome feeling. Sir George, who had to every appearance, recovered from the confusion and embarrassment which he had exhibited on the preceding night, now coolly and deliberately replied, that although not under the least obligation to account for any part of his conduct to his nephew, he would not hesitate to avow, that, however his early inclinations might have led him to favour the claims of the Stuart family, yet he had long been convinced that their cause had become desperate; that the feeling of the nation was decidedly adverse to it; and their rash and feeble attempts had only tended, and could only serve, to disturb the tranquillity of the country, and to occasion the useless sacrifice of the lives and fortunes of a few of their blinded and devoted followers. He added, that the government was firm in the enjoyment of its power, the best understanding existing between the courts of St. James and Versailles; that the English ministry were in possession of an intimate knowledge of all the plans and plots formed abroad; and that the most powerful precautionary steps had been taken, a large camp having been formed in Hyde-park, the militia ordered out, and the sea-coast strictly guarded. Upon Gerald's endeavouring to reply to these observations, Sir George Dammerel mentioned, that the mission, upon which, his nephew had ventured to England, had been communicated to the authorities in London; that warrants had

been sent down for the immediate apprehension of certain emissaries of the Pretender who had been expected to land on the western coast; that Laver, Plunket, and other adherents of the Chevalier de St. George, secretly employed in raising men and supplies, had been arrested and their papers seized. Gerald was thunderstruck at the communication of this intelligence, of the truth of which, he had not any reason to doubt: he was convinced, alas! that the plans, in which, he had hoped to bear an active and important part, were completely frustrated, for Laver and his confederates were precisely the persons on whom he had depended. His uncle terminated the conversation by apprizing him, that he had that morning received, in his official situation as sheriff, instructions to afford his immediate assistance for the discovery and apprehension of those emissaries of the Pretender who were suspected to be lurking in that part of the county of Devon; that a detachment of the militia was hourly expected at the castle; and Sir George Dammerel finally advised his nephew to seek his safety in instant flight, as his protracted stay would not only tend to peril his own life, but also to implicate perhaps the inmates of the castle.

Before Gerald could sufficiently command his resolution to adapt his conduct to the difficulty and danger with which he was beset, a servant entering, announced that a stranger had arrived and was desirous of seeing him immediately. Gerald would himself have gone out to meet this unexpected visitor, but Sir George Dammerel, either from curiosity, or from some other more important motive, ordered that the stranger should be ushered into the library. Surprised and confounded as Gerald naturally was, when he beheld the figure and face of Vitelli, as without the slightest indication of fear or hesitation, the latter entered the apartment, he was transfixed with astonishment, when Vitelli and Sir George

Dammerel both started back, with loud exclamations of mutual and painful recognition. In the expressive features of Vitelli, hatred, anger, and surprise were strongly and singularly blended, while Sir George Dammerel's countenance and attitude betrayed amazement and great uneasiness.

"*Santa Maria!*" cried Vitelli, "can my eyes deceive me? This is the villain Marlowe, whom years and circumstances have not then shielded from my revenge and chastisement!"

"Guzman Vitelli!" Sir George Dammerel answered, "what unlucky fate has brought you here?—the companion, no doubt, of Gerald, in his traitorous and dangerous enterprise. Away with you! I wronged you once;—I seek not your destruction."

In vain Gerald attempted to account within his own mind for this extraordinary recognition, until, forcing Vitelli from the apartment, he received from him an explanation, which was often interrupted by his excited and passionate exclamations, and to which we will add a few further particulars, in order to elucidate the situation in which all parties were placed.

Sir George Dammerel some twenty years since, then a wild and high-spirited youth, served as a volunteer in Sir George Rooke's expedition against the port of Cadiz in Spain. He was wounded and taken prisoner in the skirmish which ensued on the landing of the English troops. During his illness and confinement, he received every attention which the kindness and hospitality of an honourable enemy could contribute, from the family of the father of Vitelli, a nobleman resident in Cadiz; indeed Guzman Vitelli, though a young man at the time, had exerted himself to procure for the Englishman the enjoyment of his liberty on parole within the town. One only sister of Guzman Vitelli, of surpassing beauty and attractions, had, during Marlowe's residence in Cadiz, terminated her noviciate, and taken the

veil in a celebrated convent of the town. Marlowe had been acquainted with Leonora Vitelli during her noviciate; she had listened fondly and imprudently to his addresses, and, after professing as a nun, had been induced by Marlowe to elope from the convent and to fly with him to England, to which country they succeeded in making their escape from Spain. Marlowe was a man of slender morality and principle; selfish and worldly-minded, he did not repair the wrong he had committed, by marriage. Grief, and the unceasing pangs of a reproving conscience, wore down the spirits and the strength of the culpable but unfortunate Leonora: she died in Lancashire, soon after the birth of her daughter Caroline. The illegitimacy of the daughter was a circumstance unknown to every one but her father and Alice Wilson; it could not even have been suspected, for the circumstance of the elopement had been carefully concealed, and it was only supposed and believed that Marlowe had, during his residence in Spain, espoused a Spanish lady of rank, and to whom he had been united by the rites both of the Romish and Protestant churches. It is almost needless to remark, that Vitelli's family were covered with disgrace by the elopement of Leonora, but that they could not take any steps to revenge the injury they had sustained, as they knew nothing further of Marlowe beyond the fact of his being a native of England, with which country there then existed but little communication, owing to the continual warfare occurring between the two nations. Addicted to pleasure and to every thoughtless enjoyment as Marlowe was, he loved his daughter with sincere and tender affection; as she increased in years and beauty, his pride and his fondness were insensibly augmented, and for her sake alone, he had resolved not to marry. When he succeeded to the name, title, and estates of Dammerel, he was the more confirmed in his intentions, and in the consistent hope that the illegitimacy of her birth could never be

discovered, (the entail being made to his issue,) he trusted that no unforeseen contingency would intervene to deprive Caroline of this splendid inheritance. As the estates were limited to Sir George's next heirs, in failure of his own issue, Henry Gerald was the person who, on Sir George's death, would of course be entitled to the property ; hence his uncle at an early period formed the project of encouraging every chance of a future union between the two cousins. As far, as a person of the baronet's character could be considered as giving steady or efficient support to any political party, Dammerel was certainly in the earlier part of his life, from old family prejudices and feelings, an adherent of the cause of the Stuarts ; but the discomfiture of the many enterprises which had been set on foot on their behalf, the indiscreet and unsuccessful measures which the partisans of the Pretender adopted, had induced Sir George Dammerel to consult his own selfish feelings, and to look to the preservation of his large estates. The wary prudence and skill of the minister of that time, who knew the situation and vacillation of Dammerel, by throwing judicious and well-timed offers of court favour and distinction in his way, had confirmed his inclination to abandon a sinking interest, and had secured another supporter of distinguished lineage and fortune, to a flourishing and triumphant cause.

Sir George Dammerel, as has been before mentioned, maintained habits of the most profuse extravagance ; the wish and hope of acquiring new sources for the supply of his wants, enjoyments and demands, made him a considerable and eager partaker of the villainy and deceitful profits of Sir John Blunt's South Sea scheme. The increase of wealth which he had thereby temporarily and quickly gained, was as quickly dissipated. In addition to considerable outstanding debts, he was, with many others, threatened with legal proceedings, to compel them to refund the sums which were

alleged to have been fraudulently acquired by them in the course of the disgraceful transactions arising out of the South Sea bubble. He was plunged into a situation of considerable difficulty and embarrassment. Fully aware that his nephew's open adherence to, and interference with, the councils and hostile attempts of the Pretender must for ever expatriate him, and render him altogether incapable of enjoying, either in his own right or in that of any other person, any inheritance or property in this country, all idea of a marriage between Caroline and her cousin was for ever abandoned. He even hoped (and had determined to do all in his power to realize such hope) that in the event of Caroline's illegitimacy being acknowledged or discovered, his interest at the court of George the First might pave the way for the donation to himself, or to his daughter, of the entire and absolute inheritance of the Dammerel estates, as all his nephew's claim and right would be forfeited by the acts of treason, which he had repeatedly and openly committed. He therefore favoured by every means in his power, the suit of Colonel Reresby, who, being actuated by really honourable and disinterested views, would (he was persuaded) acquiesce without hesitation in any arrangement which could prove agreeable to Caroline's feelings, by benefiting her father and relieving him from his embarrassments.

Gerald and the Spaniard were pacing up and down the spacious hall of the castle, the latter still furious in his invectives against Sir George Dammerel, when the loud tones of the bell at the gates, and an unusual hustle, claimed their attention. A strong body of soldiers, with Colonel Reresby at their head, was seen advancing through the court of the castle, while Sir George Dammerel, accompanied by his daughter, her long hair dishevelled, and her eyes bewildered and streaming with tears, at the same moment entered the hall. Caroline would have rushed into her lover's arms, but

she was held back by her father ; the soldiery now crowded into the hall ; Vitelli looked restlessly around, but no chance of escape presented itself. Gerald stood silent and motionless. Reresby advancing, addressed Sir George Dammerel, and mentioned that he had received orders to arrest and secure two dangerous spies and partisans of the Pretender, of whose presence in the castle he had been duly informed. He then commanded an inferior officer, with some of the soldiers, at once to seize the two strangers. The Spaniard suddenly turned round, and drawing forth a pistol which his cloak had concealed, instantly fired it. Against whom the aim was levelled, it might at that instant have been impossible to pronounce, but certain it is, that the ball slightly glanced by the arm of Sir George Dammerel and buried itself surely and fatally in the heart of his lovely and unfortunate daughter. Vitelli offered no farther resistance ; an involuntary shudder agitated his frame, and the sudden paleness that blanched his cheek, proved, that the deed of horror and blood which he had committed, had not been premeditated by him ; he was led away, breathing curses on his own unsteady hand, and on the fortunate destiny of Dammerel.

Gerald, wild and distracted, and regardless of his own fate and situation, cast himself on the lifeless and bleeding body of his beloved Caroline. The soldiers respected his sorrow ; some minutes elapsed, ere they attempted to remove him as their prisoner ; a total imbecility appeared to have crept over his frame, and powerless as an infant in mind and body, he submitted himself to the control of his guards without uttering a single lamentation or making a single request.

The papers which were found upon the Spaniard and his companion, were of the highest importance ; and upon the trial of these two emissaries of the house of Stuart the

evidence adduced against them, led to their conviction and to their subsequent condemnation, along with Layer, Plunket, and other conspirators of less note. Sir George Dammerel received from the Crown, a grant of the forfeited remainder and interest of his nephew, in the entailed estates, and thereby acquired the absolute inheritance; but he lived a childless and dishonoured man, detested by those, whose cause he had forsaken, and despised by those, who had courted his desertion.

LINES

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

THOUGH grief may sometimes leave the weary breast,
And grant a respite, of a moment's rest,
She but returns with renovated power,
And pays each *moment's* absence with an *hour*.
What images does mem'ry call to view,
Deck'd in a smiling or a sombre hue!
Now gay as when life's current fill'd the heart,
Ere yet we knew what grief it is to part;
Now sad as when death struck the fatal blow,
And bow'd us to the very earth in wo.
The fondly loved—the lost—the wept—appear—
Affection's tones still thrill upon the ear,
And seem to ask—"Canst thou forget, and smile,
While in the grave we darkly sleep the while?"—
Ah, no! though grief may leave the weary breast,
And grant the respite of a moment's rest,
She but returns with renovated power,
And pays each *moment's* absence with an *hour*!





Fig. 100. 1/2

1/2

Fig. 100. 1/2



MARLY.

THE magnificent château, which the most magnificent of the French monarchs, Louis XIV., built at Marly-le-roi, was swept away during the madness of the revolution. It was here that the genius of this prince displayed itself to advantage. It was very well to traverse Holland in a triumphal chariot, and bring down the Dutchman, in the manner of a Nabob who goes a shooting in his palanquin: but when all was at the worst, the *amphibii* opened the sluices of their dykes, laid themselves under water, and laughed, gurglingly, at the conqueror. At Marly, on the contrary, he had every thing his own way. The water itself was his own invention; and his army of courtiers, in point of splendour and servility, could not be beaten in Christendom.

Among the finest specimens of his talents, was the new species of luxury he hit upon when the pavilions were built here in 1679. Each lady in the party invited, independently of the usual accommodation, found in her apartment a complete toilet. Not a pin was omitted; and no doubt some thought that the king was even too knowing in the art of beauty as it was then practised at the court of France.

Not a vestige of the splendour of the château de Marly now remains. A cotton-mill stands on the site of a palace; and spinning-jennies whirl where princesses danced. The park and gardens, however, are still fine; and the famous Machine de Marly, within a mile of the town, attracts the visits of strangers as well as Parisians.

This is a vast wooden structure, so complex in its machinery that a considerable space would be required to give

any intelligible description of it. It raises the waters of the Seine to a height of six hundred feet, and discharges them, at the rate of thirty thousand hogsheads in twenty-four hours, into aqueducts which convey them to Versailles. The little town contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, and is five miles north of Versailles, and ten, west of Paris.

B U D E.

BY LORD PORCHESTER.

I stood upon the shore of Bude*, and on the deep
 I bent my astonish'd eye, for such a world
 Of raging waters and unbroken foam
 I never yet beheld! that sparkling foam
 Show'd like a living line of light along
 The dark and lengthen'd coast, and gleam'd at times
 Like a white fringing on a sable robe;
 An awful coast! from Hartland's iron cliffs
 To the black headland and the feudal towers

* "Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla." So I say with respect to Bude, a small port on the northern coast of Cornwall. The rocks are bold and black, the sands are good, the wave comes in unbroken from the Atlantic, and from the conformation of the coast and the peculiar direction of the currents, is impelled with inconceivable fury against this shore. To a real lover of the sea, and of sea scenery, it is difficult to imagine a nobler sight than that which is presented to the eye of him who stands upon the pier of Bude when a spring-tide is rolling in against that monument of human skill. The roar is absolutely tremendous; the immense size and grandeur of the waves, and the long uninterrupted line of foam on the opposite rocks, impressed my mind with astonishment and awe, though I had been accustomed to the ocean from my earliest years, and had crossed the Bay of Biscay in its roughest mood. Every man who loves the sea should look on Bude before he die.

Of old Tintagel, where renowned Arthur
 Sleeps by his native sea; an awful coast!
 Rich in a thousand ancient legends, rife
 With the decaying superstition of the land,
 Their father's creed, more gloomy than the rocks
 O'er which it holds a solitary reign.
 When moaning winds forebode the coming gale,
 Beneath yon crag, scene of his fearful end,
 And lonely witness of his living guilt,
 More troubled than the troublous wave appears
 The Wrecker's* dreaded form, and when the blast
 Sweeps with relentless fury o'er the main,
 Amid the pauses of the rushing storm,
 The victim's and the murderer's piercing shriek
 Are heard commingled;—such the shores of Bude!
 He who would see, in all its strength reveal'd,
 The appalling greatness of the Almighty arm,
 Should gaze, dark Bude, upon thy sea, which knows
 No parallel in terror and in storm;
 He who would marvel at the art and power
 Of man, in wondrous union shown, should stand,
 As I have stood in autumn's stormiest day,
 Upon the pier of Bude, a mighty work

* A man of stern and savage habits is said to have led a solitary life on the black rock near Bude, and to have kindled fires among the breakers to allure the unhappy mariner to inevitable destruction. This wicked device was attended with fatal success on many occasions, and he obtained a rich harvest from the wrecks which he had himself occasioned. He was known and dreaded as the "Wrecker," and was for a long time protected, according to the popular belief, by an unhallowed power, but at length the fiend deserted him, and when engaged in this nefarious occupation on a dark and tempestuous night, his foot slipped, and falling from the rock into the raging sea below, he met that doom which he had so often and so remorselessly inflicted upon others. The Cornish sailors believe that he is seen "troubling the waters" on the eve of a storm, and that during the actual gale his shrieks, and the shrieks of his victims, are occasionally heard.

Which breasts the outrageous element, frowning
 O'er the defeated surge, as though it said—
 Go waste upon the helpless mariner
 Thy fatal and unconquerable wrath ;
 But I will curb thy high and swelling crest ;
 And in my peaceful haven, and amid
 My subject ships, protected from thy wrath
 I'll lead thee, as a savage beast reclaim'd
 From its wild life, no longer to wage war
 Against creation's lords, no more to spread
 Wild fear and anguish through the heart of man ;
 But humbled and subdued to lend thy now
 Corrected and well-guided strength to aid
 His nobler purposes, who lately quail'd
 Beneath the force of thy rebellious rage.

THE BIRTH OF RHODES.

BY LORD MORPETH.

THE STORY IS TAKEN FROM THE SEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE
 OF PINDAR.

WHEN at Creation's radiant dawn uncurl'd,
 Roll'd the gray vapours from a new-made world,
 Each bright Immortal chose a home below,
 Where most their honours and their name should grow ;
 Then Jove first trod his Ida's forest bower,
 And Juno rear'd Mycenæ's royal tower ;
 Minerva sat on Sunium's craggy throne,
 And claim'd the Attic olive for her own ;
 While Venus shed the lustre of her smile
 Round high Cythera, and her Paphian isle :

No deity but own'd some honour'd hill,
Some hallow'd grove, or consecrated rill.
Phœbus alone, as on th' ætherial way
He sped the flaming coursers of the day,
Amid the conclave of the clouds forgot,
Upon the earth he gladdens, found no lot:
When lo! far down between the glassy tide
One hidden shore he view'd, and joyful cried—
"Change not for me th' allotments of the sky;
Nought can escape Apollo's piercing eye:
See, in the folds of ocean's azure vest,
A fairer, greener bower than all the rest:
Rise, lovely island, from the crystal flood,
Rise, cloth'd with harvest, vintage, lawn, and wood;
Rhodes be thy name! with shoot elastic, rise,
Spurn the salt depths, and hark beneath the skies;
From thy moist surface heave the silvery spray;
Spread thy young bosom to my golden ray;
On thee through all the year shall breathe and gleam
The balmiest zephyr, and the brightest beam;
Cities and harbours shall protect thy coast,
War, commerce, art, shall be alike thy boast;
Thy maids all beautiful, thy sons all brave,
And Thou, the Mistress of thy native wave."

BABY!

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY W. JERDAN.

"Death sends Truth before it as its messenger."

"ROMANCE AND REALITY," BY L. E. L.

EVERY reader of common sagacity will readily perceive at once how the following auto-biography was communicated; and therefore I will not, as is too much the fashion among authors by profession, trouble them with unnecessary explanation. Suffice it to say, that the authenticity of the narrative is unquestionable; for I had it out of the individual's own mouth, and I have not altered one syllable. Sceptical persons might doubt the existence of those precocious talents which enabled *Baby* at the early age of twenty-four hours to deliver the painful relation of all its experience and sufferings in this world; but when it is recollected that the human mind often exhibits wonderful phenomena amid the bright glances which precede death, it will be acknowledged that the present memoir is the result of one of these half mundane, half celestial illuminations of the spirit.

"My first perception of life," said *Baby*, "or at least the first particular which I consider it fitting to record—for I am not like a German biographer, who would go farther back, to the very beginning of things—was my being handed from the rough grasp of a man into the arms of a filthy old woman. I cannot describe to you the disgust I felt at the hag. Her countenance was most forbidding, her eyes inflamed, her nose reddened towards the point, and her breath abominably infected with the odours of a transparent fluid called gin. I did not know on inhaling the scent of this offensive compound what it was; but the wretch was determined that I should not long remain in ignorance of its effects either in a gaseous or a liquid form. It was evident from my entrance into the

world that this monster entertained a design against my life; and though I resisted with all the energy of a free-born and independent infant, the contest was too unequal, and I finally sunk beneath her machinations and those of my other cruel persecutors.

"The moment I perceived that her intentions were fatal, I set up a squall which you might have heard, in the stillness of the night, quite across the square; but it was utterly disregarded, or rather made the subject of mockery. 'There's a stout boy,' cried the demon, 'I'll warrant ye, that will expand the bones of his head for him.' My poor head indeed was the immediate object of her attack; for taking another gulp of gin from a glass, and spouting some of the fiery fluid into her hand, she instantly deluged my skull with it, and rubbed with all her might. Oh, the dreadful torture which I endured! The burning substance penetrated through the fonticelle, or mole of the head, to my very brain, and scorched it into agony. I writhed and screamed in vain; and, the paroxysm of madness over, uttered a low and piteous moaning which might have melted the heart of a fiend. But mercy was never meant for me. Conscious of my inherent rights and dignity as a British man child, and resolved to support both at the expense of my fortune and existence, oppression and tyranny were soon leagued against me, and I was crushed by the foul combination.

"Not yet a quarter of an hour old, the barbarous usage I had undergone was but a prelude to the whole iniquitous course which was systematically pursued against me by all but one being, who, from her affection to me, was exposed to almost equally relentless persecution. My poor mamma, she alone showed any sympathy for Baby; but she was too powerless to afford me efficient succour in aid of my own brave exertions.

"Finding that the application of the gin, though it turned my brain, did not absolutely destroy me, the old woman,

whom they called Nurse (Curse would have been a juster title), endeavoured to kill me in another way. There was a large brown pan in the middle of the apartment filled with tepid water, and into this the murderess plunged me head-long. She thought she could drown me, but again my activity and presence of mind prevailed, and I saved myself from a watery grave by the vigour with which I kicked, and the force with which I squalled. Astonished by my courageous conduct, and baffled in her vile scheme, the tigress was compelled to desist; but if she could not accomplish the murder, she could gratify her hellish spite, which she did by taking an opportunity to scrape me from head to foot more in the manner of a dead pig than a living boy. I was much hurt by this process; my excoriated skin smarted all over, and I could do nothing but cry and howl as if my lungs were bursting. To this natural appeal no attention whatever was paid by my unnatural enemies.

"The next attempt upon me was of a different, but hardly less infamous character. You are aware how they used to treat their mummies in Egypt in the olden times. From this I presume the hint was taken for the new torment practised upon me. Laying me in her lap, the malignant old woman took a long roll of linen and began to swathe me up as if indeed I were a defunct Egyptian, never intended to stir or breathe more on this earth. Round and round did she whirl me; and I never experienced such a sensation of giddiness before as that which now overcame me. I could frame an idea what it was to be tumbled about; but to be tossed and gyred in this violent manner was too much to be borne. I was, however, reduced to passive endurance by being so tightly bound; and so worn out by the conflict I had inflexibly maintained, that I seemed almost reckless of what was done to me.

"I fancied at last they were going to execute me without the formality of judge or jury; for they put an ugly cap

upon my head, and brought a hand under my chin and across my throat to strangle me, drawing the ligature even to suffocation. I cannot tell how I escaped, but I did escape this the third attempt upon my life within the first thirty minutes of its duration.

"A very few moments' repose being now allowed me, I began to reflect upon my hapless condition. Here was I without a friend in the world who could help me, with a bold and uncompromising spirit it is true, but comparatively weak and defenceless; here was I naked and exposed to the most diabolical malice of foes, who had obviously entered into a conspiracy to make away with me by some means or other. What could I do? to whom could I appeal? there was no one to take my part. But I will not anticipate events: they crowded fast enough into my miserable span, as you shall now hear without being troubled with any reflections upon them.

"Having walked into the world about midnight, I looked at the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and found that I had been more than two hours in this busy life; but circumstances had crowded so rapidly into that space, and I had been made so utterly miserable by the stirring scenes in which I acted so important a part, that I felt no appetite whatever. On the contrary, I seemed to entertain a loathing for food; my indignation may therefore be conceived when I observed the odious female, to whom I have so often already had occasion to allude, preparing some diet, and evidently for me. I knew it by the scowl upon her countenance, as she took up a bottle and poured some of its contents into a silver teaspoon;—my presentiment was almost instantly realised. Seizing me quickly unawares, I had barely a moment to extend my jaws in the act of bawling for assistance when the gag or spoon was thrust into my mouth, and the whole of its nauseous freight forced down my throat. Scream I could not—a sort of gurgling noise was all that could be heard: I

sank back, and thus tasted the first of bitterness which my youthful stomach was doomed to receive.

"I have intimated that, like other geniuses, I was born with literary tastes and a taste for the fine arts. I am sure, had my life been prolonged, I should have turned a celebrated author as well as painter: as it has been decreed, I can only claim the fame of being 'THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.' But there was something curious in the coincidence that my earliest acquaintance with literature and painting should be so vastly disagreeable as to consist of my reading *Ol. Ricini* on the bottle whence I had been poisoned, and swallowing that oil which might have been the medium of a nobler production than it was now destined to produce. Mingled with the tints of a Titian, it might have created an immortal Venus. But I will not pursue the contrast.

"A sense of sickness took possession of me. I asked myself, Is this the food of human beings? Is it for the enjoyment of such delicacies as this that gourmandism and sensuality fill so prodigious an extent in the existence of men? If it be so, how I pity them! Ah! were their palates as pure as mine, how would they abhor such indulgences! I am ashamed to own it, but as this is a biography of truth (and I believe the only one ever written), I must confess, *a la Rousseau*, that I internally exclaimed with an oath, 'It is d—d bad.' The recording angel, I trust, considering my provocation, would deal mercifully with this offence.

"Fatigue had now completely exhausted me, and sleep began to steal over my faculties. A yawn was the sign of this soporific condition; and will it be credited that the wretched nurse would not even permit this natural symptom? She who had violently forced my mouth open for her own cruel purpose, would not suffer me to open it myself, but the moment she saw me seeking this relief, she clapped her finger and thumb under my lower jaw, which she pushed upwards till I thought it would have cracked again.

"Inured to suffering, sleep at length closed my weary eyelids, and I slumbered free from sorrows for awhile. But it was the mere insensibility of tired nature—not a sweet and refreshing repose. Ignorant people, and especially poets, talk of balmy sleep being like an infant's.—Bah! they must have forgotten their infancy—the swaddling which precludes free respiration—the other incumbrances of babyhood. For my share I had a horrid dream. I fancied I was put away from the world again, and I could, but I will not, a tale unfold.

"I woke but to fresh troubles, to new and unheard-of inflictions, of which it is almost impossible to state whether the utter nastiness or the barbarity were the most shameful. Like a criminal from the rack condemned to undergo farther ordeals, no sooner did the nurse notice that I was taking a survey of the chamber than she immediately darted upon her prey. From a small skillet or pan she spooned forth a thickish unpleasant substance, whether called pap or gruel I never could learn, for I heard both names applied indiscriminately: and first—oh, beast!—drawing the mess through an ordeal of mouth never to be forgotten, she poked the revolting spoonful almost into my throat. Reject it I could not; down it went. In flavour certainly not so abominable as my breakfast of castor oil, this my second meal was rendered no less obnoxious by the process of its administration or service. Surely in this instance, whoever sent the meat, the devil inspired the cook.

"The consequence might easily have been foreseen, but it was very hard that, from no excess of my own, I was attacked with cholera—the fashionable name for what my grandmamma in ultra-refinement termed a stomach complaint. But whether called by a learned Greek, a fashionable, or a vulgar name, I was compelled to endure what I had been compelled to incur. I was no volunteer glutton or

drunkard: superior to man, I had not made the ill of which I had so much cause to complain.

"Had it not been for the continuance of my malady, I might have fancied that the world was not a perpetual hell. For several hours I was not meddled with. A great piece of flannel was wrapped round my head and shoulders, and I was smothered in the bed, which had something of warmth more consonant to my constitutional habits than the cold of a winter night to which I had been so much exposed.

"A weary period having elapsed, I was removed from my nest. The fire yet burned cheerfully, but the candle had grown to an immense wick with a top like the dome of St. Paul's, and a light dim and flickering. Nurse sat by the fire-side in a great arm-chair, smelling more than ever of the beverage which was as the breath of her nostrils; that breath, by the by, was ever and anon tuned to a deep but by no means musical diapason. Lying on her knee during one of these naps, I gazed around with that degree of curiosity which new situations commonly excite, for I naturally wished to become acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of my fellow-creatures. The view impressed me with no idea of comfort. Phials with labels about their necks, pipkins, napkins, basins, clothes, chairs, and tables at all sorts of angles, &c. &c. &c., seemed so untidy that I could well understand why it was called a sick-room: it was enough to make any body sick.

"As morning approached, two or three maids began to peep in. They giggled, walked on tiptoe, and appeared as highly elated as if each had borne a son of her own. They drank with the nurse, and carried off some tea and sugar to make breakfast. One or two of them looked at me and observed that I was a nasty looking animal. After which they laughed and took a glass, whispering, as far as I could gather, a great deal of impertinent nonsense.

"Carrying me in her arms, the nurse about this time went towards the window, and quietly withdrawing the curtain, lest my mamma should observe how malignantly she was treating me, exposed me to the full glare of morning. The flash of pain was excessive: instinct shut up my eyes, or I should have been blinded for life. But this was only one of the slightest of the miseries heaped upon me.

"Soon after, my first acquaintance on earth returned, under pretence of inquiring about my health. The villain in my own hearing, approved of all that had been done to me, and spoke of repeating the same kind of usage if I presumed to dispute their authority. While he was talking another man came in, who I soon gathered was another ruthless enemy of mine. Indeed I saw now that he was the origin of all my distress—the instigator of my persecution; and like a coward bribed others to commit the crime he had not courage to perpetrate with his own hands. I tried hard to divine what new plot was hatching against me, but could not make it out. I only observed this fellow slip the bribe into the open fingers of the other, who, though called doctor, which is derived from learning, looked smilingly like a murderer, evidently promised acquiescence, and walked away, grinning most diabolically as he conveyed the gold to his pocket.

"The noise, I presume, waked my poor mamma, for she uttered a low noise, and moved slightly on her pillow. Alas! it was but to provoke outrage: the second savage strode up to the bed, and putting his face close to hers, gave her a smack; which, though partially concealed, was perfectly audible to my ear. How I longed for a giant's strength to punish the miscreant! but I was condemned to a similar fate. The suffering saint was so accustomed to ill-treatment, that she only smiled faintly and waved her pale hand; when the assassin quitted his prey and advanced towards me. My rage and hatred were inconceivable; I think I could have

repelled him had he assailed me alone, but one of his infamous associates was still left to help him: she held me towards him, and he served me exactly as he had served my martyr of a mother. Till then I knew not the pang she had borne with such patient resignation: of all the pains I had yet encountered it was the most poignant and severe. His chin was armed all over with sharp spears and short hut cutting knives; and these, by a dexterous motion, such as only long practice could have taught the tormentor, he contrived to stab into every pore of his victim's face. I screeched aloud, and I saw the tear come into mamma's eyes; but the others, as before, only made a scoff of my agony. "He is a charming boy, and your very picture! he is indeed his papa's own!" said the nurse (as confounded a lie as ever was uttered! and, besides, my countenance was so distorted that I was like nothing human); and then papa chuckled out a horse laugh, and taking his purse, without the least affectation of secresy, bribed and rewarded his other vile companion.

"A few words passed between them; and again inflicting the torture upon his unhappy and unresisting wife, the flinty-hearted tyrant withdrew.

"I had hitherto preserved considerable resolution under the indignities and dangers of my situation; but the last occurrence depressed me exceedingly. I clearly perceived that the only living creature attached to me by sympathy was exposed to the worst of injuries on that account: I saw that she was broken-spirited and uncomplaining, though decidedly unable to undergo, as I had done, the continued attacks of our adversaries: as a proof of this I may state that she took a cup of the oil, which the nurse presented to her, without even kicking or squalling. My soul died within me, and the shock of my feelings, I have no doubt, hastened my own dissolution.

"Well, the day wore on: several women called in for a few

minutes, and all seemed of a mind that I ought to be made away with. One advised a second spoonful of oil as the means; another something named Daffy's Elixir; a third a drop or two of gin—on which the nurse swallowed a humper aside, to show, as it were, how it might be taken without flinching. Among the rest was a very old female, whom they styled grand-mamma, because she was dressed in a stately guise: this hideous person disguised herself by putting two round glasses over her eyes, and then came close to me. Oh, the insufferable beldam! a powder, of the most pungent and acrid nature, which she had concealed about her nose till near enough to shake it over my innocent organs, was so cunningly applied that I was not even aware of the insidious act till in the midst of fondling the whole catastrophe overwhelmed me. I endeavoured to ease myself by sneezing; upon which the company burst into a titter:—my curse be upon them for their inhumanity.

“By degrees we were left again to night and solitude; but my nerves had been so lacerated, and my constitution so impaired, that it soon became too evident the machinations of the conspirators were likely to terminate to their contentment. Lest it should be too slow, one of them was again sent for—my first worthy friend—and he ordered more poisons to be forced down my throat. In nothing was I left to nature; my very limbs were encumbered as if they had dreaded that being born a *sans culottes*, a *sans culottes* I should die: the inconveniency of this I will not describe. I was born to ill-luck in every thing—to good-luck in nothing.

“Flayed, drowned, insulted, incapacitated, smothered, abused, tortured, poisoned, is it to be wondered at that I resigned myself quietly to the prospect of a release? My poor mamma was unhappy, and cried; and the last of the conspirators appeared upon the stage. He was a ferocious looking fellow, with a red face and twinkling eyes; and I suppose he was brought at the late hour from a masquerade

as he was dressed in a domino. I fancy he had taken off his mask, but I will not positively assert aught of which I am not sure. Be that as it may, he took a little book from his pocket, and mumbled a few sentences (it would have gratified the literary taste with which I was born had he uttered them distinctly); he then dipped his fingers into some water and contemptuously threw it in my face. Previous to this, however, there was a dispute among the actors in my tragedy. Mamma said softly, 'Let it be William Frederick Augustus Gustavus: I so love a beautiful name, and one of which he may be proud hereafter.' But my ruthless papa replied, 'No, it must be Peter Nathaniel, or uncle Peter may be offended, and old Nat Curmudgeon, who has promised to stand godfather, forget him in his will.' 'Peter Nathaniel' accordingly exclaimed the black ruffian, when he dashed the water over my piteous countenance.

"It was of less consequence, for the curtain was now about to fall: I felt too weak to resent this last contumely, and submitted to be placed on the bed of my sorrowing parent. She gently laid me on her bosom, and the sight was so affecting that the bearded barbarian, papa, seemed to be moved by it. He dropped some consolatory words, and said if any thing could restore me that loved bosom would. I was sorry to be obliged to agree with the murderer in any one opinion, though I felt I was fast departing; but in truth this soft and yielding breast was delightful whereon to rest my fevered cheek: I raised my little hand towards it—I threw the latest glance of my closing eye upon it—I drew one draught of nature from its fountain—I uttered one short sigh—I had for one moment tasted an earthly heaven, and for an everlasting heaven I winged my flight."

With this beautiful sentence BABY concluded his autobiography, to which I have only two particulars to add, which I did not introduce into the narration for fear they might interrupt its simple pathos and elegant connexion.



When I heard BABY state in the course of it, oftener than once, that he was a genius and born with a natural taste for literature, I thought it right to ask him for a definition of man—a definition which Plato, and a considerable number of philosophers since Plato, have failed to reach. To this he replied, with wonderful promptitude—

“MAN IS A WRITING ANIMAL.”

Astounded by this immortal answer, I could scarcely breathe out—“Oh, young hut mighty sage! can I perform aught to perpetuate my veneration for the memory of so extraordinary a being?” To which BABY sweetly rejoined, with the humility of a child, “Engrave this distich upon my monument:—

*“Since I have been so quickly done for,
I marvel what I was begun for!!!”*

THE LATE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Oh, thou! pale Daughter of the eagle!
Thou ermined child of empire—scarce of earth!
So bright of aspect and of soul so regal—
More royal in thy death than in thy birth!

Thou stood'st e'en more and more exalted
As grandeur waned and power departed;
Stood'st, when shocks, earthquake-like assailed,
Majestical—though broken-hearted.

The summer lightnings of thy smile are past,
The summer sunbursts of thy blushes faded;
But holily within our hearts thou hast
The martyr's palms with beauty's myrtles braided.

THE ZWINGER PALACE,

Is in the old town of Dresden, and is now in rather a dilapidated condition. It is chiefly remarkable for a collection of natural history, and an orangery, where the finest orange trees in Europe, at least equal if not superior to those at Versailles, are cultivated. During summer they occupy the front court of the palace, and during winter are sheltered in the interior of it. "Zwinger," in German, is "dog-hole," "prison;" how, or why, the palace received this flattering appellation is not generally known.

THE PORTRAIT.

GIFT of the absent ! whose illusive power
Can cheat Remembrance of her lonest hour,
Still with sad constancy to thee I turn,
(Like Sorrow ling'ring o'er her loved one's urn)
In mute abstraction gazing on each grace
That my heart worships in this angel face !
The faultless outline, and the cluster'd hair,
Shadowing the features eloquently fair ;
The deep blue eyes which touchingly express
The hallow'd charm of virtuous tenderness,
(Nature's sweet talisman for wo on earth,)
Speak to my soul—the miser of her worth !
Form'd by example happily refined,
Mark the fair promise of that youthful mind ;
Each virtue home-taught that the vestal knows,
With ease unconscious, that from culture flows ;
Gentle, not weak—correct, yet not severe—
The woman's softness wanting but in fear ;
Blameless, serene, as in God's courts she stood—
Joy to her heart—the beautiful, the good !

R. H. S.







Painted by a French

Engraver by W. Verel

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

London Published for the Proprietors by Robert Claver & Co. 1810



A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KEEPSAKE.

THE same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer*, induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving of the Gored Huntsman, which adorned the first number of your work, and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old but not an ancient one: the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan; and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other, he was a disabled cripple, scarce able

* "The Death of the Laird's Jock," published in the "Keepsake" for 1829.—ED.

to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing* in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right, rose like a wall, and on the left, sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon, but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the Gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a huck of the red-deer species coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun no rencontre could have been more agreeable, but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that

* A pastoral farm.

he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock, which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped

with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend), but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

STANZAS.

BY THE HONORABLE GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

THOU sweet and lovely prospect, so well known,
That from the mind thou canst not pass away,
Though all the joys thou gavest long have flown,
I still must linger on the happy day.

Remembrance bears me on the glassy tide
Of yonder river, and the woodland strain
Of birds comes blithely by, as if to chide
The thought that there I cannot smile again.

Alas! the sunshine of the heart displays
No opening bud of promise still to bear,
But passes like the dream of other days,
And ends its summer with a bitter tear.





English by J. R. R.

Painted by J. R. R.

Fig. 1. Published for the Proprietors by J. R. R. 1850.

SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE.

THE forest of Laye, occupying an area of nearly six thousand acres, is still one of the finest in France. In former times it was a favourite scene of royal sport; and Charles V. and Henry IV., successively, built a château in the neighbourhood, to answer the purpose of a hunting-lodge. The latter of these edifices, which, in its day and generation was called the New Palace, is now in ruins; while the elder-born still remains entire, an object of wonderment to the Parisian cockney, and a shrine for the English pilgrim, who may be led, by historical recollections, to the tomb of James II.

Around the palace there rose, in the usual course of affairs, a congregation of the dwellings of those who were ambitious of breathing the atmosphere of royalty; and the place—receiving the name of Saint Germain-en-Laye—is now an opulent town, of nine or ten thousand inhabitants, with wide, regular, and well-paved streets, and several handsome squares. It is built on the Seine, where the river is crossed by a wooden bridge, more picturesque than elegant; and near it rises the palace, a spacious and somewhat heavy structure of brick, with a terrace extending for two miles along the side of the river.

This edifice, although built originally by Charles V., was subsequently altered and enlarged both by Francis I. and Louis XIV., the latter of whom, together with Henry II. and Charles IX., was born at Saint Germain-en-Laye. The view from the terrace is one of the finest imaginable; comprehending a circle of fifteen miles, with the city of Paris itself, only twelve miles to the south-east, and the windings of the Seine.

When James II., more fortunate than the first Charles, was permitted to leave quietly a throne for which he was unfit, he retired to France with his family, to crave the

protection of Louis XIV. The queen, arriving first, was astonished at once by the magnificence and coudescension of the French prince; he conducted her to the Château of St. Germain, where she found herself the mistress of an equipage that would not have disgraced the Queen of France. Among other valuable presents, she found lying on her toilet a purse of ten thousand louis d'or.

James himself, on arriving the next day, was received with the same ostentation of generosity. A revenue was assigned to him of six hundred thousand francs for the yearly expenses of his housekeeping, and officers and guards were marshalled round his *sacred* person. "*Jamais le roi ne parut si grand,*" says Voltaire, in his sneering way; "*mais Jacques parut petit.*" He occupied himself in entertaining the Jesuits, and touching for the king's evil; and received from Rome, in return for all his sacrifices for conscience' sake, sundry indulgences. An expedition to Ireland, and some conspiracies against the life of his successful rival, filled up the space of eleven years, during which he was the pensioner of Louis; and in 1700, James the Second died at Saint Germain-en-Laye.

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED THE WRITER TO
SEND HER SOME VERSES.

You hid me rhyme! ah, how can I refuse
At Beauty's call to wake my torpid lyre
With earnest prayer invite th' unwilling muse
Her aid to lend, and lofty thoughts inspire.

Ah, lady fair! in vain you hid me rhyme!
Slow, indistinct, my dull ideas rise,
My halting numbers keep no tuneful time
Absent your form—unseen your speaking eyes.

J. R. G.

THE WEDDING.

BY THE HONORABLE CHARLES PHIPPS.

"I WONDER who will be there?"—Such was the inquiry of Emily Lawrenson, in reply to the notification of her aunt, that it was time to dress for Lady Dunsley's ball. Now I have often observed that this expression of wonder is but seldom dictated by a wish to ascertain what are likely to be the component parts that will form the collective society to be visited—a matter which is, indeed, upon such occasions of comparative insignificance—but is launched as an experimental cruiser, to endeavour to discover the probable locality of some individual, he or she, upon whom the expectation of pleasure or disappointment chiefly depends.

"Oh! all the world will be there?" was the answer of her aunt, as she took up her candle and retired to the interesting occupation of the toilette.

Although it must be allowed that, to a moderate or easily contented mind, the promise of so little exclusive a party must contain very satisfactory assurance of the one object of interest being included in the sweeping collection, yet a more particular detail was necessary to tranquillize the anxiety of Emily, and it was with but little prospect of enjoyment that she likewise betook herself to the task, which nature had in her case rendered so much less requisite.

But three short months had passed since Emily Lawrenson resided in the quiet and secluded vicarage which had afforded to her father for more than fifty years a refuge from the cares of the world, and a field for the exercise of those virtues which had made his life a flowery course of happiness and content. In that spot, and in uninterrupted repose, had she passed through the laughing hours of childhood; the matured ideas of youth had there been carefully trained and cultivated, and she had now arrived at womanhood with no other adventure

to ruffle the smooth stream of life, but such as might be caused by the common casualties of domestic superintendence, the duties of which the early loss of her mother had entailed upon her.

It is usual in fictitious narratives to place the scene of romantic incident invariably in the country; and forests and verdant meads, glades and cottages, are almost as necessary to a love scene in a novel, as a tall dark young man and a lady with beauty that surpasses the powers of description; but it is not so in real mundane existence—the even tenor of rustic events is too placid for extraordinary incident, though little circumstances may appear by comparison of great importance; and I verily believe that there are often more ingredients for the composition of an interesting story, collected round the tea and buttered toast of a citizen's back parlour, than could be extracted from a whole country parish.

The life of our heroine was at least a testimony in favour of my argument. Eighteen years of sameness and regularity at Ashton rectory had waxed and dwindled undistinguished by any events that could claim the most remote affinity to romance—except the rejected addresses of Sir Henry Hardset, the neighbouring squire, or the budding, but early nipped, passion of Mr. Hoskins, the curate. Far different, however, was to be her lot when, shortly after her eighteenth birthday, she received an invitation from her aunt, Norris Hamerton, to spend the season with her in London. This aunt was the possessor of immense riches; and having the year before quarrelled with, and abandoned, a favourite nephew, because he ruined himself by making what is called “a good book” upon the turf, she had been since looking out for some one upon whom to settle her affections and her wealth, and hearing that Emily Lawrenson possessed beauty, accomplishments, and good temper, she summoned her from her retirement to become her companion and her heiress. Dr. Lawrenson hailed with delight this promising demonstration of

regard towards his otherwise portionless child, and at once accepted the flattering proposal, and within a week Emily found herself for the first time a participator in the gaieties of a full London season.

It is unnecessary to say that our heroine was beautiful; had she been otherwise nobody would have thought it worth while to record her history in the pages of the "Keepsake;"—that she was well educated and accomplished arose from the union of excellent natural taste and careful tuition; that she was pure, virtuous, and affectionate, was the certain consequence of the unfailing example of her almost faultless parent; but that she was not perfect must be attributed to the circumstances of her being a real created being, and not the offspring of the heated imagination of a romantic author.

With the reputation of being "a fortune" to attract attention, and such qualifications to excite admiration, it will not be thought extraordinary that the new star had its full share of worshippers, with the other luminaries of the hemisphere, and that Emily's appearance was hailed with as large a tribute of compliments and flattery as is usually paid to the fair and rich. But the mind of Emily was too well guarded by the precept and practice of her instructor to be elevated by the idle adulation of London dangles, though the weakness of human nature caused her to feel some little gratification at the universal sensation that she evidently excited; it would be well for many that I know if all young ladies granted as limited a credence to the declared, or implied assurance, that their beauty is unrivalled, and their wit and talents the delight of society, as did the rustic daughter of a retired clergyman upon her first introduction to the dazzling fairy scenes of fashion's halls.

Somewhat distinguished from the many young men who had fluttered for a time around the blaze of her beauty, and then with wings, more or less singed, flitted to be completely maimed by some other flame, was one whom Emily at first

met with feelings of peculiar dislike, and almost of fear—it was Harry Ormonde—who has not heard that name?—that magic name, the false passport under which a modest witling introduces his own doubtful good things—the sponsor of various and varying fashions:—in short, he, the *recherché* of society, the idol of the clubs, the admired, the talented, the handsome, and the gay, “the observed of all observers.” This brilliant accumulation of recommendations, which had placed Ormonde at the very pinnacle of distinction in the best society, had failed to excite the admiration, even the approbation, of our heroine. The accounts that were so assiduously circulated of his thousand and one conquests, and his as easy and as frequent desertion of the once eagerly sought prize, appeared to her but as the records of heartlessness and vanity; his oft repeated bon-mots conveyed to her understanding the idea more of ill-nature and of flippancy than of wit, and the accounts of his peculiarity and judgment in dress stamped his character in her opinion with more of foppishness and effeminacy than good taste. She therefore, for some time, carefully and successfully avoided the acquaintance of Colonel Henry Ormonde.

About three weeks after her arrival in London, she accompanied Mrs. Hamerton to a dinner-party, at the house of Lord Oakington, his lordship not being less celebrated for his excellent provisions for the first half of that compound word, than his well-experienced consort was for selecting the not less essential ingredients for the second. After an unusually long infliction of twilight and formality in the drawing-room, the usual dual procession took place to the dining-room, and Emily found herself drawn, in the lottery of handing down, by Lord Oxley, the eldest son of the excellent host and hostess, an individual of peculiar taciturnity, and one whose only discrimination between young ladies was, those whom he would, and those whom he would not, propose to. In the arrangement of the table, Emily observed that

my Lady Oakington, who in general interested herself but little in the relative location of her guests, evinced, for her, an extraordinary degree of activity to retain the one remaining place between herself and Emily vacant.

Why this Banquo's chair was thus reserved in the very place of honour was for some time a mystery, but just as the fish and soup had been removed, the whole was explained by the entrance of a person, the warmth of whose reception would have of itself proved his position not to be perfectly accidental. Emily saw enough of his outward appearance as he glided to his seat, and whispered an apology to Lady Oakington, in which "House of Commons" was the only part audible, to ascertain that his was one of those countenances that bear away the palm of manly beauty from all the regular features, and Antinous faces, that would enchant the painter and the modellist, and by the time that our heroine had decided this point she became aware that she too was undergoing the furtive scrutiny of her newly arrived neighbour. There is nothing more disagreeable than the consciousness of being looked at, particularly when the part most proper for the subject of inspection to enact, is ignorance of being under observation; it was, therefore, a great relief to her when with ease and without affectation the unknown entered into conversation, and she had become quite amused, and very nearly pleased with him, before the casual invitation of—"Ormonde, a glass of wine!" let her into the secret of who her agreeable acquaintance was.

This, then, was the dangerous, the all-conquering individual of whom she had heard so much. She felt disappointed—she hardly knew why—but he certainly was not the sort of person that she had expected. His dress, which she had been prepared to find peculiarly finical and *outré*, was remarkable only for its excessive simplicity; and though there was nothing in it that the most critical judge could

object to, there was no one point that the most minute examiner could notice as unusual. His conversation, in spite of herself, had interested her, and though she thought that in all he said she could trace that hidden vein of satire which she had dreaded, yet his attacks were so general, and his fancy so playful, that she imagined that few could be personally wounded by them, whilst many who were pleased might also be improved by the application of his remarks, and she soon found herself not only laughing at his sallies, but occasionally assisting with a half timid observation of her own, which partook too much of the character of quizzing to satisfy her conscience, upon a subsequent examination of the events of that day.

Upon the arrival of the ladies after dinner in the drawing-room, all, including Lady Oakington, (whom to say the truth Ormonde had somewhat slighted in his attention to Emily,) fell so violently upon him, and abused with so much warmth the deceptive cunning of his character, that our heroine began to fear that she also had become a victim to the fascination of this rattle-snake, and she mentally determined, by constantly avoiding his society, to secure for the future her name from being added to the list of his victims.

I know not whether it arose from this determination (for such is the effect that it usually produces), or from what other accident, that Emily found herself constantly afterwards in the company of Henry Ormonde; at dinners he was generally her neighbour; when he came into the first tier at the opera the box-keeper mechanically opened Mrs. Hamerton's box; he was her constant partner at balls; and she at last observed that her horse Orlando, amidst all the steeds in the park, recognised with eye and ear the approach of Ormonde's grey.

For a long time did Emily endeavour to keep up her deeply rooted prejudice against the character of her agreeable admirer, but, when in the course of their acquaintance she

casually discovered that many of his oft repeated, most witty, and severest sayings, were greater novelties to him than to any one else—that some of his ill-used intimate friends were utter strangers to him even by name—and that not a few of the compassionated victims of his transient adoration had never received more worship from him than was conveyed in a passing bow—she began to imagine that, perhaps in the worldly estimation of his principles and actions, envy might have a little warped the judgment of some, and disappointment have soured the opinion of others.

It would carry me beyond the limits of my task were I to attempt to describe the nice gradations by which, from a sense of having committed an injustice towards Ormonde, the mind of Emily commenced with allowing itself to be amused, then interested by him, until the kindly feeling being transplanted to the heart it there sprouted and grew into a flourishing affection. When once rooted, the breast of Emily was a soil in which such an affection was sure rapidly to increase, for hers was one of those enthusiastic natures not easily won, but that when once overcome, her devotion was infinite. Let not my readers be shocked, because I have communicated to them the delicate secret of my heroine's preference, without having narrated any previous declaration of a similar passion on the part of Ormonde, for no such verbal confession had taken place; but never does love exist between two persons, meeting daily in society, without the mutual certainty of the delightful truth far outstripping the tardy determination of putting forth those most sacred thoughts in the colder form of words. Harry, perhaps, was little conscious of the overwhelming power of his passion, but long had her observation of it been balm to the heart of Emily; she would have been miserable had she imagined that any one could have discovered the most delicate, the most hidden feeling of her soul; but the rising colour, the beaming glance of pleasure at meeting—many,

many little circumstances, valueless and without meaning to others, had assured Ormonde that his dearest hopes were crowned with success.

The season was now nearly over, and matters had made but little progress; indeed the nature of their intercourse was more likely to foster and encourage the mutual affection, which was daily increasing, than to conduce to that happy climax—so desirable in the eyes of *chaperons*—a proposal! for they rarely met except in public. Mrs. Hamerton, who considered that with her wealth the chief requisites to be sought for in the marriage of her niece were rank and high birth, had fixed her choice upon the Lord Oxley, to whom we have before been introduced at Lord Oakington's, and the prudent aunt, discovering that neither the personal nor mental qualifications of her *protégé* were made to appear more brilliant by comparison with those of his gay rival, discouraged the visits and intimacy of the latter at her own house, though his appearance in their train in public, lent an *éclat* both to herself and niece in the eyes of the world, to which she was far from objecting. It was, therefore, but in the midst of the giddy and the heartless—in the very palaces of duplicity—in the courts of apathy and selfishness—that had grown up between them as hallowed, as deeply-rooted, an affection, as though their trysting place had been the shade of the forest—as though the moon alone had lighted them to their rendezvous, and the nightingale had been the only witness to their plighted vows.

We will pass over all intermediate scenes, and bring our reader back (indeed it is almost time) to the night on which we left Mrs. Hamerton and her niece preparing for Lady Dunsley's ball. Emily had but little disposition for going out that evening, and descended from her dressing-room jaded and tired with constant excitement; but the exercise of Mam'selle Constance's skill had been particularly successful in assisting, and indeed repairing by the aid of art, those

charms in the face and form of Mrs. Hamerton, which time had been likewise attempting to beautify by the same process by which it adds to the value of gothic castles and port wine, but not with equal satisfactory results. In the volubility of her own high spirits, therefore, the good aunt neither heeded nor discovered the silence of our heroine, as she chattered and laughed throughout the long drive to Lady Dunsley's villa, upon the borders of Kensington.

On their arrival Emily in vain glanced through the crowd in search of that well-known form whose presence constituted now for her all the enjoyment of society. He was not there; she *felt* that he was not there: the least glimpse of those features—the sight of the outline of his manly figure—the sound of but one word of that musical voice, she must have recognized. She had, indeed, not expected to meet him, for he had told her in the morning's ride that there was likely to be a long debate in the House of Commons, and as she gave up the hope, and followed her aunt who was ploughing her way through the crowd, she felt that the party, with all of wit and beauty, with all of luxury and magnificence which it contained, was a blank to her. She laughed, however, and talked and danced with the rest, for more than once had a hint been thrown out by some one of her partners, that he could divine the cause of her absence of mind, and she was determined to be upon this occasion so guarded, that no one should be able to imagine that the presence of any individual was necessary to her enjoyment.

In the midst of her good resolutions, but a few words, spoken in a hurried tone in the doorway near to where she was dancing, completely upset her composure of countenance and equanimity, and she had been twice reminded that her *vis-à-vis* was enacting an unnecessary cavalier *seul*, before she could withdraw her attention from the simple announcement—"No! the house is not up yet; but I was bored, and paired off." But the voice spoke to her heart; the words

even, commonplace in themselves, had for her a meaning, intelligible to no one else. Well, full well, she knew what was the cause that made those duties irksome which he had formerly followed with so much enthusiasm and so much success; and as she traced his progress towards the area of the dance, by his salutation to his acquaintances as he passed them, she felt her colour rising in her lovely cheeks, her eyes acquired a brilliancy, her steps an elastic grace, and with a gladdened countenance, in which Happiness seemed proud to share the throne with Beauty, as the figure of the quadrille brought her opposite to the door, the glance of Emily met the eager look of Ormonde. Hers was an expression of unmitigated pleasure, but a cloud passed over his brow, and, with the waywardness of man's affection, he felt angry that she should have seemed in spirits during his absence, for little did he know that the consciousness of his presence had caused the change both in her mind and appearance.

Shortly after the dance was over, Henry offered her his arm to see some fireworks which were to be exhibited in the garden; and the renovated attractions of Mrs. Hamerton having secured the attendance of some *ci-devant* admirer, they proceeded to the lawn.

"You seem to have enjoyed your party much, Miss Lawrenson," said Ormonde, in a tone of pique, as they descended the steps from the verandah.

"Indeed I have liked it much more than I expected," she answered: "but they must be thoroughly out of spirits whom the sight of so many happy people, the sound of so many merry voices, with the glitter of light and the harmony of music, cannot enliven."

"Do you consider, then," he inquired, "that the delights of society consist altogether in the mirth of the noisy, the rattling nonsense of the idle, the glare of wax candles, and the squeaking of fiddles?"

"No, no—not altogether," said Emily laughing; "but I

own I think them all, even down to the ridiculed fiddle, to be very good ingredients to a prescription for the cure of depression. I think, Colonel Ormonde, you have not always had so truly hermit-like a current of ideas."

"Perhaps not; perhaps I have much changed some of my opinions; but I believe at present I can only plead having been bored at the House, and being out of humour."

"It is not fair, then," she continued, "to transplant your ill humour from its native wilderness, that horrible man-forest, the House of Commons, to this greenhouse of all that is richest and most rare: you should assimilate yourself to the atmosphere you breathe."

"My feelings," he interrupted, now really becoming angry, "are not quite of so pliable a nature, that they can be bent to accommodate themselves to every momentary circumstance: my content and enjoyment are neither to be lit up by the flame of a candle, nor to be charmed by the tones of these modern Orpheuses. I may return your sarcasm, Miss Lawrenson, and remark that you were not always so worldly."

"We do not always mean exactly what we say, and seldom, seldom indeed, say exactly what we mean," said she, half thinking aloud.

"Oh, how truly are those words spoken!" he exclaimed ardently; "how seldom even do we cherish those sentiments in our hearts that our words, our actions would declare; and yet, to find one who has appeared all simplicity and softness, the admirer of the follies of the world, the bandier of sharp and cutting sayings, is a change that even my experience of that world had not prepared me for."

"Your words bear so little the disguise even of common civility, Colonel Ormonde," replied Emily, stung to the quick by this harsh accusation, "that it is impossible to mistake the person for whom they are intended. There is nothing in the terms or length of our acquaintance that can

make me responsible to you, and therefore I should consider all defence as uncalled-for, as it must be unnecessary."

"Is there nothing," he whispered, in a tone of deep emotion, coming close to her—"is there nothing to create a bond between us? Is it possible that devotion is so common to you, that you have valued as nothing a passion that has made me your very shadow—which has taught me to model my every act, ay, my most trivial jest, to endeavour to gain your approval?—It cannot be!—But you triumph in your power, whilst you despise its slave. Much I could have borne, but not coldness: hatred, obloquy, reproach, but not unfeeling satire. And yet I thought that I had at least obtained the place of a friend—that I might have——"

"Come, my dear Emily," interrupted Mrs. Hamerton, stepping in between them; "this place is terribly cold and damp, and we had better be going, for you know that you are not strong. I dare say Colonel Ormonde will call the carriage for us:—dear me, is he gone?"

Too plainly had Emily witnessed his departure, too clearly had she marked the expression of his countenance, and too audible to her ear had been the muttered oath with which he had rushed into the thickest of the dark mass of human beings, now undistinguishable in the general gloom, and now brightly illuminated in the glare of artificial light.

How little causes may sometimes produce great effects! Had the old admiral, who had been Mrs. Hamerton's escort to the fireworks, not been afraid of the rheumatism, and retreated; had the good lady herself not detected the very unbecoming effect of blue lights upon a neighbour's face, and naturally imagined that they would not have a much more decorative influence over the handywork of *Mam'selle Constance*; had Ormonde not moved that one step nearer to the object of his adoration, which brought them exactly into that juxtaposition which chaperons consider in elder sons most laudable, and in younger brothers highly improper, the

prudent aunt would never have interfered, and two persons, whose very existence depended upon the favour of the other, would not have separated mutually irritated.

How perplexing, how varied were the thoughts that passed through Emily's mind as they drove home! The declaration had been made—*but how!*—not in the pleading and humble tone of timid supplication, but in the confident and almost insulting language of reproach; and yet, though the avowal had nothing in its mode of expression to soothe or please, though it informed her of no fact that she had not, through more flattering means, been assured of before, yet it was consolatory to her heart to plead as an excuse for the absorbing affection which she felt in her breast, that he had poured forth the acknowledgment of his devotion. Much was there to regret in his petulance and ill temper, but she could not entirely acquit herself from the charge of flippancy and frivolity; and though we may in the ardour of the moment rejoice in the victory of an argument, or revel in a sharp and cutting repartee, bitter is afterwards the recollection of having caused the confusion of some friend, or wounded the feelings of some one we love. "We must both plead for forgiveness when next we meet," she mentally determined as the carriage stopped at their door in Grosvenor-street.

Alas, poor girl! little did she foresee the painful announcement that awaited her. Upon entering the hall, the porter put into her hands a letter which had been forwarded by express, and which contained the afflicting intelligence of the dangerous illness of her father. All other ideas were now absorbed in anxiety for that adored parent. Ormonde, her doubts, her love, were all forgotten; and with but two short hours of preparation, she was on the road to Ashton rectory. As she approached her home, her nervous excitement increased with every moment. She looked at each casual passenger that she met, as though his countenance

could convey some information of the state of the sufferer; she gazed with strained and tearful eyes at the well-known vicarage, as though the house would bear some outward token of the situation of its tenant; she accused herself of want of affection in having left him, who, from the day of her birth, had never deserted her; and it was not until she found herself established in attendance by the sick man's bedside, that her cheek again regained its usual colour, and her heart its usual pulsation.

By degrees the disorder of Dr. Lawrenson gave way to the skill with which he was treated, and the care with which he was nursed; but many an anxious and fatiguing night of vigilance had poor Emily passed in the sick room, with no employment but to administer to the selfish wishes of peevish suffering, and no companion but the perplexity of her own contradictory thoughts. Her bodily health suffered severely by the confinement; her cheek began to bear the livery, as it were, of the room; her eye lost its clear brilliancy; and her mind was sinking into despondency from the constant influence of doubt and fear. Many, many weeks had passed; she had received constantly letters from her aunt, but in no one of them was even mentioned that name which was the first object of her search in looking through the otherwise uninteresting scrawl. Had he then never remarked the absence, or inquired the cause of the departure of one for whom he had professed such an intensity of affection? Had he then so soon forgotten her, or from so slight a cause of disagreement had he struggled with and conquered his passion?—For it never entered into her speculation that it was possible that the anxious inquiries of Ormonde could be a matter of so little interest to her aunt as to be thought unworthy of record; or less still that her good-natured protectress could have any object in concealing from her the eagerness of his constant questions.

As her father became less tenacious of the exclusive ap-

propriation of her attendance, she was recommended to pass much of her time out of doors, and to endeavour, by the assistance of her native air, to regain that bloom, and elasticity both of body and mind, which was gradually sinking under the working of her secret unhappiness. She had been tempted upon one bright autumn afternoon, by the buoyancy of the atmosphere and the cheering warmth of the sun, to prolong her walk to the neighbouring town of Ash-ton, to execute some of the long arrear of commissions that her confinement to the house had left unperformed. She had nearly completed her purchases, and was upon her return home through the principal street, when the first glimpse of a man in deep mourning, who was approaching her on horse-back, agitated her to a degree almost too great for her debilitated frame. She could not be deceived; even at that distance, that form, that face, that distinguished air, were too much the subject of every daily vision, each nightly dream, not to be instantly recognized. What should she do? Her first impression was to turn away and avoid him. But the one glance that she had ventured to direct towards him had made her aware that his eyes were fixed upon her; and to shun him so decidedly would exhibit too marked an interest. There were many arguments that decided her to meet him—but how?—Should she receive him as her heart prompted, or should she by a cold appearance of indifference reproach him for his long neglect? Who under similar circumstances ever came to any decision? With a throbbing heart, a flushed and glowing cheek, and eyes cast down, she continued her course. One furtive look still assured her that he regarded her attentively. She heard him approach nearer and nearer; each heavy sound of his horse's hoof upon the narrow paved street seemed to beat upon her ear: he was close to her—he was at her side—she could almost hear him breathe—but without a word, without a single symptom of recognition, he passed her by; and as she traced the same

clattering sound until it died away in distance, it required all her determination to check the tears that were ready to burst forth. Was it possible?—Was she then slighted, nay, almost insulted by him whom she had made the idol of her affections? She was certain that he had seen her; she had felt that his eyes were fixed upon her; and even without the common salutation of politeness, he had heedlessly gone by *her* whom but a few weeks before he had professed to love with a zealot's devotion. Weak and overcome with anxiety and fatigue, she entered a shop to repose herself; and she overheard, in the course of a casual conversation between two persons there, that the famous Colonel Ormonde had joined his brother at a house that had belonged to an uncle of theirs who had lately died. This then put an end to her last fragile thread of hope, that she might by possibility have been deceived in the person, and she returned to her home tired, exhausted, and feeble in body; abased, wretched, and miserable in heart.

Poor Emily's health gradually became more and more precarious, under the sad and humiliating consciousness of her unrequited passion; for still, in spite of all, at the bottom of her heart lay buried, deeply but securely enshrined, far beyond the power of argument or of reason, the attachment which she flattered herself was giving way to the suggestions of offended pride. But severely did her body suffer by this perpetual conflict in her mind between duty and tenderness. The world may disbelieve, the free may scoff at the accounts of the heart-broken and the disappointed, who fade and fall like blighted leaves amidst the brightness and sunshine of the world—but how many carry to the grave the hallowed secret of enthusiastic love, denied even to their own more prudent conviction: how many disorders, were all bosoms opened, and all concealment at an end, would be found to have borne the blame for the sure and fatal destruction of blasted hopes and forgotten truth?

Long did the gradually sinking girl struggle with her increasing weakness; she could not endure the idea of again quitting her home, as was proposed, and rejoining her aunt, who was now living on the coast of Devonshire. She fought resolutely against her malady. She strove to meet her aged father, who was now quite recovered, with a smile: she endeavoured to give her languid frame the semblance of strength, to make her tottering step more firm when he was by; but debility came on with a stealthy but never-resting pace. Her short walk, though daily curtailed, became daily an exertion of greater fatigue; and at last the physician who attended her spoke in such terms to Dr. Lawrenson as seriously to excite his alarm, and it was determined that in a few days she should set out for Sidmouth, accompanied by her old governess, who was still resident as a pensioner on her father's bounty.

The last day of home arrived. Who that has ever quitted a place dear to them from association or from habit, but knows the bitterness of every minute of that day? On leaving a spot indifferent to us, yet if many of our days have been passed in its neighbourhood, the recollection of some happy hours, some scenes of kindness and enjoyment will arise to throw a shade of melancholy over the moment of farewell. What must then have been the agony of our heroine, who was about to leave the peaceful haven of her youth, to meet again but the storms and buffets of a heartless world? The time had arrived when she must again abandon that home where happiness alone had been her lot; where kindness had gone before her asking; where the tenderest care had guarded the days of helplessness and childhood; where the warmth of affection had hailed the harvest of her beauty and virtue;—and what was she to seek elsewhere? The society of her good-natured but frivolous aunt; the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the cruelty that had scared her unsuspecting confidence—the ingratitude that had broken her

ingenuous heart. "And can," thought she, "the softness of a balmy breeze, the salutary influence of the ocean's air, have such a power over wretchedness as to repay me for this change? Oh, no! let me remain here—if to die, to die where my last sigh will be whispered to kindly ears; but if to recover, to see the bright smile that will hail the advent of each new cause of hope, to enjoy the boon of health where affection may hallow, where peace may ensure its stay." But why dwell on so sad a scene? Why recount those moments of utter wretchedness when the venerable parent fixed his dim eyes on the fast receding carriage that bore from him the gem of his age, the last worldly object of affection to which he clung, torn from him, as he thought, for ever?

She had left her home: she had travelled for many days, but her progress had been comparatively inconsiderable, as the utmost caution was necessary to preserve her debilitated constitution from all unnecessary fatigue; and her weariness proceeded not only from the exertion of the journey—no, the labour of the mind inflicts far more lassitude on the body than does the healthy exercise of the limbs. No herculean task wears the frame so much as the cruel and unceasing industry of ever active unhappiness.

It chanced that in the course of their travel our invalid and her careful attendant arrived at a little village, at which they were tempted to pass the night, not only from the remarkable beauty of the surrounding country, but from an air of cleanliness and excessive quiet and seclusion that characterised the inn at which they took up their abode. On the morning after their arrival, Emily strolled into the churchyard with her kind-hearted old governess, to obtain a better position from which to look at the rich and extensive prospect that was extended in the valley below.

"How lovely, how soothing is such a sight as this!" she said, more thinking aloud than addressing Martha Hartland, who, though a most attached creature, had few romantic

ideas. "How much the view of this vast extent of the produce of rich cultivation, and the more luxuriant gifts of prodigal nature, raises the ideas from the grovelling cares of self. Hark!—Do you hear that huzz of merry voices, the echoes of that careless, happy laugh?—Who, when he sees such scenes of content and prosperity, and listens to the sounds of mirth and overflowing joy, shall dare to upbraid or murmur at a bounteous Providence because one breast is stricken with care, the hopes of an individual crushed and disappointed?"

"It is a beautiful prospect certainly, Miss Lawrenson," replied her companion, "but it appears to me that there may be found some more immediate cause of hilarity than is to be accounted for by picturesque scenery and a good harvest. There are symptoms in the village there of some feast, or merry-making, or wedding; for, look, there are festoons of flowers, and white favours, and ribands floating across the street below, and what beautiful wreaths hung in that tree! There is one house has some letters made in artificial roses—initials most likely. Let me see: I can hardly make them out. H. I see, and then L., and then O.?—yes, O., and I think M., but it is just at the angle of the house. I wonder who the happy couple can be? The lord of the manor perhaps. L. O. M., you know, does very well; or, perhaps, H. L. is the gentleman's name, and O. M. the lady's—Olivia perhaps."

It is impossible to say how long Mrs. Hartland's speculations might have been continued, had they not been interrupted by the not less voluble but more powerful clatter of the church-bells, which just at that moment struck up the regular bridal-peal: at the same time that their sound testified to the justice of her guesses, it totally eclipsed the expression of her triumph. Emily, whose weak nerves could ill bear the jarring noise, continued her walk, leaning upon the arm of her loquacious friend. Too many sad thoughts

and recollections were at work within her bosom for our heroine either to heed or reply to the thousand guesses and suppositions that Mrs. Hartland let loose as soon as ever a little distance from the vociferous gratulation of the belfry allowed her to become audible, and the course of her wonder was only interrupted by the occasional echoes of that most exciting of all welcomes, a hearty shout, which was heard at intervals from the village.

The poor invalid soon became tired with her walk, and as the peal had ceased, she determined to return gently to her room. When she arrived again at the churchyard, through which was the only route from the fields to the inn, she found it crowded with people; the ceremony was at that time going on; and Emily seeing that it was impossible to force her way through the dense mass of spectators, sat down upon one of the green mounds that rose thickly around, and throwing her bonnet on one side, enjoyed the freshness of the breeze. It seemed that some one in whom the whole neighbourhood was much interested was at that moment kneeling before the altar, for there were happy faces belonging to every class of life smiling around.

How bitterly the contrast struck to the heart of the poor, sick child of grief! All—all around her were happy and rejoicing; the holy Word of God was even then affixing the seal of sanctity to the union of two perfectly blessed creatures, while the universal rejoicing of the rich and poor celebrated the triumph of love; while there, alas! sat she, the victim of a passion not less pure, not less holy, the martyr of affection as devoted, reclining her wasted form upon the cold grave, of which she so shortly might become a tenant.

"Let us try to get home," said she faintly as her strength gave way, and her mind sickened at the recollection of her utter misery.

But just at that moment a stir amongst the assembled crowd announced that the service was finished, and the





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happy pair were about to depart from the Temple of God, for ever plighted to mutual support and love. The deepest silence reigned throughout the eager assembly, broken only by an occasional suppressed whisper; all eyes were directed to the door; Emily arose with the rest, and also fixed her attention upon the spot from which the procession was to come forth, with an anxiety that she could not comprehend.

She thought that she felt something pulling gently at her cloak, as if modestly requesting her attention; she looked down, and perceived a delicately formed Italian greyhound, that with half timid, half affectionate caresses was claiming her recognition. Oh! well, too well did she remember that little animal; but how came it there? it belonged to Henry Ormonde: whom had it followed thither? it was not, it could not be that he was then near to them. Poor Fido! often and often had she fondled it in the days of her happiness, but now she shrunk from his playful gambols as though the display of his attachment had been tainted by the falsehood of his master. Wildly and hurriedly did her searching glance pierce the crowd in every direction, but in vain—he was not there, he could not have escaped the accuracy, the intenseness of that look. A loud shout told her that the bridegroom was leading his bride through the porch: she turned her head mechanically. What lasting sight was that that struck her like Heaven's bolt!—It was enough that, for one moment, a division of time as short as counts the course of light, her eyes had rested upon that newly-wedded pair. It was he!—Ay! it was his face smiling, and all-captivating as she, and she only, used to see it; his countenance spoke that beaming fondness that once had shone upon her alone; and leaning in confidence upon his arm was a fair-haired girl, of beauty like an angel; her eyes sinking beneath the ardent gaze of affection, her cheeks glowing with modesty, and flushed with perfect happiness—one worthy of him in looks at least, and with a soft yet expressive countenance, that gave a pro-

mise of a sweetness of nature within, to deck a life with daily blooming flowers of joy and ever increasing delight. She had seen it all—yes, all!—behind flocked a crowd of smiling and mirthful friends—that one momentary glance comprehended all—but at the same instant the scene whirled before her, bright globes of light danced before her eyes; her ideas became confused; she fancied she saw two Ormondes, that a confused mass of grinning friends mocked and made mouths at her from behind, and tottering for a moment in the arms of her friend, she reeled and fell to the ground.

It was long after suspended animation was slowly and painfully restored to Emily before her confused recollection enabled her to determine either where she then was, or what was that overwhelming event of which she had just been the unwilling witness. In that dreamy state which succeeds insensibility, she had sometimes fancied herself at her father's house, sometimes she had imagined that Henry was still the same as, when hers was the power of grief or gladness, he knelt at her feet and implored her pardon; at other times he walked proudly past her, or upbraided her with coldness and want of feeling, but long, very long was it before she was thoroughly awakened to the reality of the last sad scene of the tragedy. The room was dark, and as her shattered senses gradually became collected, she heard two women conversing at a little distance from her bed.

"It is a strange circumstance," said Mrs. Hartland, for she, and a nurse hired to assist her in her attendance, were the parties, who were beguiling the tediousness of their attendance by some narrative.

"This had been an old attachment," continued the other, "and the arrival of Colonel Ormonde was all that was waited for to marry the young couple. Ay! they are both of them loved by all around—joy go with them, say I."

"Wo—wo! and the inward sting of an evil conscience go with him," cried Emily, in a hollow voice, and rising in her

bed with a momentary energy, excited by her boiling indignation at hearing this insulting prayer for the prosperity of her destroyer, in the very act that had struck the cruel blow. "Wo, and the self-accusing memory of base hypocrisy, the gnawing reproach of falsehood, accompany him! And yet," she murmured, sinking back again from weakness, "*I cannot call down misfortune on his head, I cannot plead for the just award of Heaven against him; for oh! I have loved him as man never yet was loved; the sound of his distant footstep has been music to me—the consciousness of his being present, though I saw him not, made sunshine all around—the charm of memory, the trust of hope, have both been valued but as accompanied by his image; and now, even now the vision of long past hours that rises in my troubled mind suggests a blessing on him. May God bless him, and forgive his cruelty to a too confiding heart! I shall in time forgive him too.*"—And hiding her face, she burst into tears.

Her attendants, who had been watching her for days and nights, with an hourly decreasing hope of the return of reason, attributed her words still to the ravings of delirium, but hailed as a favourable symptom the flood of grief which had relieved her heart stretched almost to bursting. Long, very long did the refreshing flood continue to calm her wounded and perturbed feelings, and she afterwards fell into a dozing sleep, from which she was awakened by poor Fido, who had crept unperceived into the apartment, and lay couched upon a chair by her bedside, and was licking her hand. Again the association of mournful ideas bedewed her eyes, but from that moment that dog was never permitted to be for long away from her sight.

Mrs. Hartland had left the room, and the other attendant was sitting pursuing some noiseless occupation, and hardly breathing lest she should disturb the poor invalid, when Emily again feebly raised herself in her bed, and beckoning

to the nurse, "Tell me," she inquired, in faltering accents, "does he live near this place?"

"Who, ma'am?" inquired the astonished girl.

"He!—he that was married—he that you spoke of but now. Why—why would you force me to name him—there can be no doubt whom *I* ask for?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, he lives close by," was the reply; "and since you have been ill, Colonel Ormonde has called here every day to inquire after you, and I heard him say that he hoped you would soon be well enough to see him."

"See him! the God of mercies forbid!" almost shrieked Emily: "sooner let me die at once. This is no place for me to loiter in. Girl, go and desire Martha to come to me instantly—instantly; and desire that the carriage be ready this evening, in an hour's time. Better, far better were it to die by the roadside than to meet him again."

With trembling anxiety, with prayers, with tears did Mrs. Hartland endeavour to divert the feeble girl from her resolute purpose. It was in vain; she was calm and quiet, but determined, and not to be changed. "I wish for obedience and not advice," was her invariable reply to all arguments; and at last it was found that refusal to comply with her desire caused her so much excitement, that on the evening of the following day she was lifted to the carriage, in which a bed was prepared for her, and proceeded slowly, and by short stages, to join her aunt.

She never subsequently mentioned the events that took place at that inn, but once, and that was during the first day's journey, when she begged of Mrs. Hartland that she would maintain for ever the most inviolable silence upon what she had there witnessed. "Let it be blotted out as though those days had never been; let not even a hint awaken the frightful spectre of those departed hours. I must commence life afresh now, and wish to recall *nothing* of my former existence."

After this she by degrees became more composed, and she met her aunt even with cheerfulness; but her habitual expression was that of fixed and unvaried sadness, and yet she rarely wept, and the recital of another's happiness, the prospect of another's content could almost always wake a smile of benevolence upon her wo-worn countenance. She sought much consolation from religion, and it was remarked by her maid, that her tears invariably followed one particular passage of her prayers, and once, in the fervour of her petition, as she raised her glistening eyes to Heaven, the girl thought she heard a name softly breathed, but she could not tell whose name it was, and perhaps she was mistaken.

Her favourite companion was the little Italian greyhound, and never was protection more fully repaid by gratitude. The poor animal seemed so well to understand the will of his mistress, that he constrained the playful impulses of his nature to suit her saddened habits, and he seldom ventured upon any of those graceful gambols in her presence, that he evidently delighted in so much in her absence.

The health of the poor sufferer was however evidently becoming daily worse; a fixed languor and debility was sapping the very foundations of life, and it appeared as if, without any positive ailment, death had already asserted his claim to his victim, and was slowly but surely benumbing the heart of the sorrow-stricken girl.

The physicians, unable "to minister to a mind diseased," proscribed change of scene and constant amusement. She never complained—she never objected to whatever system was recommended. They advised her to take more exercise—she walked daily. They begged her to go more into society—she joined again the long deserted scenes, but she appeared more like a moving automaton than a creature of volition; the mind—the will—a symptom of pleasure, even of a wish, was absent. She performed the task that was apportioned, and then returned to enjoy the luxury of wo.

They had been residing for some time at the quiet little village of Woodport, upon the verge of the sea, and the only moments that could be imagined to afford her comparative happiness, were those that she passed sitting on the beach ; warmed by the rays of the departing sun, and caressing her little four-footed favourite. She was usually accompanied by only her maid-servant, for her gloomy society was not at all of the description to engage the voluntary attendance of her merry aunt, and she ever preferred to be alone.

It was rather later than she usually remained out in an evening in June, that the servant, who had strayed in search of shells to some little distance from her mistress, was startled by hearing a faint scream, and turning round, beheld with alarm the expression of her lady's countenance. Her complexion, usually of a clear and transparent white, had assumed the livid colour of death ; her eyes were fixed, and glaring with almost unearthly brightness ; and her lips moved as if she were endeavouring to speak some hurried words, to which her voice refused to give utterance. In an instant after she hid her face for a short time in her hand, and when she looked up again her usual calmness composed every feature.

Two persons were approaching them, who were apparently engaged in deep conversation : one was a man who looked pale and dejected, but still retained all the traces of manly beauty ; the other, leaning upon his arm, was a fair and delicate looking woman, with bright locks, and eyes of "deep and most expressive blue ;" they continued their progress towards Emily, but she moved not ; one of her hands leaning upon a projecting rock, clung, as it were, to the only object near her for support and assistance. Poor Fido seemed to participate in his mistress's embarrassment, he barked at the first view of the intruders, but shortly looked up into Emily's face as if for directions, and in a minute flying to the stranger overwhelmed him with caresses. Ormonde (for it was indeed he), startled at the vehemence of the little animal's welcome,

looked up in surprise, and leaving his companion, with an exclamation of joy and astonishment was in an instant at the side of Emily.

"Thank God! at last I have met you, Miss Lawrenson," he cried eagerly. "Where—where have you concealed yourself? I have sought in town and country, in vain endeavouring to trace your retreat.—But what do I see?" he continued, as she slowly turned her averted face towards him, and he read the melancholy story that sickness and grief had too plainly written there: "you have been ill—very, very ill; and even now—oh! say that you are better, dear Miss Lawrenson; say that you are recovering. We all feel deeply, deeply interested in you.—But in my joy at meeting you, I have forgotten to introduce you to one whom I am sure you will love: Laura, this is Miss Lawrenson—Miss Lawrenson, Mrs. Ormonde."

An icy chillness crept through the blood of poor Emily, and she trembled so violently as she coldly returned the cordial greeting of Mrs. Ormonde, that had it not been that she held firmly by her support, she must have fallen.

"I am better—I am nearly well, I thank you," she said, in a constrained voice, in answer to Ormonde's inquiries, as she endeavoured hastily to pass on. What?—what was this fresh torture that was inflicted to try the force of her determination? Wherefore this cruel mockery—this new, this refined insult? His memory could not have been so steeped in Lethe that he had forgotten all that had passed between them; all those scenes the portraiture of which had made the past a blank to all besides; that he should still assume the specious mask of interest and affection for her, and, at the same time, present to her eyes the unconscious weapon that had stabbed her to the heart.

She hoped that she had escaped him, when he again joined her.

"Why—why is this? Miss Lawrenson," he inquired in a

broken tone: "why am I thus constantly, thus pointedly avoided? It cannot be that the cherished remembrance of a few petulant words can have called for this constant display of dislike, of abhorrence. Nor, I hope, will the feverish desire of again meeting you, that constantly excited, and constantly disappointed, has made the last year one of misery to me, be considered as a new offence. Why then——"

"Colonel Ormonde is the undoubted master of his own actions," interrupted Emily, speaking very slow. "I have neither the wish to control nor to judge him; all that I claim is an equal right not to be interrupted, not to be insulted."

"By heavens! this is too much," cried Henry: "hate me, accuse me, and I can justify myself, but this cold disdain is unbearable."

"To accuse would be to claim some authority; to hate would be to cherish the memory of some injury: there is nothing of either intimacy or connexion between Colonel Ormonde and myself to justify the one, or to make the other necessary. Shall I request you, sir, to allow me to pass you?" she said, as he endeavoured to detain her.

"One word—one word and I have done. When, in mercy, tell me, when was it that this injury, this insult was involuntarily the cause of my becoming so loathed in your sight? You know how I once loved you; far, far more do I love you now."

She shuddered, and drawing herself up, she proudly said, "The character of Colonel Ormonde never before was so low in my estimation as at this moment. Never did I imagine that any man would outrage a lonely and unprotected woman, with the humiliating declaration of an affection that he knows he never felt; and which, had he ever felt it, a witness was at hand, the most damning, the most clear to prove his falsehood."

"Now you become wholly unintelligible. That some un-

intentional offence has made me odious and despicable in your eyes, alas! appears too plain; but why my sister, who never knew you till this instant, should——"

"Who—who!" inquired Emily, with a vehemence that affrighted Ormonde.

"My sister—my sister-in-law, at least; my brother Horace's wife. Was it not her to whom you alluded?"

"There—there!" she cried, pointing to Mrs. Ormonde, who had retired to some little distance; "she whom I saw on your arm but now—she whom I saw——" and she shuddered, and paused at the recollection of the wedding scene.

"Is my brother's wife; they were married the day that you were so ill at Bentley, and when you——"

"And you—were you not there? did I not see you come forth with her upon your arm, your eyes beaming upon hers?"

"Is it possible that you can have imagined that I was married? Oh, Miss Lawrenson! how lightly have you esteemed my love, my devotion: I might have died under your hatred, your contempt; but never could the heart that had once been engraven with your image bear the impress of another."

"Great God, I thank you!" cried Emily, as her senses for a moment failed, and she fell—no, not to the ground this time, but to the haven of her rest, the refuge from all her sorrows—the arms of her adored.

As she recovered she feared that her brain was still disordered, for plainly she saw two Henry Ormondes, one the shadow of the other.

She glanced wildly from one to the other, and almost believed that the whole scene was but a dream.

"This is my brother," said an agitated voice close beside her; "you will not now, I trust, refuse to encourage the ready friendship that he and his wife offer you."

She turned her eyes again to the countenance of him who

had addressed her—oh! there was one look there that she never *ought* to have mistaken; perplexed, overwhelmed with joy and surprise, and grasping the hand of her fancied rival, she laid her head upon her shoulder and burst into tears.

The mystery is now easily explained. Henry and his brother Horace were twins, and the resemblance between them was so extraordinary, that their nearest and dearest friends could hardly distinguish them when apart. Hence the protracted misery that had reduced our poor heroine to the verge of the grave. The imperfect view that she had caught of Horace both in the street at Ashton, and subsequently at his wedding, had completely deceived her; and the circumstance of the ceremony having been postponed until Harry could be present at the solemnization of his brother's marriage had confirmed her idea of having been witness to her lover's perfidy by the presence of Fido, and the coincidence of the mention made of his name. She had never heard of the likeness between these two Antipholises, and indeed hardly knew that the object of her affection had a brother, for Horace had lived chiefly in the country with his uncle. Why prolong a now uninteresting narrative? Harry had never been, and it did not appear at all probable that he ever would be, false. Happiness, that best of physicians, that most effective tonic of the nerves, soon restored Emily to even greater beauty than formerly.

Dr. Lawrenson arrived at Mrs. Hamerton's to perform a certain ceremony, at which the good aunt appeared, by proper assistance, at least ten years younger than she had done for twenty years before, and settled the whole of her fortune upon Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ormonde. The old lady has for some years been at rest, and I dare say many of my readers may often have met the proverbially attached Colonel and Mrs. Ormonde in society without ever suspecting that the adventures of their younger days were sufficiently romantic to form the subject of a Tale in the Keepsake.





Engraved by J. Smith

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London Printed for J. Smith, at the ...

SCAN.-MAG.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

"Horrible! most horrible!!"—HAMLET.

WELL, such a one as Mrs. P.

I never heard of yet;

With her it is, as you may see,

All fish that comes to net.

But, never mind—'tis like she'll catch

Much more than she could wish;

And fishing find—or lies they hatch—

A pretty kettle-o'-fish.

I'll say't as long as tongue can wag,

Though fools accuse me of scan.-mag.

You've heard of poor Miss M.'s affair,

'Twas at the Oratory;

Upon my life I do declare

I crimson at that story.

I told it to her aunt Miss Poll,

But she made sham to pout,

And call'd it silly rignarole—

I knew 'twas roundabout!—

And so as long as tongue can wag,

I'll tell it, fearless of scan.-mag.

So, Lady Sarah's off again,

No surfeit of repeatings;

My lord must in the House ex-plain,

And she likes other meetings.

O dear! what asses are the men,

When politics their trade is!

"What will the lords do?" why, what then,

Who asks—"What will the ladies?"

Faith if they did, more tongues might wag,

And we'd hear nothing but scan.-mag.

My heart bleeds for poor Emma Hall,
 But what could be expected?
 I knew her pride would have a fall,
 And now she is detected.
 They say she's married privately—
 A fudge I never heeded—
 But, true or false, you may rely
 'Tis not before 'tis needed.
 And so on this our tongues may wag,
 They hardly *can* call this, scan.-mag.

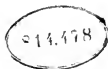
There's nothing else throughout the land
 But vile intrigue and ruin;
 Look where you will on every hand
 All doing is undoing.
 When will this cease, where will this end,
 This evil spreading fast!
 Oh, heaven! suppose, before it mend,
 It comes on us at last!
 I'd die if any tongue should wag,
 And whisper of us two, scan.-mag*.

* The Editor in prefixing the author's name to this bagatelle, feels himself bound to state that it was written literally, *currente calamo*, in less than half an hour, in order to meet an exigency occasioned by the sudden and inevitable exclusion of a very able but long article on the same subject.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.



Reg. 11162

